THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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* * *

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* * *

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* * *

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THE LOST GOSPEL

For all they that take the sword shall perish with the sword.

By Arthur Train

ILLUSTRATED BY JAMES H. CRANK

THE trouble with Christianity," said Ismail Bey, "is that it is utterly unpractical."

"The trouble with Christianity," said Count Poldolski, "is that we do not really know what Christ taught."

"The trouble with Christianity," said Rhoda Calthrop, "is that it has never been tried."

The party, following the wake of fashion, had come up from Cairo on Calthrop's dahabeah to see the recent excavations in the Valley of the Kings, and the Cheetah, on whose awning-covered deck they were sitting, was moored along with a hundred other pleasure craft on the east bank of the Nile a mile above Thebes. Ismail Bey waved a sleek white hand across the turbid river toward the red-brown fields that stretched to the Libyan Hills. Under the cobalt arc the whole Egyptian world of palm-rimmed bank, of broken column and ruined temple, as well as the turgid current of the Nile itself, was a welter of dazzling gold, flushed with scarlet and streaked with purple.

"On these sands can be traced the history of all the ancient civilizations — of Assyria and Babylon, of Macedon, Greece and Rome—and of all the old religions.

"Nothing remains of any of them."

"I thought you were a good Mohammedan, excellency," commented his hostess.

"I am," answered Ismail Bey quite calmly. "I obey the sheri's, I pay the charitable tax, I say my prayers five times a day, I fast during Ramadan, and I have even made the pilgrimage to Mecca. What more is necessary?"

"Faith!" replied Miss Calthrop.

The Egyptian laughed.

"I See That You Were Joking," She Said. "All You Meant Was That a Sword Might Have Changed the Destinies of Europe"

"I am a graduate of Balliol," he said. "All sensible men believe the same thing. What it is no sensible man ever tells."

"But Christianity remains!" protested the beautiful Princess Zeeka.

"What you call Christianity!" retorted Poldolski. "But does anybody know what Christ really preached? The Gospels are not contemporaneous. They were written many years after the events chronicled therein occurred."

"Christ gave us a spiritual ideal," answered Miss Calthrop gravely, "to which we hope the world may some day attain."

The breeze from the south was stirring the ripples among the sand bars to lavender. Hoopoes and wild pigeons flew downstream—imps fleeing the gates of Paradise, marking the channel to silent boats with widespread lateen sails on their way from Aswan to Cairo and Alexandria, black lacquer on a yellow screen. From an adjacent dahabeah came the insistent rasp of a phonograph playing Papa Loves Mamma. The escarpments to the west smoldered, spraying the sky with gold.

"How mysterious the Nile is!" the princess murmured. "No wonder it is worshiped as a god!"

The Egyptian's eyes narrowed.

"The Nile," he replied, "like religion, is born amid the fierce passions of savagery, in the midday darkness of primeval growths, in the ruthlessness of credulity and fanaticism and the strange worship of beasts in the likeness of men ——" He half closed his lids and let the smoke curl slowly from his nostrils as he watched the rose-tinted oval face of the princess. "And like all religions, it eventually disappears."

"But Christianity does not!" The eyes of the princess were smoldering.

Ismail Bey shrugged.

"If Poldolski is right, your true Christianity may have disappeared already. I do not wish to give offense, my friends; but did not Christ teach self-sacrifice, nonresistance and forgiveness of wrongs? Did he make any distinction between individuals and nations in his teachings? Well —— I am, it is true, a Mohammedan—a barbarian, if you will—but to me there is something curiously inconsistent in the application of these doctrines among what you would call the more civilized nations. It is not enough to say that Christ did not mean literally what he said. Does anybody claim that the Prophet Moses or the Prophet Mohammed did not mean exactly what he said? Listen!"

From the circle of sailors seated cross-legged in the bow of the dahabeah came the monotonous thump of a daraboukeh. "Al-lah!" they chanted fiercely. "Al-lah! Al-lah! Al-lah!" The cry rose harsh and nasal in the silence of the sunset.

"Those down there do not doubt that when they die they will go instantly to Paradise," said the Egyptian.

"That is my point, excellency," agreed the Pole. "The words of the Koran came from the lips of Mohammed. Christ did not write the Gospels. His meaning has always been the subject of controversy. It is conceivable that the discovery of a new Septuagint might change our entire viewpoint."

"Like that found by Tischendorf in Saint Catherine's Monastery on Mount Sinai," suggested Professor Troy of the Azar. "Such manuscripts occasionally turn up. There

must be hundreds of them hidden away in ancient libraries or among unexcavated ruins. Our three chief sources of knowledge concerning Christ's teachings are the Alexandrian manuscript in the British Museum, Codex A, as we call it; the Vatican manuscript at Rome, Codex B; and the Sinaitic, Codex Aleph, at St. Petersburg; and they all range from about 300 to 450 A.D. But the prior existence of certain others is well established—the Lost Gospel referred to by Saint Hermanticus, for example."

Major Bagley, of the Camel Corps, put down his glass. "Oh, I say! Have you heard of that too? I always thought it was just another Arab yarn, like the vanished oasis of Kurafra."

"It's more than a yarn," replied Professor Troy. "There are many references to it in the writings of the Fathers. The Fifth Gospel is alleged to have been written in Latin by a member of the household of Pontius Pilate. It is a tradition, you remember, that Procula, Pilate's wife, secretly visited the Saviour in prison before his crucifixion and became a convert. The story is somehow mixed up with that."

"What is supposed to have become of this Lost Gospel?" asked Miss Calthrop with interest.

"It is said to have been brought to Egypt, where it disappeared. What have you heard about it, Bagley?"

"I've heard such a story, or its first cousin, told around many a caravan fire in strange places," answered the officer. "Curiously enough, it is usually associated with the legend of Kurafra—the City Devoured by the Sand, as the Bedouins call it. The desert is full of such tales."

"It always gives me a funny feeling to hear the Arabs refer so casually to historical characters—almost as if they were still alive," remarked the hostess as she handed Ismail Bey his tea. "But in Egypt the past and the present are one."

From behind the high bank against which the Cheetah was moored came the syncopated warbling of a flute, closer at hand the creaking of the shadoofs used in the days of Amenhotep. A procession of fellahin carrying tools and baskets, of boys on donkeys, of female figures bearing jars upon their shoulders, moved along the edge of the bluff—children of the Pharaohs sprung to life from the temple walls.

The hostess' brother, Hugh Calthrop, who had been sitting by himself in the Cheetah's stern, arose and came forward with a paper in his hand. He was an emotional young fellow, given to doing things on the spur of the moment.

"Look here," he said, pulling his short mustache nervously, "this is certainly very queer." He poured himself out a drink.

"Did any of you ever know Paul Trent?"

"I seem to have heard the name." Professor Troy rubbed his chin as if to stir the magic lamp of recollection.

"Of course," answered Miss Calthrop. "He used to come to our house in Chicago almost every Sunday afternoon. But wasn't he killed in the war?"

Calthrop held up the paper.

"I have just had a letter from him!"

"From Paul?" exclaimed his sister incredulously. "But he has been dead ten years!"

"Exactly. This letter which you saw handed to me not ten minutes ago by Yussuf was written to his mother in January, 1914. It's been wandering around ever since."

"How is that possible?" asked the Princess Zeeka.

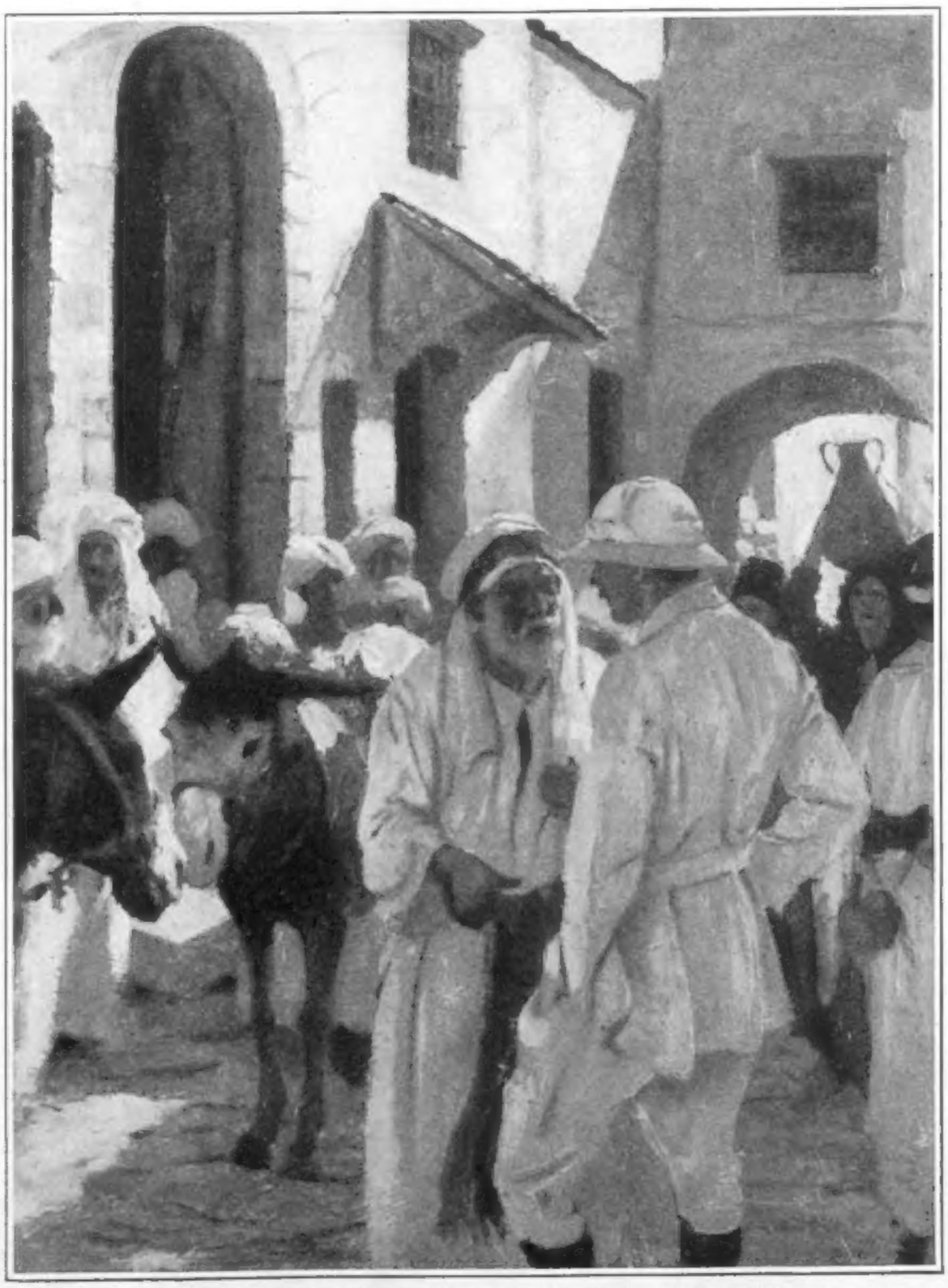
Ismail Bey glanced at her quizzically.

"When you know Egypt better, dearest lady, that will not surprise you."

"I do not care to know Egypt any better," she answered coldly. "Please tell us about the letter."

Calthrop pulled a chair into the group and sat down.

"It's certainly weird—a voice from the dead and that sort of thing. Trent was a young Egyptologist of Chicago University, out here on his sabbatical. He wanted to do a little original work, and I let him have some money. The last I heard he was in Jerusalem. Then came the war. I assumed, naturally, he'd managed to enlist, and thought no more about it. Anyhow it would have been no time to hunt for missing archæologists. But when the show ended



He Caused It to be Known Throughout the Bazaar That He Would Pay One Hundred Pounds Gold to Anyone Who Would Guide His Caravan to Where He Could Find Any Trace of the Missing Men

Trent didn't turn up. Meantime his old mother—who always refused to believe that he would not come back—died herself. I was her executor. The State Department made some sort of an investigation and traced him as far as Bukara in company with a German named Harnach-Hulsen. They simply vanished into the desert."

"But the letter!" cried the princess. "From where did your friend mail it?"

"It was written in the desert and given to a passing caravan for Siwa. Heaven knows what happened to it. Perhaps the Arab put it in his pocket—if Arabs have pockets—and just forgot it. Or it may have been tucked into a pigeonhole in Bukara or Siwa, or left lying around until it was picked up by somebody who decided that the easiest thing to do was to stick it in the mail—as perhaps it was."

"But how does it come to you?" asked Professor Troy.

"Because, having been delivered through the mail to Mrs. Trent's address in Chicago, it has been forwarded to me here as her executor."

"After all," commented Ismail Bey, "ten years is not so long for a letter to go ten thousand miles. That is a thousand miles a year. Out here we should call that fast."

"I will read you the letter," said Calthrop.

"'WESTERN DESERT, BUKARA.
"'January 6, 1914.

"'*Dearest mother:* You will already have got the letter I mailed you from Cairo on Christmas Day, and learned how at the monastery of the Benedictine Monks of Beuren in Jerusalem I had the luck to stumble upon Max Harnach-Hulsen, the famous German Egyptologist, who became tremendously interested in my theory that Roman and possibly Persian remains would very likely be found in the Libyan Desert north of the Oasis of Beharieh in the direction of the Fayum. My funds were getting rather low and to my great delight he agreed to join forces with me. Otherwise I couldn't have gone. It appears that the Emperor William II personally is putting up for him and so of course he had first to wire Berlin. Meantime we went on by rail to Cairo for the holidays, and there I found your dear little present. I shall always wear it, mother dear. Thank you a thousand times.

"'Well, a few days later H-H got a reply from the Kaiser, offering to supply all the necessary funds on the condition that the finds should go to the University of Berlin or, as he put it, "to my people." That seems fair enough. And I may say there has been no lack of money. Well, we made our arrangements and got off by rail before New Year's to Medinet-el-Fayum and from there to Beharieh, making the balance of the journey to Bukara by motor and camel. Here it really looked as if we might be badly hung up on account of the difficulty of finding any camels not infected with hump disease. However, H-H, who is an authoritative person, an officer in the Landwehr, went to the gendarmerie and saw the omdeh and made a big noise about the Kaiser, and the first thing I knew we had all the camels we wanted—beautiful slender hajins such as one never sees except in the desert. So this is really good-by.

"'I like H-H immensely in spite of his gruff manner, which really doesn't mean anything. He is a big, reddish man about six feet two, with cropped hair, a thick neck and very large hands and feet, a man of iron—physically and intellectually a reincarnation of what I imagine Bismarck to have been. He is very chummy with the Kaiser and belongs to a sort of dining club of which General von Bernhardi, Admiral von Tirpitz, and the Prince-Bishop of Breslau also are members. He has shown me several very intimate letters from William II, whom he admires extravagantly. In fact he classes him with Hammurabi, Moses, Abraham, Mohammed, Charlemagne, Shakspere and Lincoln.

"'Well, he may be everything H-H says, but as I don't know the gentleman, I'm no judge. Anyhow, he must be a clever chap. H-H is obsessed with the idea that there is danger of the Germans, who used to be the best fighting men and most warlike nation in Europe, becoming what he calls a too peace-loving nation. He says that what they need is a shock to reawaken their warlike instincts. I can hardly keep my face straight when he is getting off this bunk. In some ways I feel that H-H isn't much more sympathetic to me than one of our Arab camel drivers. But he is a regular he-man for all that, and we are great pals. So, good-by again, mother. Your loving son,

"'PAUL.'"

Calthrop turned the letter over dramatically.

"Now listen to what is written in pencil on the back:

"'Jan. 23.

"'*Dearest mother:* We have made the greatest find in history. I cannot say more now, but we shall both be famous. I am forbidden to reveal its nature, but you will soon learn. We are about two hundred kilometers from Bukara. I have promised Harnach-Hulsen not to say where until we make a formal announcement. I have just time to scratch this off and give it to a passing Bedouin who is on his way to Siwa. God bless you, mother. Hurrah! Hurrah! "'PAUL.'"

A gray dusk distilled itself along the canals; the surface of the Nile was a steel mirror clouded here and there by the breath of the night wind. A felucca came down midstream, a ripple spreading wide from her bows, her oars swinging to a muffled chantey that might have been the barbaric ritual of some equatorial deity.

"Bismillah!" muttered the Egyptian. "I wonder what they found."

"God only knows what they found," answered Calthrop. "But I am going to find out."

"Hugh," cried his sister, "you don't mean you are going to ——"

"Yes—tomorrow. I'm starting for Beharieh, not in the hope of finding Trent, because of course he's been dead ten years—but of finding what he found."

There was no sound but the clutch and whisper of the current along the dahabeah's sides.

"You'd be crazy to try anything of the kind!"

Bagley tossed his cigarette overboard definitely.

"There's not a drop of water between Bukara and Siwa, and none in the direction of the Fayum. Rohlfs nearly died there in '72. Our flyers have scoured the desert in every direction around there for five hundred kilometers. Besides," he added, "I doubt if the frontier districts administrator would give you a permit."

"All the same, I'm going!" declared Calthrop. "But I won't risk anybody's life but my own. I shall go to Bukara, look up some of the Arabs that went with Trent and start out from there. You couldn't expect me to do anything else!" he exclaimed.

The princess looked at him meaningly. "No," she said; "no one could expect you to do anything else."

Calthrop thrust the letter in his pocket and stood up.

"I'm going down to collect my duffel," he remarked. "The Cairo train leaves at nine."

He walked alone to the stern again. The Nile was jet. Night had fallen. To his excited imagination it seemed alive with mysterious noises—faint cries and distant shoutings, the neighing of horses, the tramp of legionaries, the crash of arms, the rumble of chariot wheels; while from the bow came the never-ceasing throb of the daraboukeh and at intervals the lonely cry of "Allahu akbar! Allahu akbar! La ilaha illa-llah!"

II

"IN THE name of God, the compassionate, the merciful: On the blessed day of Friday, 28th Rabia eth Thani, 1332, there came to our town Bukara the honored Max Harnach-Hulsen, the German, professor of the honored Zawia of Berlin, and also the honored Paul Trent, the American, professor of the honored Zawia of Chicago in the Etats-Unis, and they are carrying the orders of the great and honored General Sir Martin Crafts; and according to the exalted orders we met them with great honor and hospitality and congratulated them on their safe arrival to us. We hoped that God may be exalted, would grant success to their efforts, and return them safe and victorious in the best condition for the sake of the Prophet.

"(Signed)

"The Second Adviser of Bukara, AMED EL SUSSU, May God forgive him.

"The Judge, OSWAN EL BARASSI, May God forgive him.

"The Adviser, SAYED MOHAMMED IBU OMAR EL FADHILL, May God forgive him.

"The Wakil of the Sayed at Bukara, MOHAMMED SALEH EL BASKARI, May God forgive him."

Thus had read the only official record of the visit of the two archæologists to the town of Bukara; the only record, in fact, since although Calthrop had stayed there a week he had found no other clew to them. Yet unless all the Arabs who had accompanied Trent and Harnach-Hulsen had died of thirst, one or more of them should be still living in the oasis. He was in the absurd position of having a caravan on his hands and with no idea of where he wanted to go. Inquiries of the omdeh elicited only the customary shrugs and the positive assurance that there were no archæological remains in that part of the country, for in spite of the difficulty of travel every inch of the Western Desert under the control of the frontier districts administration—which was responsible for the safety of all country not watered by the Nile between the Sudan and the Mediterranean—had been covered time and again by the Camel Corps Patrol. Those who had followed the regular caravan routes to Siwa, to Taizerbo, to Kebabo, on the way to the Tebu or Lake Chad, or to Dachel on the south, had never heard even so much as a whisper of any such place as Kurafra.

And then the omdeh ventured to give Calthrop a piece of advice. Why not, he suggested, instead of starting off blindfold into the desert, without any definite objective, enlarge his caravan and make the trip to Siwa, the ancient site of the Temple of Jupiter Ammon, where he could visit and photograph the rock tombs of the Karit-el-Musabberin, the temple of Aghormi and the ruins at Ummebeida?

Calthrop thanked him and let it go at that. Eventually he caused it to be known throughout the bazaar that he would pay one hundred pounds gold to anyone who would guide his caravan to where he could find any trace of the missing men. Then and then only did Mohammed Ali Ibrahim ben Rahim make his appearance, a desiccated Berber with a skin like a lizard's, and eyes as sharp and glinting.

"Not of my own knowledge," he protested, "but by that of my sister's son, Mohammed Yussuf el Bulaki, the peace of God be on him. For he is no longer living, being taken in his sixty-first year, while I, full of years, am still alive at eighty-two. Neither did I hear it from his own lips, but by hearsay from my sister Fatima, after her son, my nephew, was dead; for I was then dwelling at Siwa, where my grandsons were in attendance at the Zawia, and I heard it from her after she was a widow and had come to dwell with me. Nevertheless, by the accuracy of her repetition am I able to guide the gentleman's caravan to the spot described by my nephew, for he noted the course by Jerdi, as we call the North Star, in its relation to certain other minor stars and by other methods which it is not necessary to go into."

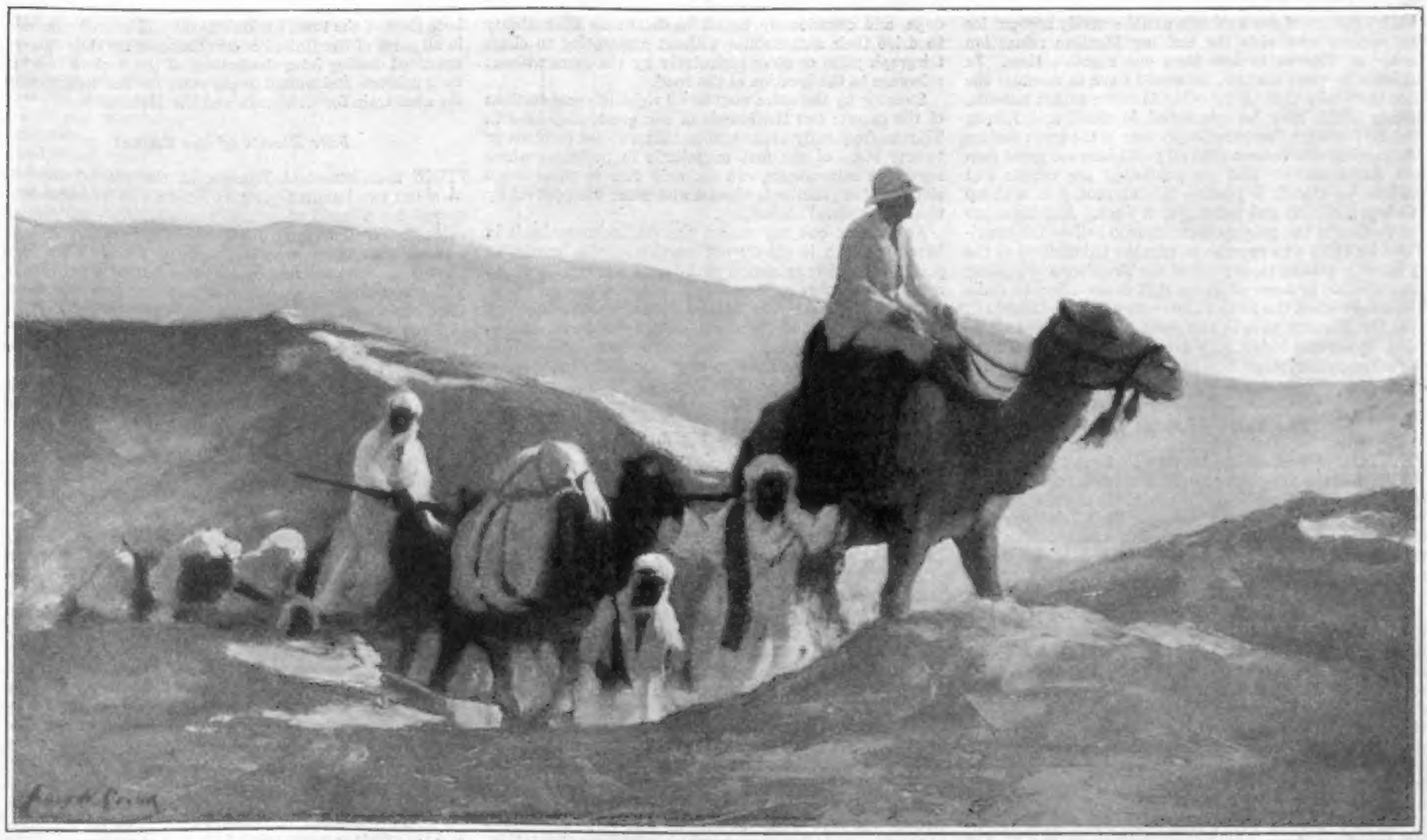
And now it was sunset of the fifth day out from Bukara.

"Adaryayan!" shouted Ibrahim. "We have arrived, oh, sick ones!"

The caravan halted in the hatia in the lee of the dunes and two of the baggage camels dropped to their knees. Calthrop, mounted on a fast hajin, had ridden on ahead and was already on the top of the next gherd. As far as his vision carried, one snow-white dune lifted beyond another. All day long they had climbed ridge after ridge under a sun that scorched through helmet and kufiya alike, until now the dispirited camels trailed their heads and gave off that acrid odor which is the inevitable concomitant of thirst. They had had nothing to eat since the third day, when the prickly, juiceless bush of the Mehemsa, sometimes found under the ridges, had entirely disappeared. Now the poor beasts struggled along, limping and wavering, and when they stopped tried to eat the stuffing of the baggage saddles.

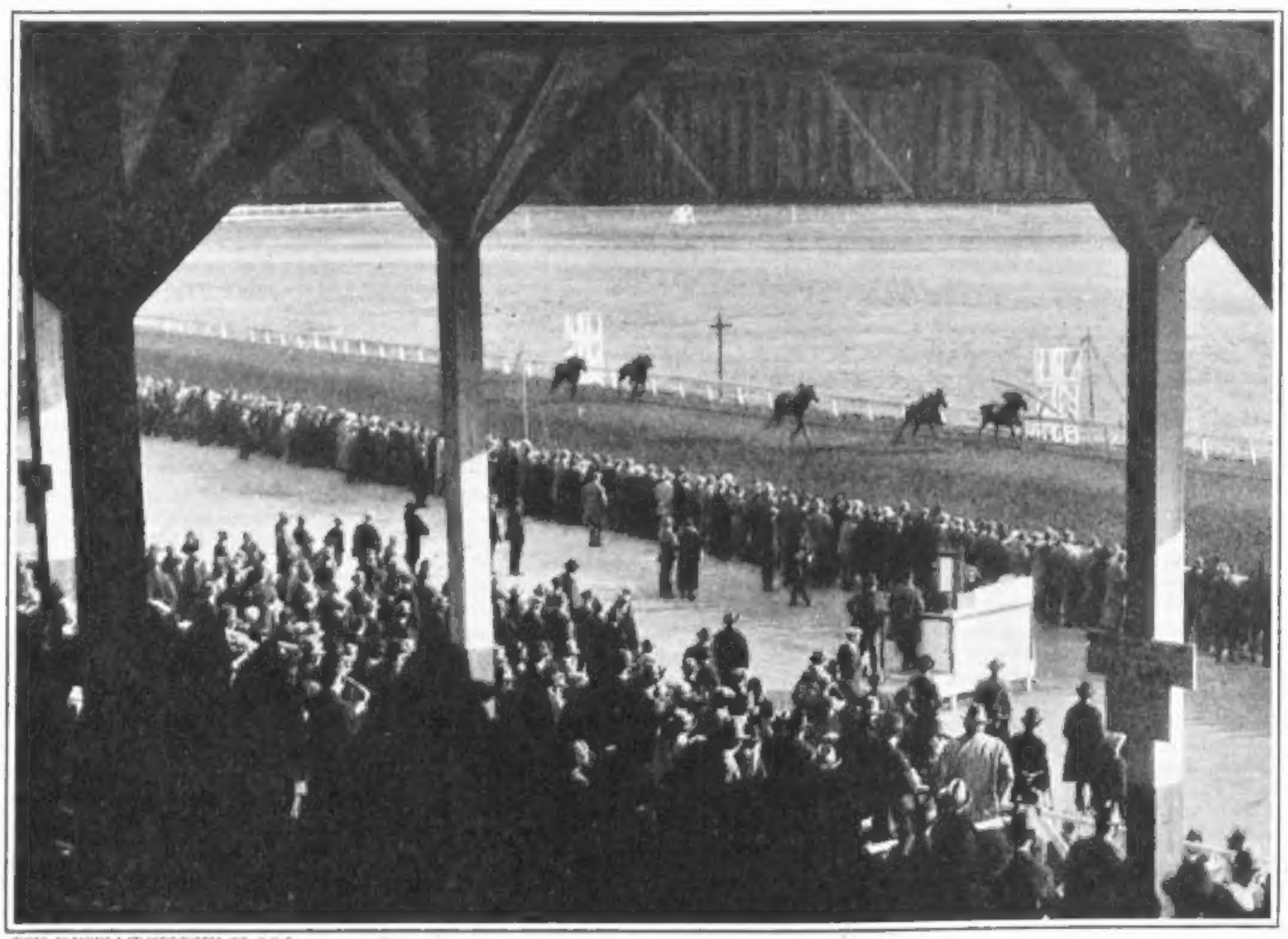
"Haya alla Salat!" came the call to prayer from below. "Haya alla Salat!"

(Continued on Page 216)



And Now it Was Sunset of the Fifth Day Out From Bukara

SOUSE-WEST—By Kenneth L. Roberts



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A Scene at the Race Track in Tijuana, Mexico, When the Season is in Full Sway

THE late Phineas T. Barnum once declared that there was one born every minute, and by so doing acquired a reputation among the people of his time as a canny and forward-looking old owl. To the better-informed moderns, his apparent foresight and daring spirit are merely evidences of the mid-Victorian unimaginativeness that existed in those old forgotten, far-off days.

If Barnum could stand on the dividing line between the United States and Mexico and watch the army of supposedly sane Americans that daily hasten south for the purpose of contributing large quantities of currency or jack to the hard-eyed gentlemen who preside over the intricate gambling devices, and the hard-licker shops that exist in such profusion just south of the border, he would quickly realize that his previous estimates concerning the number of suckers ushered into the world were pitifully inadequate.

His estimate of one a minute would scarcely account for the suckers who visit the thriving Mexican relaxation center of Tijuana in less than one month's time. In addition to these suckers, he would have to consider the ones that daily visit all the other Mexican sucker retreats, among which may be mentioned Mexicali and Juarez. And furthermore there are the suckers in the great centers of America, who believe that all politicians are great men and statesmen, or that all politicians are crooks and grafters, or that it is possible to sink money in a cheap stock proposition and get any of it back. And there are the suckers in the country districts who believe the candidates for office who promise to cure the tribulations of the farmers by getting money out of the Treasury and passing laws similar to some of those that make alienists smile knowingly when the Soviet Government is mentioned.

If Mr. Barnum were in any position to give out a statement on suckers today, he would probably consider himself ultra conservative if he said that there are two born every fifth of a second.

The Town of Aunt Jane

OF THE several sucker heavens that exist just out of reach of the American prohibition laws in the somewhat hysterical sister republic to the south, the town of Tijuana takes the great pink-frosted cake for the efficiency, speed and neatness with which it gathers in the suckers, removes the bills and the loose change from their pockets, and tosses them back into the United States with the conventional headaches and furry tongues.

Tijuana is located some seventeen miles south of the city of San Diego in the middle of a wide expanse of desert on which there is no irrigation except that which visiting Americans divert to their own interiors at a cost of about seventy-five cents per cubic inch, which makes it the most expensive irrigation project in the world. Consequently there is little foliage or herbage in the vicinity, nor is there any scenery of sufficient interest to cause anyone to waste any time on it. Tijuana is ideally situated for its purposes; for if one doesn't care to be a sucker in Tijuana there is nothing for him to do except go home.

The first suburb of Tijuana that one encounters in driving down from San Diego consists of the United States Customhouse and Immigration Station, which bursts unexpectedly on the eye. There are no formalities connected with entering Tijuana from the United States. All the formalities occur when one leaves, at which time tourists are scrutinized carefully for bottled goods and dope, and occasionally tested to determine their ability to drive their automobiles without attempting to climb telegraph poles or steer exclusively by the stars without reference to the location of the road.

Steering by the stars may be all right in some sections of the desert; but the brands of wet goods dispensed in Tijuana frequently cause automobilists to see eighteen or twenty stars of the first magnitude in positions where reputable astronomers can see only two or three small stars; so the practice is viewed with some disapproval by the local Federal authorities.

As soon as one has passed the customhouse he is in Mexico, which is chiefly noteworthy at this particular point for the determination of the local taxi drivers not to accept Mexican money.

The taxi drivers are Mexicans, as are the Mexican customs officials and the occasional soldier that meets the eye. When, however, one begins to hunt for Mexican bartenders, Mexican race-track officials, Mexican citizens and other local color in the vicinity of Tijuana, one finds that they are as rare as Eskimo polo players.

Nestled off in the desert a hundred yards or so beyond the customhouse is the dry and dusty-looking group of wooden structures which constitute Tijuana's leading Temple of Chance—so called because it provides every chance in the world for those who enter it to come out without anything except their return tickets to San Diego and an alcoholic aura extending eleven feet in every direction.

This Temple of Chance consists of a large and good restaurant with a commodious bar and a number of gambling tables attached, all of which is known as Sunset Inn; a very large gambling emporium with an extra large bar attached, known as Monte Carlo; and a sufficiently large race track with a generous bar attached—the word "generous," in this case, having reference only to the size of the bar.

The activities of the various departments of this Temple of Chance are cleverly coördinated; for it is connected with the railway station by a covered wooden runway; while Sunset Inn and Monte Carlo are under one roof and are also connected with the race track by a covered wooden runway. Thus the visitors who come to worship at the shrine of Chance may, with a minimum of exertion, deposit their offerings on many different altars.

Leaving the Temple of Chance for the time being, one cruises for half a mile across the desert in order to reach the town of Tijuana, known locally as Old Town. During the preprohibition era Tijuana was a small and sleepy Mexican border town with a curio shop, several adobe houses and three or four barrooms, which were more than sufficient to assuage the thirst of those tourists who came across the line to purchase Mexican lace and send postals back to such respectable centers as Ilion, New York, or Squam Lake, New Hampshire, in order to convey to the home folks the idea that they were reckless travelers in strange and dangerous lands. In those days the town was known as Tia Juana, which is Spanish for Aunt Jane.

With the advent of prohibition in the United States, Tia Juana woke to her possibilities with a jerk that jolted the *a* entirely out of Tia, so that the town is now known to the Mexicans as Tijuana. Saloons erupted violently on both sides of the town's main street; and retired gamblers in all parts of the United States limbered up their fingers, practiced dealing from the bottom of the deck in front of their mirrors, and waited impatiently for the departure of the next train for California and the Mexican border.

Fair Rivals of the Camel

THE main street of Tijuana, at the present time, is about two hundred yards in length, and is composed—except for a curio shop and a small hotel—entirely of saloons. The last count made by a sober man in Tijuana showed that there were sixty-five of them. This, in a town whose main street is only two hundred yards long and whose suburbs extend less than one hundred yards from Main Street, establishes a world's record.

Tijuana is the drinker's delight and the souse's paradise; for if, in a careless moment, a patron with a skinful loses his footing and falls out of a saloon into the street, the slightest effort on his part will carry him back into another saloon equally good. In whatever direction he may elect to roll, crawl or stagger, he will eventually hit a saloon.

It must not be supposed that the saloons of Tijuana limit the activities of their patrons entirely to the noble pursuit of alcoholic beverages. In each and all of them one may eat, gamble or enjoy the refining influences of feminine society.

The ladies of Tijuana, it may be safely said, exert a marked influence on the enthusiastic drinkers who visit the town, although their influence is exerted in inverse ratio to that which is customarily exerted by the so-called fairer sex on their supposedly sterner brethren. Owing to the great competition that exists in Tijuana over the sale of spirituous liquors, the owners of various establishments maintain on their pay rolls a staff of young and more or less beautiful damsels—all of whom, incidentally, claim to be former residents of Los Angeles—whose chief duty consists of attaching themselves to hearty drinkers and persuading them to purchase as frequently as possible in the saloon that employs them.

Consequently the ladies of Tijuana convey the impression of being the proud possessors of thirsts that would do credit to a camel that hadn't seen water for a month; and they furthermore appear to have a capacity somewhat similar to the tank of a locomotive.

After one has seen one of these thirsty damsels toss down eighteen glasses of gin of sufficient potency to burn holes in a tweed suit, interspersed with twelve glasses of dark-brown whisky of such virulence that one drop, placed on a rabbit's tongue, would make him fight a Great Dane, all without any loss of clearness in her enunciation of the frequently repeated phrase "How 'bout another little drink?"—one is moved to make an investigation.

It then develops that the gentleman who thinks he is dallying with romance when a Tijuana maiden attaches herself to his arm, looks soulfully into his eyes and urges on him the desirability of liquid refreshment, is not a thinker of the highest type, and should therefore indulge in several other thinks in order to strike a better average.

Any Tijuana lady who persuades a tourist to buy her a drink receives from the bartender a ticket entitling her to collect from the bar an amount of money equal to one-third the cost of her drink. Furthermore, when she calls for gin the bartender usually gives her water, which cannot be told from gin by the world's greatest gin experts at a distance of twelve inches. When she calls for whisky the bartender pours it out for her, but shortly afterward he takes advantage of an auspicious moment to pick up her drink in an absent-minded manner and pour it back into the bottle.

In this way the ladies of Tijuana can accept sixty or seventy drinks in the course of three or four hours without falling over a single chair or getting their tongues twisted over the most involved bits of profanity in either the Spanish or the English language.

In every saloon there are a few gambling machines in which the patron may deposit the loose change that he receives from the bartender after indulging in liquid nourishment. In a few of the saloons, more space is devoted to gambling than to the little refinements of the sporting life—as, for example, in one thriving bar, which maintains twenty large gambling tables devoted to poker, crap, twenty-one and other tried-and-true devices for abstracting money from the sucker.

Dancing for Revenue Only

SINCE the gambling concession of Tijuana is owned by three gentlemen who are not in the habit of giving anything away for nothing, any saloon that wishes the privilege of operating gaming tables must deal with the three czars of Tijuana gambling and contribute adequately to their income. These three gentlemen pay to the government the sum of sixty-five thousand dollars gold each month for their gambling concession.

The gambling machines, being largely small-change affairs, arouse no jealousy in the breasts of the concessionaires; so all saloons have from two to ten of them located conveniently near the bar. There are machines in which one plays only nickels; others in which one plays only dimes; others that take only quarters; while the two most expensive machines take half dollars and dollars respectively.

To play the machine, one places his coin in a slot marked red, black, green, yellow, white or blue. Then one turns a crank and a party-colored wheel in the front of the machine whirls around in a businesslike and impersonal manner. Red sections, let us say, appear on the wheel with the greatest frequency, and blue sections with the least frequency. If one has placed a quarter in the blue slot, and the blue section on the wheel comes to a stop with the machine's indicator pointing to it, a cascade of forty quarters emerges from the bowels of the machine and pours musically into a metal cup in the vicinity of its midriff. If, however, any of the other colors come to rest opposite the indicator, the whirring of the wheel is followed by a dull and unmusical silence, punctuated only by the hoarse voice of one of the Tijuana debutantes inquiring solicitously of a somewhat unsteady, newly made acquaintance as to the desirability of another little drink.

It is one of the obsessions of Tijuana patrons, usually acquired immediately after picking up the change from the first drink and stubbornly retained until complete ossification sets in, that it is an easy matter to make the price of the next few rounds by dropping a fistful of small coins into the nearest machine. Unfortunately for the persons who entertain this delusion, all the Tijuana gambling machines are set in such a way that twenty dollars emerge from them for every one hundred dollars that is dropped in. The gambling machines are consequently no different from all the other Tijuana pursuits and recreations: If one sticks to them long enough he won't have enough money left to pay for a permanent wave on a Mexican hairless dog.

No matter how small the saloons may be, however, they almost invariably dedicate a portion of the premises to a dance floor. In some places the dance floor is large and highly polished, and the dancers on it perform loose and jerky evolutions to the music of sizable jazz orchestras. In other places the dance floor is about the size of a grass rug, and the music is wrenched from an overworked piano by a pale young man with heavy eyelids who keeps a cigarette glued to his lower lip and has a gray spot on his trousers leg because of the frequency with which cigarette ash falls on it.

The fair members of Tijuana's younger set are regular patrons of these dance floors, and are ready to welcome the thirsty stranger at any hour of the day or night. Any gentleman who asks a lady to dance in a Tijuana saloon and does not, at the end of the dance, reward her with two drinks of gin and some little token of his esteem—the most popular token being a disk of silver depicting the national bird of the United States and bearing the motto, "In God We Trust"—is in grave danger of having the young lady tell him a number of pungent and startling facts concerning his ancestry or his personal appearance.

Through constant practice on small dance floors, the ladies of Tijuana are able to dance interestingly and vivaciously for long periods in a space no larger than a dishpan; and since the Tijuana police force never wakes from its lethargy for anything less than manslaughter, there is seldom any complaint at even the more cruel forms of Tijuana dancing.

There is almost as much difference between the drinks that are handed across the Tijuana bars as there is in the size of the dance floors. One would naturally suppose that when one ventured into a nonprohibition country, he would be able to purchase regulation liquor at reasonable prices; but any supposition of this nature meets a quick and violent death in Tijuana.

The science of blending alcohol with creosote, concentrated beet juice and faucet water has reached such a high stage of development on the North American continent that the drinks of Tijuana seldom cause death if taken in moderation. They are rarely what they seem to be, however; and owing to the fact that most of the best whisky in Tijuana is smuggled into Mexico from the United States, the prices are occasionally higher than they are north of the boundary.

The failure of Tijuana intoxicants to conform to the labels on the bottles is due to several causes. A revolution is frequently in process of revoluting in Mexico; and during its existence there is usually a certain amount of difficulty in moving wet goods from the coast to any place in the interior, unless the interior happens to be the interior of the revolutionists.

What They Drink in Tijuana

THEN, too, the taxes on saloons and on liquor are so high that if a saloonkeeper attempted to import very good liquor he might have to charge about seven dollars a drink in order to break even. Each saloon is supposed to pay a minimum tax of one thousand dollars a month for the privilege of sliding drinks across the bar; while the government of Lower California nonchalantly plasters a tax of two dollars or more on every bottle of hard liquor that passes through the regular channels. Consequently the favorite Scotches, ryes and gins of Tijuana have never contributed to the support of the government to any noticeable extent, and have never been closer to Glasgow, Louisville or Rotterdam than Mexicali, which is only a five or six hour run across the mountains.

The beer of Tijuana also comes from a town which maintains two flourishing breweries. The most impressive social function ever held in Northern Mexico was that which was held in its newer brewery early in 1924, on the occasion of its opening. All the youth, beauty and chivalry of Upper and Lower California forgathered in the brewery on that momentous occasion, and lapped up enough free beer to float two light cruisers and an eagle boat.

The local beer is what is technically known as a green beer; and frequent indulgence in it is apt to result in an internal upset similar to that which might be caused by swallowing a lighted pin wheel; but it is beer, none the less, and consequently very popular with the suckers who come to Tijuana for the express purpose of drinking, and who would have no hesitation in drinking tannic acid or embalming fluid provided someone assured them with a serious face that it was whisky or beer.

It is customary in Tijuana, just as it is customary in other sections of North America, to refer to all intoxicants as good old prewar stuff. The war in question is seldom specified; but in Tijuana it unquestionably refers to the last of the series of minor wars that are constantly being fought between the Spaniards and various African tribes.

One small Tijuana bar displays a large card on which is inscribed the fascinating legend: "We do not serve so-called moonshine or jackass. Our bar whisky is 1914 Cedarbrook, 35 cents a drink." If, however, the nose

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PHOTO, BY PACIFIC & ATLANTIC PHOTOS, INC., N. Y. C.

Thousands Gather Daily to Watch the Races at Tijuana and Lay Their Bets on Favorite Horses

A DEFENSE OF FAT MEN

It Was Declared That Fat Men Generally Were Model Husbands and Parents, and Seldom Appeared in Suits for Divorce or Desertion

By Woods Hutchinson
A.M., M.D.

ILLUSTRATED BY M. L. BLUMENTHAL

ONLY the heart knoweth its own bitterness, but fatness announces itself to the passer-by. That's why we dislike it; it has no proper sense of reserve. Suffering we can endure with dignity, but we do hate to be made ridiculous.

Obesity is bad enough in itself, but what we dread most about it is its effect upon the minds of our friends. We can admire plumpness in a pocketbook or a pigeon, rotundity in the golden orb of day and fullness in the silver moon, but the only lines of grace permissible in our own figures are the bed slat and the bean pole.

Even the most equable of us have a pet grievance which we love to nurse against Providence. Whatever we are, we long to be different. If we had only been consulted when we were created and could have chosen our own endocrine glands!

The dazzling blonde would change complexions with the glowing brunette; the painter fancies himself a poet; the captain of industry longs to be a golf champion; the tall girl affects a graceful droop; the short one wears high heels and sugar-loaf hats. It tickles our pride to improve upon Nature. We love to feel that there is something about us which we have made ourselves, so that we can enjoy worshiping our creator. And as our commonest departure from the ideal is a modest excess of avoirdupois—insurance statistics proving that from 40 to 70 per cent of us are overweight after thirty-five—our most popular form of improving upon ourselves is trying to reduce our weight.

Propaganda Against Plumpness

THIS attempt to defeat the workings of Providence may be by dieting, by exercise, by sweating, by rubber-rollering, but latest and most enthusiastically by ductless glands. For "When in doubt play endocrine" seems to have become our motto, and it is always safe to blame the unknown. This cosmic urge to reduce drives us all, but its pressure upon the gentler sex is doubled by the prevailing fashions in costumes. Who dares even to dream of being plump in a tubular gown, designed to cling close to a figure which has no more need for a corset than a bamboo fishing pole? So the bitter cry of the overplump goes up from all over the land, "Leanness, more leanness!"

But apart from the stern decrees of fashion why should anyone so bitterly object to a moderate amount of visible physical prosperity? Nature must have had a pretty high opinion of fat because she made so much of it in our bodies. Roughly speaking, over half muscles, one-fifth fat, one-fifth bones and joints make up the mass and framework, the chassis and engine of our human machine. If we were to attempt to melt the fat out of us with lye, or soda, we should turn half our body into soft soap and our very brain and nerves and marrow into suds.

But of recent years little less than a regular propaganda of slander has been directed against fat. The charges are that it overloads our muscles, clogs our heart action, packs our livers, spoils our figures—and nobody loves a fat man.

The sting of this sweeping indictment, like a wasp's, is in its tail; for the last two counts come closest home—and are the only ones which are reasonably true!

Our whole attitude toward fat and its place and dignity in the body economy has undergone a positive revolution in the light of our new knowledge of nutrition. Formerly we regarded it chiefly as mere storage stuff, holding our surplus supplies, because neither protein nor starch could be stored in the body; or as packing and lubricant between the coils of the intestines and between the muscles and the skin; or as a blanket of blubber to keep in our vital heat. Useful, indeed invaluable, in its place; but blubber was the real name we gave it, in our mind of minds. In fact we well-nigh reflected the attitude of polite society, in whose hearing the very name of this degraded and vulgar substance was taboo. Persons of comfortable proportions might be plump, well-nourished, embonpoint, portly, even corpulent or obese, but never fat! As our portly and popular ex-president once whimsically put it, "No gentleman will weigh over two hundred and fifty pounds!" But a change has come over the spirit of our dream in the new or chemical physiology, and fat is called by such polite and high-sounding titles as lipin, lecithin, palmitin and even vitamin.

It still renders yeoman service of highest value as a reserve and storehouse of the sinews of war, but instead of merely dozing peacefully in snug harbor it is also in the thick of the fight all over the body. Wherever the vital spark burns brightest there is fat to feed and protect the flame.

Doctor Crile has recently said that the two largest and most important organs in the body are the brain and the liver, with the liver the more fundamental, for it is our most powerful protector against poisons and infections. Both of these vital organs would be powerless without fat. The liver contains nearly ten per cent of it when at rest and as high as twenty per cent when in full action. And the haughty brain, which holds its lease of life from the hands of the liver and breaks down with astonishing rapidity if the latter is put out of action, is made up in its solid structure of nearly eighty per cent of fat. This was long regarded as a sort of mere packing for the delicate brain cells and insulation for the nerve wires. But now we know that it enters into the very substance of the nerve cells themselves, as shown by the significant fact that most anæsthetics and narcotics, such as ether, chloroform, morphine, and so on, are able to melt or soften fats. And when this melting change has been wrought, conduction of nerve currents, of thought waves, is blocked, and oblivion swiftly comes.

Deeper still, our very life stuff, protoplasm, is an emulsion or whipped cream of fats; and the heart's core of all our vital activities, the nucleus or kernel of every one of our body cells, is largely composed of a delicate phosphorus-lit fat, called phospholipin.

Our commissariat department delivers through the pipe lines of the arteries daily rations of fat on the doorstep of every cell in the body, as regularly as the milkman in our city streets. A tardy justice, and from a wholly outside and unexpected source, is at last being done to this most desirable citizen of our body republic. Only a short time ago the secretary of a great surety and bonding company declared that, though of course they made most thorough inquiries in every case, they seldom felt much hesitation in bonding fat men of good record and reputation as cashiers, treasurers, trustees or holders of other positions of trust and responsibility. Simply because long practical experience had shown that they were far less likely to embezzle, abscond or decamp with the funds than lean, hungry, restless, thin men.

Fat Men Model Husbands

THE good nature of fat men has long been proverbial; but this unsolicited testimonial to their honesty is a coup which ought to put us thin men on our mettle. Those familiar with the ways of the underworld, such as police chiefs, probation officers, judges of domestic-relations courts, and the like, were not much surprised by the announcement, and were generally of the opinion that the percentage of fat men among criminals, delinquents and mental defectives was decidedly small.

It was declared that fat men generally were model husbands and parents, and seldom appeared in suits for divorce or desertion. So that it would seem that the moral value of a comfortable amount of adipose was almost as great as its physical.

It would of course be unkind to speculate on how much of the superior virtue of the ultraportly might be based upon such considerations as suggested by the recent cartoon of an extremely plump and well-nourished youth, with a beaming smile on his rotund countenance, over the title, "Of course I'm good-natured; I can't fight and I can't run!"

A portly and well-laden cashier or trustee might well be helped to keep within the conventional paths of rectitude by the thought of the physical difficulties of making a quick get-away, or climbing through windows, or scrambling over roofs, or hiding behind anything smaller than a hogshead, or even successfully assuming a disguise. But the simpler and more probable explanation would be that the accumulation of a comfortable surplus is a sign of

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LIFE AMONG THE LABORERS

By A LABORER

ILLUSTRATED BY M. L. BLUMENTHAL

THREE weeks ago I quit my sixty-third job, if my memory counts correctly. I had held it for exactly twelve months, the longest time I had ever spent with one company. Many times during the year an unreasoning restlessness had urged me to be up and going. But I would fight it down, and at last I was sure that I had mastered it. I knew from experience that my job was an extremely good one, as common-labor jobs go; I liked the company, the industrial town and my companions; at the end of the year I had a seven-hundred-dollar car and I had four hundred and eighty dollars in the bank.

It Was Far Less Painful and Difficult Than the Labor of Writing

Then, with a desirable promotion ahead, I quit. I had no real provocation, nor any material reason for my action. At twenty-five minutes after four one day I would have told any inquirer that I intended to keep my job for another six months at least. At half past four, after a slight argument with my foreman, I was so firmly resolved to leave that I could hardly tolerate the last half hour. The argument was a short give-and-take affair over a detail of my work; the foreman no doubt forgot it at once, and ordinarily I should have thought no more about it, but this time some mysterious spirit—it is called temperament among opera tenors and movie heroes, I believe—possessed me until my time was turned in and I stood outside the mill gates, out of a job for the sixty-fourth time in my fifteen years of manual labor.

I was reared in a remote rural district of Idaho, and I had scant schooling. Most of my memories of boyhood and youth center around toil in the harvest fields and on the range. At fifteen I struck out for myself, and ever since then, except for a year and a half in France, I have roved the states west of the Mississippi, always doing a man's job and occasionally two men's jobs. I always looked for the hardest work, because it brought me the highest wages.

Contracting

SINCE the war I have stayed for the most part in the Northwest, doing piecework in the sawmills, or contracting, as it is called here. I have remained a laborer, not because opportunities for a richer life have been denied me or because I have no faith in the American hustle-and-strive doctrine, but because of my own limitations and because manual toil is physically agreeable to me and offers a good living. I also admit being a fellow of low tastes who whole-heartedly enjoys the companionship of workingmen and girls.

The only field above the ordinary that I have any talent to reach is that of the writer. And this field is so overcrowded that only the most gifted can gain a solid position there. I am convinced that the vast majority of the American laborers who have left their jobs to aliens, and also the farmers who have deserted the country, did so to write for the magazines and the movies. Well, I have had my dreams, but I am no visionary. I have no mechanical or business talent, and I fell down badly on the one foreman's job that came my way. But I do weigh one hundred and eighty pounds; my sinews are tough, swift, energetic; and I find physical exultation in certain kinds of hard labor. If I follow my present plans I shall again be doing some muscular work in another week. Perhaps I shall be on my old job. At any rate, I repent leaving it. It was far less painful and difficult than the labor of writing in which I am now engaged. To sit indoors at a desk and force ideas into phrases, while my muscles, lungs and blood beg for outdoor physical activity, is toil infernal. But if I succeed in revealing some of the obscured actualities of the American laborer's life, I shall not regret the sacrifice. The facts themselves are simple and understandable enough, but the statistical, and the picturesque, and the propagandist writings about them have served mainly to confuse them with the writers' purposes.

The main fact to bear in mind in considering the life of labor in this country is that it falls into three groups. The skilled union workers form one, the alien laborers another and the native common laborers a third. These groups are separate and distinct, except that members of all three are usually found on the same job. And, as I shall show, there is strong hostility among them. The alien laborers now fill so many of the common-labor jobs of the Eastern industrial centers that the claim is often made that the native common laborer is vanishing. This is untrue. In agriculture especially, in the lumber and the oil industries, in Western mining operations, and in the varied common work of the cities, he is more than holding his own. His group and the American farmers are the reservoirs in which are stored the physical force and energy of the native stock. He is of a distinct type from the craftsman who has patiently learned a method and a routine, and lives by the application of his sober knowledge. He hates the unions, for they have fought him as well as the employer. He repels radicalism as the politics of his alien rival. I am not one whit ashamed of belonging to his tribe or of finding pleasure in his society. It is to him that I refer when using the term "laborer" in the following paragraphs. He himself would as soon think of applying this term to a dentist as to a pipentter or an electrician

The Pride of Skill

THE delusion that hard manual work is a curse is forever being voiced by articulate people whose intelligence is clouded by a pity for a misery that does not exist. Millet immortalized the delusion on canvas, and the sentimentalists have helped to perpetuate it in countless lamentations and prophecies. The high radicals propagate it in their parlors and sanctums and halls. But the laborers themselves are unaffected by these profound and glittering imaginings. They may listen to the bellows of the agitator or the demagogue, but they have no ears for the subtilities of a great message. As a rule the mature settled laborer has a realistic mind. After the rebellious years he accepts the finality of the fact which Hugh Wiley has expressed as "Work or die," and he learns that toil itself has its rewards. There is a pride of muscle or a pride of skill that develops in the followers of the humblest occupations. This is illustrated by the anecdote of the two street sweepers who were talking of a departed comrade. "Poor ol' Jerry," said one, "he always swep' a clean street." "Well, yes," admitted the other reluctantly, "but I always thought he was kinda weak around the lamp-posts."

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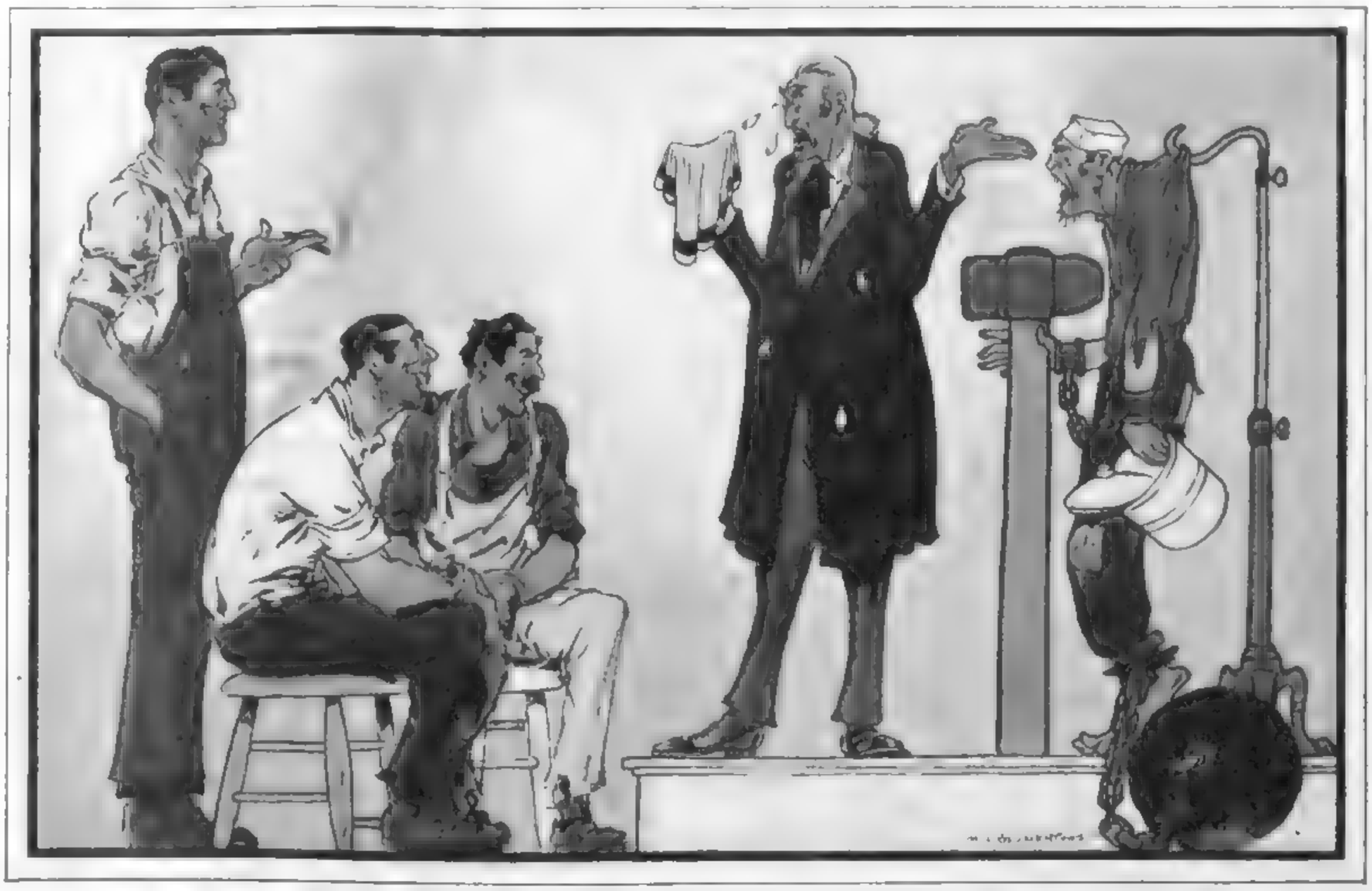

The Pity of the Sentimentalist Springs From a False Conception

A DIFFERENT COUNTRY

By Josephine Daskam Bacon

ILLUSTRATED BY H. J. MOWAT

It Pleased Him Enormously, This Pilgrimage, and He Promised Himself a Return

WHEN Everitt came to himself he was leaning against a tree. It was all a daze to him at first; his hands, clasped round the rough bark, surprised him, his legs shook.

"How did I get over here?" he puzzled

Suddenly he remembered; his mental operations had always been very quick

"Oh, yes: the accident," he thought, his brain working with an almost creaky attempt to coördinate. "But we went over, didn't we? The car tipped, certainly. How did I ever fall clear? And at that speed too! They sideswiped us, besides. To think of me getting up and walking! For heaven's sake!"

He loosened his grip on the tree and turned himself cautiously. No bones broken? His head all right? No blood, even? Amazing! His coat, a heather-gray mixture, was not dusty; his green sweater vest was still neatly buttoned. His gray cap was on his head, even.

His eyeballs turned slowly, like his body and his brain, but no wonder. Yes, there was the car on the bank, and only half over; it had rested on a great bowlder.

"Lord, if I'd struck that!" he muttered.

Where was Elsie, then? George wouldn't be able to speak to him, he supposed, after this, if he'd killed his wife and saved himself. He took a few feeble steps forward, for the shock that had sent him so far had left him very uncertain, and saw, streaming out from the tonneau, a light brown motor coat; a woman's arm and hand flung out along the grass. His heart stopped.

"It's all over with her, I'm afraid," he muttered. "I must go and see. Did the brute get away? Ditch us like that and run off; and his fault too? The damned Frenchman!" He swore.

But as he went toward the car two men suddenly ran up over the brim of the bank. One he recognized for the driver of the car that had hit them, the other he had never seen. They were talking loudly to each other, so nervous that they didn't realize that they were screaming at the same time.

"Pull her out! Tip her back, there! Get away, can't you? Look out; don't jar her!" they cried in a confused babble. "Hold on to his head—there comes Harry—easy now, Harry, easy with him!"

"Then they're Americans, too," he thought. "That's good."

A third man hurried up with a motor rug over his arm.

"His head? Whose head?" Everitt wondered. "Did we get one of them?"

He was now within five yards of the car, but he couldn't call out to them; he hadn't the strength. As he watched them they leaned into the front seat, and in a sudden silence lifted out, with a really remarkable deftness and care, the body of a man.

"Who's that?" Everitt muttered, so confused now that in the effort to remember who had been with them he dug his fingers into a small tree on the edge of the little grove. They laid the body on the rug, and it lay motionless, a tall man in a heather-gray suit with a green sweater vest and a gray cap. His face was pure white; from his forehead a narrow stream of blood still flowed down the cheek.

"Wh-wh-why, that's me!" he gasped, and suddenly a violent nausea threatened him. He turned away his eyes. In the silence a man's voice came clearly across to him.

"Well? Any—any chance for him?"

"Nothing. He's gone, poor chap. Head crushed. Let's have a look at the woman." She groaned.

Everitt forced his eyes toward them. They took off their hats for a moment, looked at the body, and moved back to where the third man was pouring something from a flask into Elsie's mouth. Her arm moved and she groaned again.

"She's alive, all right, sir," the man cried joyfully.

Everitt turned his arm around the little tree and swayed there.

"I'm dead, then! I'm dead!" he mumbled.

The man on the rug lay stiff and motionless. The afternoon light fell in wide fanlike beams through the strange green trunks of the trees; all the trees in France had that green theatrical quality, as if they had stained them to make them more decorative. He stood there, his arm around one of those trees, his feet on the ground, all carpeted with the thick rich green of the ivy, his hat on his head, the breath in his lungs. And yet he was dead.

"It's like that, then," he thought. "It's like that!"

He left the tree and walked, a little shakily but with perfect ease, up to the car.

"What are they going to say when they see me?" he wondered. "It's bound to give them a turn! But I can't help it—I must tell them who I am. I must help about Elsie."

They were lifting her carefully into the car, and it occurred to him that he must not risk shocking them just then. Their backs were turned toward him and he halted.

"The spine seems to be all right," said one of the men, "and she's moved both her arms. Thank the Lord I had a lot of this to do in '17. Of course there may be anything internally—anything. You can't tell. But she was thrown clear, you see. He was jammed in, poor devil."

Elsie was lying now on the back seat of a heavy American limousine; she groaned steadily and moved her head. Everitt stepped on to them.

"I beg your pardon," he said, his voice trembling, "but I ——"

"Wouldn't you know there'd be nobody on the road?" said the man. "It's like this in France. Let's pick that poor fellow up and send him on with Henry."

"See here!" cried Everitt irritably, putting his hand firmly on the man's shoulder. "Will you please listen to me a minute? I'm ——"

"All right, Harry, we'll help you," said the man, moving his shoulder from Everitt's grip. "Get right into Paris, I would; give 'em names and numbers and everything. It was certainly his fault, poor fellow; he never even sounded his horn."

"Will you listen?" cried Everitt, stamping on the road and moving in front of them. "What's the matter with you? Don't you see me? Are you crazy?"

"Easy does it, sir," said the chauffeur, picking up the legs of the body on the ground. "Take the hands up, will you, mister? It's not so bad if we can save the lady."

Glaring, quivering, menacing, he stood in their path, shaking his fists, and suddenly in the awful realization, screaming at them, urging them, cursing them. His voice echoed down the empty road, white between its poplars, but they never turned their heads. They neither heard nor saw him, though he struck them, raging, nor could they feel his hands, though he tried to wrench their own away from the body they were carrying. He whirled about and fell, senseless, in the ditch by the road.

When he came to himself he was quite alone. All that violence and terror might have been one of the horrid nightmares that had occasionally haunted his childhood. He felt curiously calm, and recognized in himself a definite interest in the situation.

"How long will this last?" he wondered. "How about—heaven and all the rest of it? Not that it was ever very sensible, all that! Aha, here comes somebody!"

Two peasants, a man and a woman, were walking down the road, approaching him. He waited till they were close enough, then stepped out and spoke.

"*Bonjour, monsieur et madame!*" he said pleasantly, but they went past him, chattering: the woman had looked squarely into his eyes. With a great effort of the will he hurried ahead, and forced himself to stand straight in their path; in a moment they were on the other side of him, without, apparently, touching him at all.

He wiped his forehead, which was wet, and put back the handkerchief into his pocket.

"Well," he said, "that's that! Now, where do we go from here? Have I got to walk back to Paris? I certainly don't see much point in hanging about this road all night! There's another woman; I don't think I'll bother about her, thank you!"

She had entered the main highway from the crossroad just beyond and, without glancing in his direction, hurried on ahead of him. Not a Frenchwoman, evidently; there was something in the stride, in the way of holding the

body, the poise of the head, even, that showed the Anglo-Saxon. And she carried her clothes too well for an Englishwoman. What on earth was she doing seventy-five kilometers and more from Paris, walking along the highway?

He caught up with her easily and, moved by an odd cynical impulse, put his hand on her shoulder

"I know you can't see me, my dear girl," he said dryly, "but what on earth are you doing, all alone, I wonder?"

To his utter amazement she whirled about under his light touch and faced him, scarlet with anger.

"*Monsieur!*" she cried. "*Prenez garde!*"

Automatically, or he had nearly fallen under the double shock of her reception and her quick strong thrust, he pulled off his cap and moved away from her

"I beg your pardon," he said faintly; "you must forgive me. I didn't realize. You can see me then?"

"See you?" she echoed, amazed, and the anger faded out of her eyes. A real terror dawned in them.

"She thinks I'm a lunatic!" he said to himself. "How horrible! And perhaps I am—to have had such a nightmare back there. I was probably crazy from shock. Oh, how can such things be?"

"See you?" she said again, and he marveled at her quick recovery, her brave attempt to smile and conciliate him, her lightning glance all about them to see if any help was probable. "But why shouldn't I see you? You're an American, aren't you? Do you know where we are? Is it far from Paris? I've managed to lose myself."

He could have jumped up and down and waved his cap for joy. And he had thought—he had thought —— Oh, the relief, the heavenly relief!

Still keeping a careful distance from her he answered, his voice trembling a little

"We can't be far off Chartres," he said. "I'm a bit confused myself, to tell you the truth. I was—I was in a nasty little motor accident, and got spilled, and I've been tumbling around here like—like a sort of lunatic, trying to find out where I was and—who I was, if you can understand at all; and nobody seemed to pay any attention to me, and I got sort of sort of—well, you'll have to excuse me, madam, that's all I can say. I'm not an apache nor a robber nor a lunatic, really, and I trust you'll believe that I haven't the remotest intention of doing you the least bit of harm in the world!"

She drew a long breath.

"I'm quite sure you haven't," she answered quietly. "You've had a bad shock, evidently. The peasants here are awfully rude if they don't understand you, you know. Here come some children, now; we'll ——"

"Would you mind asking them?" he muttered, shaking. "I simply can't bear ——"

"That's all right," she interrupted hastily. "I'm quite at home in French; I went to school here. Don't bother. It will be all right."

Five or six children were hurrying toward them, the girls in funny little red-and-blue jackets, the boys in sober black pinafores. She stepped out to them, extending her hand with a bright fifty-centime piece well in evidence between her thumb and finger

"*Dites donc, mes petits, comment ça va?*" she said cheerfully. "*Bonjour, tout le monde!*"

They ran on, chattering, with not so much as a glance for the tall gray-eyed American in the long tan silk coat.

"*Attention, mes enfants!*" she cried, and moving lightly, with a long step, she stopped, ahead of them, opened her arms and caught the first two, a boy and a girl, as they ran. In a moment, without stopping, they appeared again, behind her back

She stood there alone, her arms still extended, her face white and wondering; and Everitt, with an awful pang of pity and horror, ran to her and caught her as she staggered

So that was it, then! That was why she saw him, spoke to him, felt him! Because she was like him; because

"It's not possible!" he cried, and led her, leaning on him, to the roadside.

"What is it? Why wouldn't they—what isn't possible?" she asked confusedly. "What makes you look at me like that? Weren't they horrid? Oh, there! There comes a car. Stop it, will you?"

"Wait," he said gently; "wait a moment. I'll—I'll have to explain to you. No, it won't do any good; I couldn't stop them. They wouldn't see us, you see."

"They wouldn't see us? Why wouldn't they see us?"

"Because—because they're not like us. They're—they're different."

"Different? How are they different? Are you—are you "

"No, I'm not crazy," he said; "I was never saner in my life. It's hard to tell you. Can't you remember anything, then? Can't you think what's happened to you? Don't you know?"

"What? What?" she whispered, turning her eyes up to him like a frightened child. "What is it you mean?"

"They're not like us," he said, very low, holding her hands firmly. "They're alive, you see; and we ——"

"We ——"

"We're dead, my dear," he said, and caught her as she swayed over on him.

Her head, casqued in the tight little sport hat of the moment, lay easily on the bank, and he ran for the little brook that flowed on the edge of the wood, filled his cap with water and dabbled her forehead and cheeks with it.

"She may not thank me for that," he muttered grimly; "but there, she's so pale. There's none of that beastly paint to wash off!"

Soon she began to draw long sobbing breaths, and he braced himself for whatever scene might occur; but there was to be none, it seemed, for she only smiled faintly at him and put out her hand. Her hair, not brown, not red, not yellow, but a little of all three, was precisely the color of her long curved eyebrows; her clear skin was very slightly flecked with tiny freckles, on her cheek bones, the tip of her nose, her chin. Her mouth was not small, but deeply curved and of a clear pink, rather than red. He judged her to be twenty-eight or thirty. She was not beautiful, certainly, perhaps not even handsome, by the exacting standards of his native country; but, on the other hand, she was certainly not plain. Interesting was that it?

As she looked vaguely at him a soft rosy tint climbed over the pallor of her unconsciousness, and when she smiled he saw that to anyone who loved her she would be lovely

"So it's just you and me?" she said gently, and he realized with relief that it was over with her and there was nothing more to fear.

"Just you and me," he repeated, holding her hand firmly and helping her to sit up beside him. "Haven't you any idea when it happened? Not if you don't feel like talking about it, of course ——"

"But why not?" she asked calmly. "Only I can't see any sense in it, you know. There wasn't any accident. We were in the car, Jack and I—my brother-in-law—and he stopped, because he heard a knock. He got under the hood, and I stepped out a little ahead, to see the view, and—and that's all. I don't remember any more."

"But surely you did something; something happened Was nobody else there?"

"No," she answered, thinking. "I was all alone on the road. There was a big sort of cable—wire or something lying across the road, and I stooped down and picked it up, to throw it — "

"Ah, that's it!" he cried. "It was a charged wire! The storm last night! Oh, why did you do it?"

She shrugged her shoulders.

"You think so?" she said quietly. "Yes, I suppose that was it. It never occurred to me, of course. And I was so angry when I found myself all alone in the wood; I thought Jack must have gone crazy, for he never even called after me! I was stupid, of course, and more or less shocked, for I just hurried on, to try to catch up with him." She sighed, straightened her hat, and rose, her hand still in his. "Shall we go on?" she said, and they walked on together. "How did it come to you?" she asked, and he told her briefly.

"And I must get back to Paris and find out about Elsie," he added; "she she may have —— Only, how on earth are we going to get there?"

A little quiver ran through the hand he held, and glancing at her he saw that she was laughing

"My father would have said we ought to fly there," she began, laughing outright now. "With crowns on our heads, and those ugly teagowns angels wear!"

"Don't be absurd!" he urged her, laughing and embarrassed. "I couldn't wear a teagown!"

"You'd have had to, according to father," she persisted, "but I can quite see that you'd look odd, this way."

Her spirits sank suddenly; she shivered and fell silent.

They were now in sight of a little wayside station for gasoline and oil, and as they neared it she began to walk more quickly.

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"Where Were You?" He Said, Trembling. "Why Did You Make Me Think —— Oh, Where Were You?"

THE KEEPER AT KARN

The Fact That Vaught Would Share the Little Cottage He Occupied Awakened in Him a Faint But Definite Misgiving

By Ben Ames Williams

ILLUSTRATED BY WILLIAM LIEPSE

WHEN Fenno bought Karn from the Ballards he acquired with the establishment a man who served as guardian, caretaker, handy man, errand boy, purveyor of ice and wood, guide to the best fishing grounds and general factotum; a man with his heart in his work, by the name of Sander Haws.

Karn itself is an island in one of the larger and more favored New England lakes, a body of water much frequented by summer folk. The island is little more than a mass of rocks, perhaps a mile and a half long, and thickly grown with trees. The camp upon it was planned by Morgan Ballard, who discarded the island's traditional name—it had been called The Cusk and was still so known among local folk—in favor of an appellation which seemed to him more truly descriptive. He constructed a great stone house, the material for which was everywhere at hand; a boathouse with slips for four motorboats; a water tower and windmill; and two service buildings. Since the place must be closed during seven or eight months of the year, a caretaker was necessary; and for this service Ballard enlisted Sander Haws, whom Fenno, acquiring the establishment upon Ballard's death, retained.

Fenno was a Boston lawyer of an ability well attested by his success. Furthermore he was a man with a good deal of personal charm and a store of human sympathy, as a result of which such men as Sander were attracted to him. He bought a bit of shore front at a convenient spot and erected there a garage; and he was accustomed to drive up from Boston for a day or a week-end whenever his own obligations and the season permitted. Thus he and Sander sometimes spent a day or two together in the winter, when there were no others about; and the effect was to breed between them an intimacy which on Sander's part approached devotion. That loyalty which he had formerly given to the place itself he now divided between the place and Fenno.

He was a man with an unusual capacity for devotion, this Sander Haws; a person of great simplicity and kindliness and loyalty, not in the least complex. He never forgot that the big summer place and all that lay therein were in his charge; yet he was not so much custodian as devotee. His mental attitude was rather that of a neophyte in a temple, tending and serving the sacred objects, than that of the conventional caretaker. A small man of indeterminate age, his cheek was lined and leathered by sun and wind, and the hair beneath his faded cap was thin and scanty. About his mouth there dwelt a firm beneficence, and he wore as mild and blue an eye as any kitten. There was a singular sweetness in his expression, curiously like that of a young girl who has found nothing in life to inspire bewilderment or doubt or terror.

Fenno sometimes sought to lead this man to talk about himself; but his indirections met with small success, and he was too kindly to press any direct inquiry. He found, however, by conversations with Sander's neighbors, that they held toward the keeper at Karn a faintly contemptuous tolerance. They explained to Fenno at some length that Sander had heired a comfortable farm, and had lost it by foolishly trusting to the protestations and promises of his younger brother. This circumstance in itself sufficed to satisfy their New England minds, so much more intent on keeping than on getting or on spending, that Sander was a person inadequate and deserving of slight consideration. To such understandings, one who loses his property is as absurd a figure as in other societies is the man who loses his wife.

Aside from his clothing, his pipe, his steel fishing rod and a curious assortment of hooks and swivels, Sander's only personal possession was an ancient motorboat with the lines of an old mare who has too often devoted herself to maternal cares. This craft was propelled by a one-cylinder engine, capable of driving her at a speed of about six miles an hour. No one could remember how long Sander had owned her. He called her, for some extraordinary reason, Queen Bess, and Fenno sometimes thought that if he could read the riddle of this name he would catch a glimpse of the man who hid behind so many reticences whenever his personal affairs were discussed. Sander kept his motorboat in immaculate condition. Every winter, with tackle of his own devising, he hauled her ashore and scraped and painted and varnished her, took down the absurd engine and overhauled it, put in a new wiring system and otherwise worked a miracle of rejuvenation. Her former owner had been less careful; her planking was in some spots soft and punky; and Sander now and then put in a patch or a new plank where it would do the most good. As a result of this constant care the old craft functioned smoothly and readily, and never failed to meet any demand Sander put upon it. By building, in a cove beyond the big boathouse, a smaller shelter for the Queen Bess, Fenno had cemented Sander to himself by unbreakable ties.

The summer Fenno went to Europe, somewhat against his own inclinations he was persuaded to lease Karn to a man named Marlatt; a person of some wealth, since the war. The arrangement was of Marlatt's seeking. He had discovered Karn the summer before, and had immediately sought to buy the place; but this was far from Fenno's plans. When Marlatt learned that Fenno would not occupy the establishment the following season, he seized upon this opportunity to achieve occupation in lieu of ownership, and offered Fenno a rental which the attorney thought it would be ridiculous to refuse. The arrangement was concluded in the spring, about the time the ice went out; and a week or so later, coming to the lake to troll for togue with Sander, Fenno told the caretaker about it.

"I did not like doing it, I'll confess," Fenno explained "The man is not prepossessing. I'm afraid you will disapprove of him. But he raised his offer till I could no longer refuse."

"I guess I'll get along with him," Sander replied; and added mildly: "You've got a fish on."

Fenno busied himself for a while with the heavy reel, and the braided copper line came in yard by yard till at last the floundering trout was brought to net, thumped on the head with an iron bar Sander kept at hand for such uses, and deposited in the ice box. All about them the lake lay blue and shimmering; a cool little wind with the flavor of melting ice upon its wings fanned them and made Fenno's heavy sweater grateful. Toward the northeast the great bulk of the forest-clad mountain glimmered in the sun, beginning already to wear a haze of green as the first leaf buds unfolded. Through a notch in the hills a blue spire against the bluer sky, with white patches on its flanks where snow still lay, they could see Chocorua.

"I shall miss the lake this summer," Fenno remarked.

"I expect you'll have a good time traveling though."

The attorney nodded. "Of course I'll have the place in mind. Marlatt probably will not be too scrupulous in the

way he handles things. I suppose we must expect a good deal of damage. But the rent is large enough to cover a multitude of such sins."

"I'll see't they don't do any damage," Sander promised.

Fenno smiled with understanding. "I'm counting on you," he replied in a serious tone. "Don't think I could have let it go if I hadn't known you'd be here to look after things"

"Yes, I'll be here," the other assured him.

They caught another fish, and by and by turned back toward Karn.

When Fenno left for Boston he said, "I'm planning to come up and get our personal things before we go, Sander. But if I don't you might keep an eye on them"

"You don't have to worry," Sander told him mildly. "You don't have to worry yourself a bit, Mr. Fenno."

As it happened, pressure of business prevented Fenno's making this final visit he had planned. Sander had a letter from him at last with word that they were sailing at once; that the Marlatts might be expected about the first of June.

As a part of his preparations for their coming Sander went through the main camp and collected the personal belongings of Fenno and his family, removing them to the unused attic of the small service cottage, a room in which he himself occupied. They would there be under his own eye and secure.

While he thus busied himself with objects around which so many associations clung, Sander had a momentary feeling of loneliness, regretting Fenno; but on the whole the man looked forward to the approaching summer without serious misgivings.

The arrival of the new tenants was preceded by the coming of their staff of servants—a housekeeper, a negro cook named Ruby, and a maid or two. Sander met these people at the train and conveyed them in Fenno's depot wagon and in one of the motorboats to the island. The housekeeper, under his guidance, inspected the establishment and took command, Sander mildly submitting to her domination. She was an efficient middle-aged woman whose countenance bore continual evidence that life had disappointed her. Her name was Mrs. Fox, and her habitual mood was one of disapproval. Of the maids only one made any impression on Sander. This one—she told him her name was Nellie Kitts -attached herself to him from the beginning, overwhelmed him with questions about the lake, the island, the Fennos and everything else that came into her mind, and permitted him in return the full and cloying beauty of her eyes and of her smiles. Sander, who was acutely uncomfortable with any woman when she permitted him to remember that she was a woman, would have avoided her if he could, but found no way to do so.

The Marlatts arrived the next day; father and mother and daughter, a son coming two weeks later when his college term was done. They came by automobile and housed the car in the garage upon the shore, whence Sander transported them to the island. The chauffeur at once struck up a professional acquaintance with Sander, watching the caretaker's manipulation of the motorboat, asking questions as to her horse power and potential speed, and observing with interest the intricate course which Sander followed as he threaded his way among the obstructions to navigation which the smooth surface of the lake concealed. He was a man a few inches taller than Sander and much heavier, his hands faintly begrimed with the traces of his occupation, and his countenance shiny. A scar that seemed to split his nose bore testimony to some ancient violence. Sander thought there was an unhealthy look about him; but the man seemed to know gas engines, and Sander respected such knowledge and met the other on this common ground. The chauffeur wore a certain sophistication, seemed to feel that he was impressing Sander; and he bore the extraordinary name of Luke Vaught. Before they reached the island he had abandoned technical discussion for more intimate inquiries; but Sander found him in this guise even less attractive than before and retired into silence, his skin pricking with distaste. The fact that Vaught would share the little cottage he occupied awakened in him a faint but definite misgiving.

In the course of the next few days the new régime was sufficiently established. Sander from the first disliked Marlatt, whom he found to be a large uneasy man hiding his own uncertainties and diffidence behind a loud voice and an arrogant insistence upon the still novel fact of his own wealth. Mrs. Marlatt seemed to the caretaker a more appealing figure. She was a small woman, subdued not so much by the personality of her husband as by the wealth so recently acquired and which he chose to shower upon her without stint. She wore magnificent jewels with ashamed and shrinking demeanor; her gowns were extraordinary, yet they seemed to irk her; the attendance with which she was surrounded quite obviously left her unhappy and bewildered. Once or twice she and Sander, happening to be alone together, approached something like a common ground; he had sufficient insight to perceive her misery, while she discovered in him that understanding and that unpretentious friendliness which she craved

Mr. and Mrs. Fenno usually spent the summer quietly; but it early became apparent that the Marlatts would make every effort to be gay. A continual stream of guests came to Karn, stayed their allotted space and went away again. The motorboats were much in demand for excursions around the lake, and since these craf were Sander's particular pride the necessity of keeping them immaculate and in order often occupied him far into the night

Sometimes Sander himself went along to navigate on these excursions; but more often Luke Vaught had that post. Vaught knew enough about a gas engine to make it run; but he had not the mechanic's affection for his tools, and was as like as not to return the craft to Sander's hands in an outrageous condition. The fact that Sander bitterly resented the other's heedlessness, and let his resentment appear, rather amused Vaught than otherwise. This unconcealed amusement did not endear him to the older man; and Sander began, more or less unconsciously, to keep a strict eye on Vaught's goings and comings. He made many small discoveries, none momentous but all more or less disquieting. He found that Vaught went often to one of the near-by towns in the big car; he heard, through the gossip of local folk whom he encountered every day, that the big man met curious strangers on these excursions; and

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It Was an Actual Collision. Sander, Traveling at the Greater Speed, Struck Vaught in the Body With His Fists and His Head

The Rich Man and His Taxes

Or Catch as Catch Can—By Albert W. Atwood

THE words "rich man" convey to most people, even to those who themselves are rich, a rather simple picture of a person with a given amount of property or income. Standards differ, but once having decided upon a standard, a very common way of talking and thinking is to consider anyone as rich who comes within it.

To nearly all minds the fact that a man has a certain income means that he belongs to a certain class or stage, financially speaking. He is a $1000-a-year man or a $100,000-a-year man. We may begrudge him the larger amount and say he isn't worth it, but if he gets it we ticket him about at that point, all the same. This attitude is almost universal, but is highly erroneous none the less, because it oversimplifies something which in reality is quite complex.

A moment's reflection will show that the same incomes differ fundamentally from one another according as they derive from interest on tax-exempt bonds, from interest on other bonds, from dividends on stock, from ordinary business profits, from profits on the sale of real estate or other capital assets, from profits on occasional speculative operations, from salaries, from royalties, from fees, commissions and piecework generally. An income of any given amount may come from only one of these sources or it may come from all of them.

The fact is that two incomes of exactly the same amount may represent two utterly different degrees of ability to pay taxes. Suppose an old man who has enjoyed only the barest necessities of life for thirty or forty years suddenly perfects an invention upon which he has worked for most of a lifetime and which for a year produces an income of $200,000 for its owner. The following year another man brings out a device so much better that the old inventor's receipts again dwindle away to nothing, and bring him down once more below the income-tax-paying class. Yet in that one year he has been paying at the same rate as a Gould or a Vanderbilt, whose income of an identical amount started automatically and without effort on the part of the owner at the moment of birth, and will continue thereafter until the last flicker of life has been extinguished.

It is apparent, of course, even to those who know the least about taxation, that such a case is unjust. Yet I have not the slightest doubt that the public in the main conceives of income-tax rates, especially the higher rates on the larger incomes, as universally applicable to all incomes of given amounts. The general idea is that if some escape it must be the fault of the law; holes must be plugged up or the administration improved.

To a very large extent this common idea is at fault, and the sooner the fact is recognized the better for our system of taxation. The plain truth is that no income tax can apply extremely high rates without an extraordinary degree of discrepancy, injustice, complexity and confusion, for the reason that income is not one single simple thing, but many different and intricate things.

Discrepancies in the Tax Law

BROAD social and economic ideals are always more interesting than financial and legal technicalities. It takes less thinking to announce one's belief in the principle that the rich should pay than it does to master the actual possibilities of the income tax. Or for that matter it requires much less pains to hold the opposite position and denounce heavy taxation of the rich as socialism than it does to learn just what can and what cannot be done in the way of reaching large fortunes and incomes.

Most talk about taxes is hot air, whether it bangs the profiteers for dodging their taxes or views with alarm the evils of these same taxes, because those who do the talking don't know anything about the fiscal instrument they are discussing.

To begin with, then, the law itself is obliged to tell the rich man who has property in the form of stocks and whose income is therefore derived from dividends, that he need not, indeed cannot, pay as large a tax as the man who receives his income in salaries, commissions, fees, profits, and the like.

Specifically, and as everyone knows, though surtaxes do reach dividends, the normal income tax does not apply to them because the corporation itself which pays the dividends also pays income taxes, and the same income cannot be taxed twice. But if we take the case of two persons with incomes of $300,000, one from dividends on stocks and the other from royalties or salaries, such as a movie star, it appears that the first named gets off, under the present law, with nearly $24,000 less in taxes.

This is the first and by far the simplest discrepancy we shall encounter, and it is absolutely inherent in the very nature of income taxation. Yet who will deny the obvious injustice? The movie star may be good for only a few years; yet the man or woman who inherits property invested in stocks to yield a similar income, perhaps for life and without effort on the owner's part, is told that he or she must pay $24,000 less in taxes.

But this is only the most elementary introduction to the subject. Let us plunge in boldly and see where the discrepancy between the taxes on corporations and on individuals lands us. No way has yet been found by Congress to apply to the incomes of corporations the high surtaxes which are applied, with some measure of success at least, to the incomes of individuals. Since 1921 there has been a flat tax of 12½ per cent on corporation incomes as compared with a maximum of 58 per cent on individual incomes. In the new law there may be a slight increase in the corporation tax, but probably no marked change.

What has been the obvious result of this discrepancy? Well, the individuals with large incomes, subject to high rates of surtax, have to an enormous extent gotten their property into corporate form, and as far as possible, left it there in undistributed profits or surplus. Thus the individual has in these cases been paying taxes of 12½ per cent instead of three or four times as much.

Undistributed Earnings

NO ONE knows how much in the way of taxes the Government has lost from this practice, but the sum has been very great. The writer knows one lawyer who has formed at least two hundred corporations in the last few years for this purpose. Though he is a specialist and an authority in this field, he is nevertheless only one of many thousands of lawyers who know of this loophole in the law. Presumably others are almost if not quite as adept. Several lawyers tell the writer that a day rarely passes in which they are not approached for the same purpose by at least one client.

But do not jump to the conclusion, reader, that the rich man is necessarily employing a subterfuge or engaging in any practice morally questionable because he succeeds in getting his income into corporate surplus. He may do it with the idea of tax evasion in mind, or he may have wholly other and entirely worthy motives.

There is no ethical reproach attached to transacting business in corporate form, nor does any such taint attach to the building up of a large surplus reserve which may be invested in additions, extensions and the like, rather than paid out in dividends. But nevertheless the individual easily, legally and inevitably avoids the surtax by taking this course. It is common report that the Ford Motor Company made profits of $82,263,483 in 1923 and paid no dividends, thereby saving or avoiding a surtax for Mr. Ford, the mere thought of which makes one dizzy. On this subject the following statement has been made by William R. Green, chairman of the Ways and Means Committee of the lower House of Congress:

"I do not know what person has the largest income among the citizens of this country, but it is popularly supposed to be Mr. Henry Ford. Whether this is so or not, it is certain that his income is something enormous, and while no one knows what income tax he is paying, except a few who are required by law to keep the secret, it is certain that it cannot be at all in proportion with his income.

"The Ford Company is continually adding to its investments by buying coal mines, iron mines and railroads, erecting new factories, constructing more and more of the parts of the automobile that has made Mr. Ford famous. While technically no income has passed thereby to the stockholders, as a matter of fact their riches have increased to the amount of these investments, and yet they pay no income tax thereon."

Yet pretty nearly all men, women and even children in this country know that one reason Mr. Ford has been able to produce so many automobiles is because he has kept an enormous surplus in the business. As Judge Green himself says, "It is true that if corporations grow and increase their business they must of necessity have more capital. From this arises the desire to increase the corporate surplus."

The size of surplus is one of the most vital aspects of business judgment. As a rule it must be large if a business is to prosper and serve its customers. Surely it is dangerous for Government to interfere with this recognized principle, the effects of such interference being subtle and far-reaching as well as unfortunate. Besides, if the surtax rates continue to be high the individual will be caught in due time, because a large surplus in the normal course of events produces large ultimate dividends.

All this is clear and simple enough. But suppose one man or a few men, having enough to live on from salaries received or from other investments, and yet owning a rich corporation, decide to withhold dividends in the hope that in later years surtax rates will be reduced; what then? The result is an almost complete escape, at least for the time being, from high surtaxes. To stop this practice many people have urged all manner of plans for putting a graduated tax on the undistributed profits or surpluses of corporations, for at first sight such a tax would appear to stop up the hole.

One suggestion is that the 12½ per cent tax be retained on that portion of a corporation's income which is paid out in dividends and a much higher tax be placed on the profits which are retained. To the minds of practical men this suggests unmeasured possibilities of new confusion and injustice. To begin with, it would penalize sound business conduct and stimulate the payment of dividends beyond requirements of safety. In addition, the administrative difficulties would be insuperable. Suppose in one year a company makes $1,000,000 profits, and pays out three-quarters of it in dividends. The next year the profits are so much smaller that dividends have to be distributed out of the $250,000 surplus remaining over. Yet the corporation paid last year a higher tax on this quarter million than it did on the three-quarters, but now the quarter million is disbursed in dividends, on which a lower tax is collected. The complications are too confusing to need further explanation.

Another proposal is to tax all stockholders on their proportion of the profits made, or "constructively" received by them, as the phrase goes. Like all other schemes for reaching undistributed profits, there is the objection that corporations would be penalized for maintaining adequate reserves. But that is the least of the possible difficulties in this particular device for making the rich pay.

After all, the income tax is a tax upon incomes, and who is sure that income not received can be counted as income received? Just think of the wild glee among the lawyers as they rend apart any thin veil of constitutionality which may appear to cover the rather obvious legal nakedness of this contrivance.

Some Vexatious Problems

BUT underlying all these considerations is one that is more essential—namely, that a tax which may be well adapted to reach individual incomes may prove exceedingly unwise and wholly unworkable as a business tax. A highly graduated tax on undistributed profits might reach Mr. Ford with satisfying fairness, but just what would it do to the scores of thousands of owners of one share of stock in the Pennsylvania Railroad, United States Steel Corporation and numerous other big companies?

There are hundreds of thousands of small shareholders in corporations which have large undistributed surpluses, but whose individual incomes from their stockholdings, and perhaps from other sources as well, are so small that they pay no surtaxes at all, and perhaps not even a normal tax. They do not escape taxes because the profits are undistributed; they escape taxes because their incomes are so small.

Is there any practical, or for that matter any constitutional method of reaching into the corporation, separating the undistributed profits belonging to Mr. Ford and Mr. Rockefeller from those belonging to Widow Smith, and taxing one portion of the surplus at 50 or 75 per cent while not taxing the other portion at all?

The whole idea is a manifest absurdity. It falls of its own weight. The man with an income of several hundred thousand dollars a year is asked to pay a big tax because, to put the case baldly, he cannot eat or wear much more than a poorer man. The high individual surtax takes up the slack in personal financial relations, as it were. But this rule does not apply to corporations.

A company may have a fabulously large income, but not a bit too large in proportion to its operations, its capital, and the hundreds of thousands of small stockholders and bondholders interested therein. A moderate tax on business earnings is, of course, justified and practical, but if to reach a few millionaires huge surtaxes are placed on the corporation itself, the owner of one share is going to get off very badly.

The idea that the enormous rates of surtax on individuals can be extended to the undistributed profits of corporations owned by thousands of persons with incomes of

varying sizes is illusory. By way of illustration compare a corporation with a big surplus, but which is owned entirely by hundreds of thousands of stockholders so small that they pay no surtaxes, with another corporation having an equally large surplus and owned by hundreds of thousands of equally small investors but with two or three extremely rich men scattered among them.

To put the tax on the second company without putting it on the first would be ruinous to the second, but to put it on the first company where there are no rich men to be caught would be wholly pointless. The fact is that from 1917 to 1922 we had an excess-profits tax on corporations which took a tremendous toll from their profits, but worked so inequitably that it had to be repealed. The law was so complicated that lawyers and accountants are still studying the history of certain companies clear back to 1850 to find out what various properties cost, in an effort to clear up back taxes under this law.

But futile as all attempts seem to be to reach the rich man through the medium of taxes upon corporate surplus, the fact remains that in this way surtaxes have been avoided to an extent of which the public has but slight comprehension. Mr. Ford and others like him may save untold millions by keeping profits within the corporation, but they have plenty of other good reasons for so doing, and, besides, the Ford Motor Company existed long before there were any income surtaxes. In this and similar cases the saving of taxes is incidental. But how about the thriving new business of forming companies for the express purpose of escaping taxes? That is quite a different story.

Holes Stopped by Legislation

IT WOULD be impossible even in a long series of articles to do more than outline the strange, complex and devious corporate devices which have sprung up with this end in view. Many of the most intricate of these marvelous stratagems are unknown to the writer and are indeed unknown to all except a few select lawyers in whose brilliantly ingenious brains they originated.

As one such lawyer explained to me, if he described the best of his schemes for publication the Treasury Department experts would at once find ways of stopping up the holes. Already, he said, four or five artful contrivances, his own mental children, had been killed by changes in the law, although, of course, it should be clearly understood that these devices were entirely legal until the law was altered to meet them. But, as this man expressed it, as long as a particular hole remains open, clients make a trail to the door of the lawyer who discovers it.

But the writer, or anyone else who has studied the subject, is familiar with enough of these wily and often fantastic tricks to fill several articles as long as this. "You have 50,000 lawyers trying to shoot holes in any revenue bill that you pass," said Undersecretary Winston of the Treasury Department to a congressional committee, "and only three or four—or perhaps a dozen—trying to fix them up."

Consider first then the case of an elderly man who owns a city office building which he would like to sell. Some years ago he put his entire life savings, about $500,000, into the property. But values have increased until the property now has a market value of $1,500,000.

Prior to the present, or 1921, law, if the building had been sold the owner was forced to pay a surtax of perhaps 60 per cent or more on the $1,000,000. Under such rates the income-tax law was fast stopping all sales of property People simply held on; they did not sell. As a result Congress put a new division of income into the 1921 law, known as "capital gains," which provides that the taxpayer may elect to pay a flat rate of 12½ per cent upon gains from the sale of capital assets, in case he has held the property for two years or more as an investment.

But several economists say that such a low rate is unjust to other classes of income. Why should an opera singer who works like mad for a $200,000 income pay more than 50 per cent taxes when the owner of a building pays only 12½ per cent on an increased value which may or may not be due to the owner's foresight and ability? Is this not reversing the principle that earned incomes should pay less than unearned incomes? Many of this country's large fortunes have come from buying and selling property. How grotesque to let that kind of income off easier than the hard-earned rewards of surgeon, lawyer, engineer, actor and salaried man! But on the other hand, if you tax these capital gains at 50 per cent or more people simply won't sell, and they can't be forced to sell.

Even England with its three-quarters of a century of experience has been unable to settle this question of capital gains to its satisfaction. If rates could be stabilized, then obviously owners would not postpone sales to any such extent as in the past or even now. But stabilization of rates is exactly what is lacking. The subject fairly bristles with insoluble difficulties.

But meanwhile we have left our old man waiting to sell his office building. Perhaps he didn't earn the $1,000,000 profit, although it won't buy as much as the same amount would have bought when he invested in the building. Anyway he doesn't like the idea of paying even 12½ per cent, or $125,000, in taxes on his "capital" gain, although in abstract justice to the surgeon, lawyer, actor, and the like, perhaps he should.

An Easy Way Out

HE FEELS exactly the same as another old man who has three young and able assistants to whom he wishes to sell out. The old man is getting tired of working, and the young men are getting tired of working for the old man The most natural thing in the world is for them to buy him out. But from nothing the business has built up a surplus profit of $1,000,000. This is the most common kind of occurrence

Yet to let the juniors in, the senior must, under the most favorable construction of the law, pay $125,000 just for the privilege of giving them their chance. He doesn't care enough about them for that. It isn't worth it to him and he hangs on longer, or else some artful tax-avoidance device is availed of.

Coming back once more to our first old man, we find him on his way to his lawyer's. "What shall I do?" he asks. The lawyer promptly forms a new corporation

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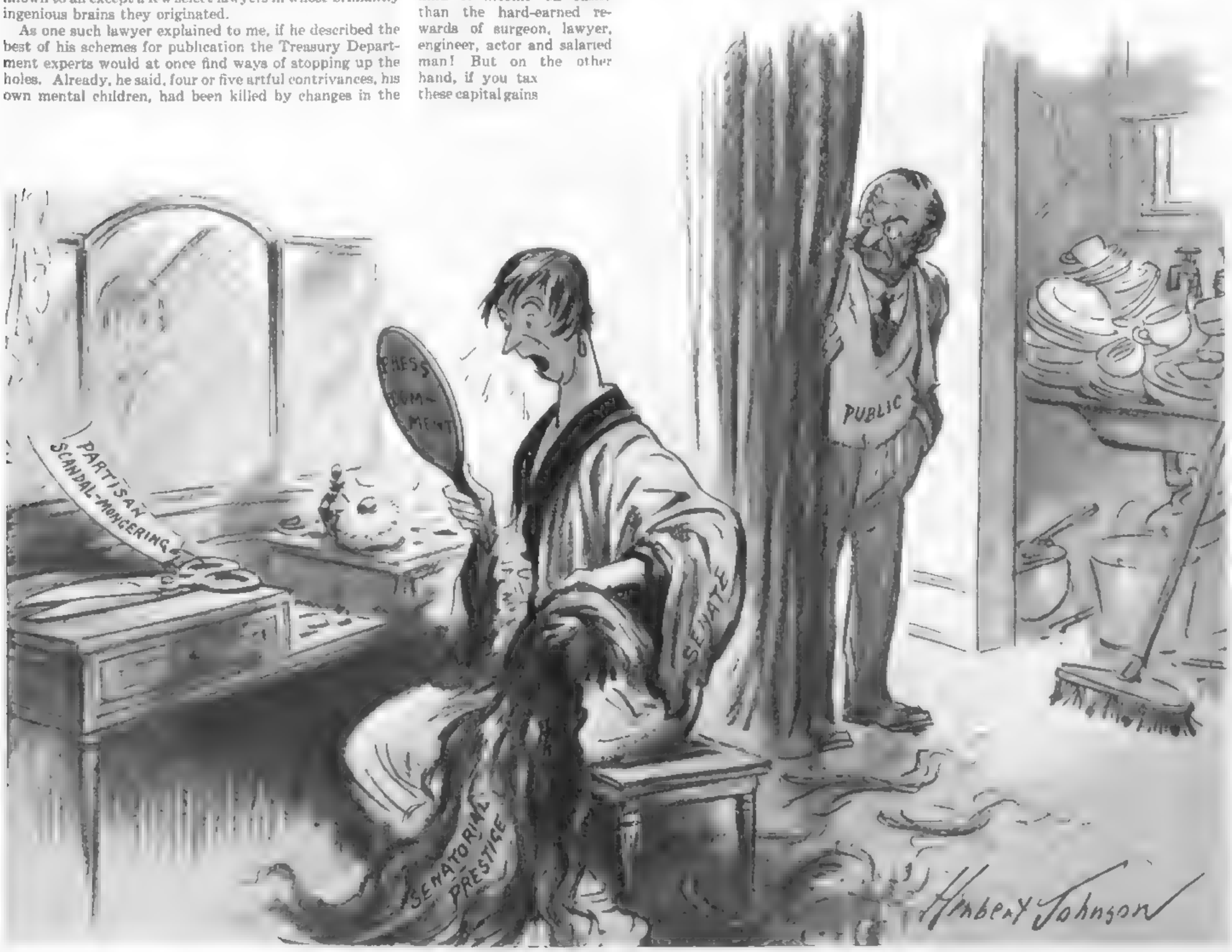

BOBBED!

ONCE A COWBOY—By Will James

ILLUSTRATIONS BY THE AUTHOR

IT WAS a mean fall, and on that account the round-up wagons was late with the works, and later getting in at the winter quarters. The cold raw winds of the early mornings wasn't at all agreeable to get up in, and I'd just about got so I could choke the cook when he hollered "Come and get it, you rannies, before I throw it out." We'd hear that holler long before daybreak, and sticking our heads out from under our tarps we'd greet the new day with a cuss word and a snort.

A wet snow would be falling and laying heavy on our beds, and feeling around between the tarp and blankets for socks we'd took off wet the night before, we'd find 'em froze stiff, but by the time they was pulled on and made to fit again and the boots over 'em, buckled on chaps and all what we could find to keep a feller warm, we wasn't holding no grudge against the cook, we just wanted a lot of that strong steaming hot coffee he'd just made and had waiting for us.

The bunch of us would amble up and around the fire like a pack of wolves, only there was no growling done; instead there'd be remarks passed around such as, "This is what makes a cowboy wonder what he done with his summer's wages." There'd be a whoop and a holler and a bucking cowhand would clatter up near top of the pots by the fire, "Make room, you waddies, Ise frizzed from my brisket both ways," and slapping his hands to his sides would edge in on the circle and grin at the bunch there before him.

The lids of the big dutch ovens was lifted, steaks, spuds and biscuits begin to disappear, but tracks was made most often toward the big coffeepot, and when the bait is washed down and the blood begins to circulate freer there was signs of daybreak, and rolling a cigarette we'd head for the muddy rope corral.

Our ropes would be stiff as cables, and it was hard to make a good catch. The particular pony you'd be wanting would most generally stick his head in the ground like a ostrich, and mixed in with about two hundred head of his kind and all a milling around steady he'd be mighty hard to find again in case you missed your first throw.

Daylight being yet far off at that time, there's no way to identify any of the ten or twelve horses in your string only by the outline of their heads against the sky or by the white there may be on their foreheads. You throwed your rope but you couldn't see it sail and you didn't know you'd caught your horse till you felt the rope tighten up, and sometimes when you'd led out the horse you'd caught and got close to him it'd be another horse—the one you'd throwed the rope at had heard it coming and ducked.

Turning that horse back in the corral, you'd make another loop and try to get another sight of the horse you wanted; when you did, and the rope settled on him this time and led him out -if he didn't have to be drug out by a saddle horse—to your saddle, then's when the fun most generally did begin.

The snow and sleet and cold wind made the ponies, young or old, mighty sensitive to whatever touched 'em; they'd kick, and buck, and strike then, no matter how gentle some of 'em might of been when the nice weather was on. The cowboy, all bundled up on account of the cold, his feet wet and in the slippery mud the wet snow had made, finds it all a big drawback in handling himself when saddling and a flying hoof comes.

A Four-Footed Hunk of Tornado

THE shivering pony don't at all welcome the frozen and stiff saddle blanket, and it might have to be put on the second time; getting a short hold and hanging on to the hackamore rope the cowboy then picks up the saddle and eases it on that pony's back, and before that pony can buck it off, a reach is made for the cinch, the latigo put through the cinch ring and drawed up. If you work fast enough and know how, all that can be done, and you don't have to pick up your saddle and blanket out of the mud.

I've seen it on many a morning of that kind and you'd just about have your pony half in the humor of being good, when some roman-nosed lantern-jawed bronc would go to acting up, jerk away from a rider and try to kick him at the same time and go to bucking and a bawling, and with an empty saddle on his back, hackamore rope a dragging, would make a circle of the rope corral where all the boys would be saddling up.

The ponies led out and shivering under the cold saddle that put a hump in their backs would just be a waiting for such an excuse as that loose hunk of tornado to start 'em, and with a loud snort and a buck half of 'em would jerk away. The cowboy had no chance holding 'em, for nine times out of ten that loose bronc would stampede past

I'm Hanging on to His Neck With a Death Grip and Hands Him All the Pet Cuss Words I Can Think Of

between him and the horse he was trying to hold, the hackamore rope would hook on the saddle of that bronc and it'd be jerked out of his hands.

Those folks who've seen rodeos from the grand stand most likely remember the last event of each day's doings; it's the wild-horse race, and maybe it'll be recollected how the track gets tore up by them wild ponies and how if one horse jerks loose he'll most likely make a few others break away. At them rodeos there's two men handling each horse, where with the round-up wagon on the range each man handles his horse alone.

And just picture for yourself the same happenings as you seen in the wild-horse race at the rodeo, only just add on to the picture that it's not near daylight, that instead of good sunshine and dry dirt to step on there's mud or gumbo six inches deep with snow and slush on top, the cowboy's cold wet feet, heavy wet chaps and coat that ties him down—a black cloudy sky, and with the cold raw wind comes a wet stinging snow to blind him.

That gives you a kind of an idea of how things may be along with the round-up wagon certain times of the year. Montana and Wyoming are real popular for rough weather as I've just described, and you can look for it there most every spring till late and sometimes in the fall starting early. I've seen that kind of weather last for two weeks at the time, clear up for one day and it was good to last for two weeks more.

It was no country for a tenderfoot to go playing cowboy in, besides the ponies of them countries wouldn't allow him to. It took nothing short of a long lean cowboy raised in the cow country to ride in it, and even though he'd cuss the weather, the country, and everything in general, there was a feeling back of them cuss words that brought a loving grin for the whole and the same that he was cussing.

Getting back to where a cowboy was saddling his horse and the stampeding bronc started the rumpus, I'll make it more natural and tell of how one little horse of that kind and on them cold mornings can just set the whole remuda saddled ponies and all to stampeding and leave near all the cowboys afoot.

Yessir, I remember well one cold drizzly morning that same fall, the wind was blowing at sixty per, the saddle blanket and saddle had to be put on at the same time or it'd blow out of the country My horse was saddled and ready to top off, and pulling my hat down far as I could get it I proceeds to do that. I'm getting a handful of mane along with a short holt on my reins and am just easing up in the saddle, when I gets up about half ways I meets up with the shadow of another horse and trying to climb up on the other side of my horse. Me being only about a thousand pounds lighter than that shadow I'm knocked out of the way pronto, my horse goes down on part of me and that shadow keeps on a going as though there'd been nothing in its road.

That seemed to start things, and the wind that was blowing plenty strong already got a heap stronger, and all at once.

There was a racket of tearing canvas down by the chuck wagon and soon enough the big white tarpaulin that was covering that wagon breaks loose, comes a skipping over the brush, and then sails right up and amongst the two hundred saddle horses in the rope corral.

Them ponies sure didn't wait to see how and where it was going to light, they just picked up and flew, taking rope corral and everything right with 'em. A couple of the boys that was already mounted had to go too or else quit the pony they was riding, and they didn't have time to do that.

My horse being down for just the second he was knocked that way was up and gone, and I sure has to do some tall scrambling when the remuda broke out of the corral. I could near touch 'em as they went by and I'm drawing a long breath for the narrow escape I just had, when that same long breath is knocked out of me and I sails a ways, then lands in a heap. There must of been one horse I hadn't accounted for.

A Wild Bunch for Fair!

IT'S about daylight when I comes to enough to realize that I should pick myself up and get out of that brush I'd lit into. I'm gazing around kind of light-headed and wonders where everybody went, and finally, figgering that they'd be by the fire at the chuck wagon, makes my way that direction.

It's broad daylight by the time we hears the bells of the remuda coming back to the corral, some of the boys had put it up again while I was asleep in the brush, and the two riders what stampeded away when the remuda did was hazing the spooky ponies in again.

"Well, boys, we'll try it again," says the wagon boss as he dabs his rope on a big brown horse that was tearing around the corral.

Most of our ponies being already saddled it don't take us long to get lined out again. The boss is up on his horse, taking a silent count to see if any of his men are missing, while waiting for everybody to be on their horses and ready to follow him.

Our horses was all spooked up from that stampede, and when we started away from camp that morning it was a wild bunch for fair. I was trying to ease my pony into a lope without him breaking in two with me, and I just about had him out of the notion when there's a beller alongside of me, and I turns to see a bucking streak of horseflesh with a scratching cowboy atop of it headed straight my way.

It's a good thing I was ready to ride, 'cause my horse had been aching to act up from the start, and that example headed our way more than agreed with his spirits at that time. He went from there and started to wipe up the earth, and every time he'd hit the ground he'd beller "I'll get you!"

At first I was satisfied to just be able to keep my saddle under me, but come a time when as my blood started circulating and getting warmed up on the subject that my spirits also answered the call and agreed with the goings on; then's when I begins to reefing him, and my own special war whoop sure tallied up with the bellering of that active valcano under me.

A glance to one side, and I notice that I'm not the only one who's putting up a ride, the rain and snow mixed kept me from seeing very far, but I could see far enough to tell that at least half the riders was busy on the same engagement that drawed my attention just then; one of the ponies had took a dislike for the cook and, tearing up everything as he went, was chasing him over pots and pans and finally under the wagon. The cowboy on top of that bronc was near losing his seat for laughing; he'd never seen the cook move that fast before.

We're out of camp a couple of miles before the usual rumpus quiets down, and stringing out on a high lope we all heads for a high point we don't see but know of, and some ten miles away. From that point the boss scatters

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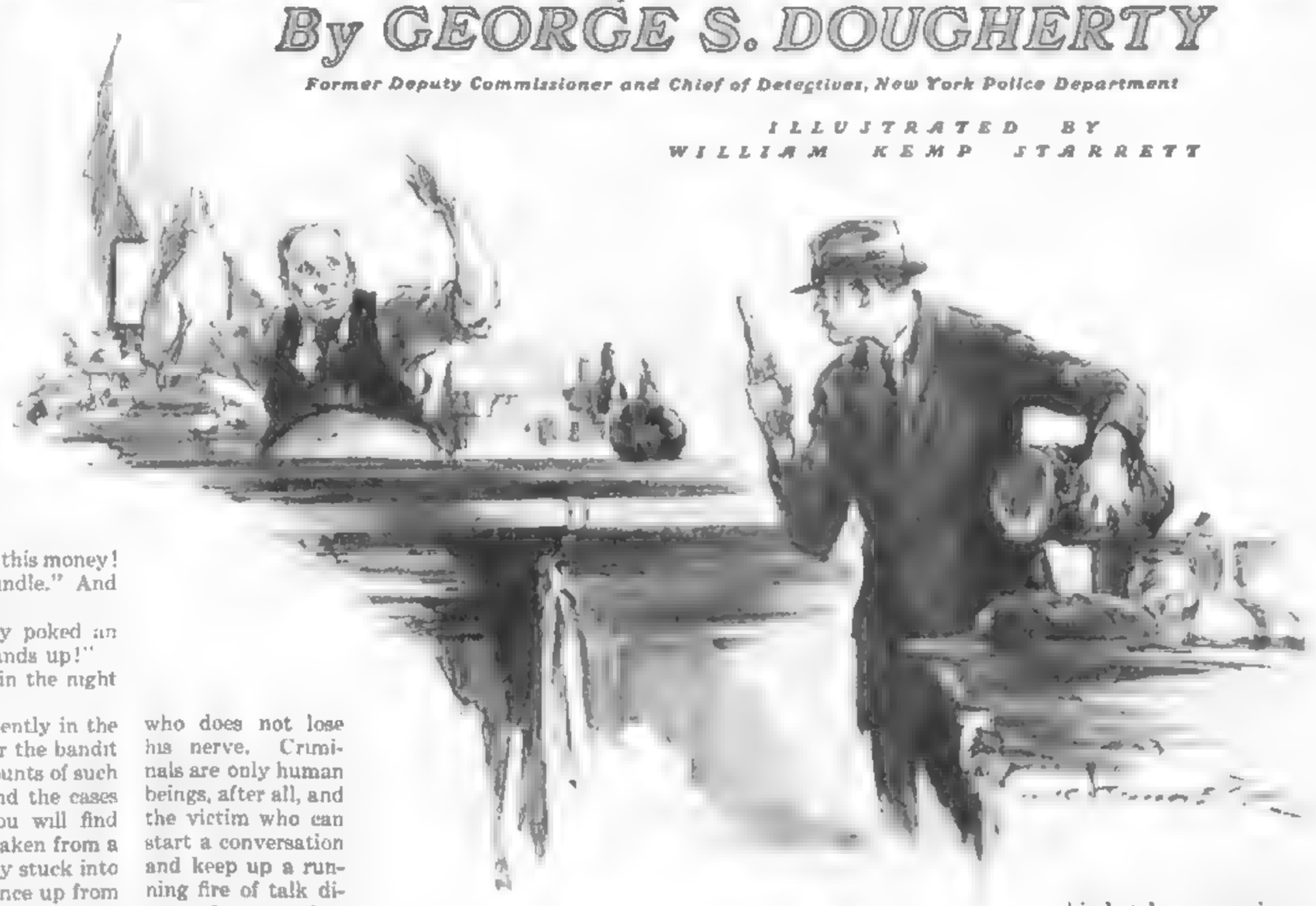
The Stick-Up and House Prowler

By GEORGE S. DOUGHERTY

Former Deputy Commissioner and Chief of Detectives, New York Police Department

ILLUSTRATED BY WILLIAM KEMP STARRETT



"A Thief Came In, Stuck Me Up and Carried Away My Fine Chunk of Corn Beef—Bad 'Cess to Him!"

JUST the other night a Brooklyn gentleman, going home in a taxi, had $15,000 in a bundle on the seat beside him, when two men in another automobile ran alongside. They demanded the bundle, which contained funds for charity collected at a public meeting.

"You don't want this money," he said. "It is charity money, and I don't think that even you fellows want to take money raised for the sick, the poor, the orphans and families of prisoners. Some of this money is intended for the widows, wives and children of men like you."

"How's that?" asked one of the highwaymen.

"I used to be the welfare worker in Auburn Prison," said the Brooklyn gentleman. "Many times I have got money from prisoners to help other people, besides getting money from others to help get men out of prison. I am not armed. I can't fight the two of you. If you want this money, take it."

"Oh, hell!" said the robber. "We can't take this money! Here is a little bit of our own to put in that bundle." And handing him a ten-dollar bill, they sped away.

What would you do if a gunman suddenly poked an automatic in your face and commanded, "Hands up!"

What would you do if you suddenly woke in the night and found a burglar in your bedroom?

The stick-up and the prowler figure prominently in the news these days—that being criminal slang for the bandit and burglar. If you watch the newspaper accounts of such crimes, along with the successful robberies and the cases where victims have also lost their lives, you will find episodes like this story of the Brooklyn man taken from a New York newspaper. To have a gat suddenly stuck into your ribs on a lonely street at night, or to glance up from your work in a bank teller's cage and find one looking you straight in the eye, is so unusual, sudden and terrifying an experience that ninety-nine persons in the hundred become speechless and helpless from fright. If the stick-up affects strong men in this way, it is hardly necessary to say anything about the terror of the woman who discovers a burglar in her sleeping room.

What to Say to a Burglar

YET these newspaper accounts of persons who do have presence of mind and knowledge of people—in this Brooklyn man's case an intimate acquaintance with criminals—show exactly what can be done by the exceptional person who does not lose his nerve. Criminals are only human beings, after all, and the victim who can start a conversation and keep up a running fire of talk directed toward a definite end has practically a certainty of escaping without injury, and even a fairly good chance of escaping with his money as well.

"If I were told by a gunman to put my hands up," people are saying nowadays, "with so many accounts of robberies in the newspapers, I'd put them up—you bet!"

"Yes, and so would I," echo the others. "And I'd put mine up a little bit higher than the rest!"

And so, reader, would I myself, because the criminal with a gun has the advantage for the time being. The right way to argue the question with him, if you want to argue, is first to do as he tells you and argue afterwards.

"All right, son, I've got my hands up," you could say. "You've got the drop on me. I don't want to get shot. But say, have a heart! I don't mind your taking my money and valuables, but don't take them in such a way that I'll be a nervous wreck all the rest of my life."

"I'll make a nervous wreck out of you, you big boob!" the gunman would probably say, and that might not sound very encouraging to you. Yet the more he talks back, and the tougher, the better things would really look, because tough talk is always a sign of embarrassment, not only in criminals but honest folks as well. By tough talk I do not mean the slang of people with little education, but a tone of gruffness and defiance. It may happen that a well-educated person, even a professor of English unaccustomed to the glitter and life of a big hotel or expensive restaurant, will talk tough by bullying a bell boy, because he is embarrassed and on the defensive.

"I'm an Old Man and Might as Well Die Now as Any Time. I Dare You to Shoot Me!"

Two-thirds of your battle is won if you can engage the criminal in conversation under such circumstances. I do not care how low or vicious a man may be, there is always something human in him—our common humanity. By a cleverly directed running fire of conversation, it is possible to touch that particular something, however slight or deeply buried. All people are reachable somewhere, and criminals are only people.

I don't suppose that Al Jennings, the famous reformed Oklahoma train robber, was frightened a couple of years ago when a New York stick-up robbed him on a city street, for he has had wide experience at both ends of a gun. But he was speechless. Knowing the advantage of the man with the gun, Jennings obeyed the order to hold up his hands, and then had nothing to say, with the result that he lost everything valuable upon his person, including pardon papers, as I understand it.

Cæsar and the Pirates

IN ONE of those instances that escape the newspapers, not long ago a contractor and his wife were walking through a lonely street. Two bandits stepped out of a dark alley with the stern command, "Hands up!" Having handled men of all kinds and colors in many parts of the world on construction jobs, he was not taken aback, though of course he obeyed.

"Don't be frightened, Jenny," he said to his wife. "These men are just people like the rest of us. Boys, let me step over to one side while you go through me—I want to say something to you privately."

They allowed him to walk out of the woman's hearing with hands up, when he explained that his wife was about to become a mother and he was most concerned about frightening her. Though they took his valuables, the wife was unmolested, and she carried jewels in her hand bag of far greater value than her husband's bank roll and watch.

The criminal is seldom all there. You may be dealing with a person of weak will, and if your own coolness and determination are directed against it you can command the situation. Can you imagine any bandit holding up a Napoleon or Roosevelt and getting away with his valuables? I have heard a story of Julius Cæsar once being captured by pirates. They decided to kill him, but Cæsar began talking, got their attention, was taken on board the pirate ship, began to advise them and then to give orders. Before long he was threatening to hang the leaders if they didn't obey him, and according to the story he did hang some of those unfortunate pirates before they could get rid of him.

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HUMBUG

By HUGH WILEY

ILLUSTRATED BY TONY SARG

LATE in June the What Cheer House was completed in Saleratus and a few days later rumors began drifting up the gulches of the California gold country to the effect that the citizens of the camp proposed to celebrate the Fourth with a hog barbecue in their own home town.

To Humbug this was something between a challenge and an insult, and forthwith a miners' meeting was announced throughout the ounce diggings tributary to the offended camp. Subsequent to the meeting an envoy carried a written protest to Saleratus and the document read as follows:

CITIZENS OF SALERATUS:

Whereas, we, the people of Humbug, Jerico, Devil Cañon, Gitupandgit, Relief Hill, Kanaka Creek and Gomorrah have in the past seen fit to celebrate the glorious Fourth in Sacramento or San Francisco, and

Whereas, heretofore the people of Saleratus have done the same without any highfalutin' ideas about gitting brash and being the whole hog in the Yuba River district, therefore

Be it resolved, that a compromise be agreed to and the said celebration be held at the middle town of Hepsidam, where the citizens of Humbug and Saleratus can meet in amity and fellowship on aforementioned glorious Fourth and let the eagle scream in peace.

COMMITTEE OF TWENTY.

The First Shot Took a Chip Off the Edge of the Blackjack Table and Buried Itself in That Part of Bullion Bill's Anatomy Which Was in Contact With the Table

The envoy from Humbug, seeking one or more citizens of Saleratus cloaked with enough authority to receive the document which he carried, made his way to the newly completed What Cheer House. First of all, he inspected the two hogs which Saleratus proposed to barbecue on the Fourth and then he refreshed himself with three hearty drams of Horse Eye whisky. Following the Horse Eye libation, the envoy felt moved to announce that he was the original ring-tail red dog after which the town of Red Dog had been named.

It was here that a quiet man, dressed in black, approached the envoy from Humbug and held out a business card.

"Charnell is my name, sir," the quiet man announced. "May I present my card? I am at your service."

The envoy bowed.

"I'm Bullion Bill Sully—to my friends." He read the card: "W. D. Charnell, Wood & Metallic Coffins, Shrouds, Collars, Cravats. Customers' Remains Shipped to Loved Ones by First Panama Steamer."

The envoy from Humbug felt that a good many pairs of eyes were fixed on him. He smiled broadly and his voice was rich with the amiable quality of a top-limb cougar.

"Count on me, Charnell, for any trade I can throw your way—while I'm in Saleratus. In the meantime, may I offer you a drink of whatever this Horse Eye likker is that the What Cheer House is cursed with?"

From the bar, Bullion Bill Sully continued his oration:

"Humbug is the camp I love the best in all the wide, wide world. Humbug is a permanent institution. Famous men, an interesting woman, a tame and loving bear named Romeo, slug diggin's and the largest cemetery west of Dutch Flat endear the place to me. Our local graves are marked by mementos of affection and veneration which hallow the hidden departed. Lanes through natural growths allure to other spots which afford a melancholy yet delicious enjoyment of sorrow, and every prospect compares favorably with the most celebrated mortuary repositories of the capitals of Europe. In conclusion, I wish to announce that I bear a message to the citizens of Saleratus from their brethren in Humbug. What man will receive it?"

"Cassius Pike Stoddard!" a summons went up for the leading citizen. "Where's Lawyer Stoddard? Where's Cash Stoddard?"

In company with the owner of the What Cheer House, Jim Forsythe—after whom the Horse Eye whisky had been nicknamed—Lawyer Stoddard made his appearance from the proprietor's office, which opened from the barroom.

"Read us this here epistle from the Humbug gang."

The envoy from Humbug delivered his missive into properly authorized hands and stood back, leaning comfortably on a blackjack table at which presided Marie Paree, the lady blessed with a future larger than her past. Marie Paree had shot her first and only husband in several camps, deliberately winging him each time, but here in Saleratus she had failed to miss him soon enough.

"A good woman, but a bad shot," the jury had reported. "Deceased met his end by accident and Madame Marie Paree is not guilty."

Since then, with smiles and friends all about her, Marie Paree had dealt the blackjack game in Saleratus; and Bullion Bill leaned against her new layout in the What Cheer House while the citizens of Saleratus heard the message from Humbug.

Lawyer Cash Stoddard read the message in a ringing voice. There was silence. The silence was broken by the voice of Marie Paree.

"Are you, Meester Bullion Bill, one of ze Committee of Twenty?"

Here it was that the envoy from Humbug made his second mistake. He turned his head and over his shoulder, "Madam, I have that honor."

"Voilà! Tell ze Committee of Twenty I pay nineteen! Zut!"

Marie Paree, answering for Saleratus, swung her artillery into action.

The opening gun was an Allen Pepperbox, which is a headstrong and self-willed weapon, impatient of human control. The first shot took a chip off the edge of the blackjack table and buried itself in that part of Bullion Bill's anatomy which was in contact with the table. The involuntary splatter of lead which followed the first shot spent itself in a zone devoid of human beings.

A jorum of Horse Eye for the overwrought lady on the blackjack throne, a partial disrobing and an impartial probing of the Humbug envoy, and all was again serene in the What Cheer House.

"But this ain't right an' reg'lar, boys," the proprietor of the new hotel protested. Law is law. Git a jury to set on this case here and now, so that the Humbug gang cain't have no kick."

Cassius Pike Stoddard, acting as guide and counselor, led the impromptu administrators of the law through the mazes of its technicalities, coming at length upon a clear sentiment which was expressed and set forth in a sealed communication which Bullion Bill Sully carried back with him to Humbug, riding sidewise, on a sad burro.

CITIZENS OF HUMBUG, INCLUDING CHINAMEN:

Whereas, a heinous crime was committed against the fair name of Saleratus by a brash party calling himself, to wit, Bullion Bill Sully, in as much as aforementioned Sully deliberately and with malice aforethought did attempt to influence and pervert the ordained government and law of Saleratus by interfering or attempting to interfere with the patriotic celebration to be held in aforementioned city on the next coming Fourth of July, known as Independence Day, and

Whereas, a loyal citizeness of Saleratus slightly wounded said Bullion Bill Sully, according to him, in defense of her city, using for said defense a deadly weapon, according to him, but

Whereas, weapon in question was an Allen Pepperbox and any galoot knows same is in no sense a deadly weapon,

Be it resolved, firstly, that said Bullion Bill Sully is guilty of heinous falsehood in first degree and inciting treason. Secondly, that Marie Paree is a patriotic lady and not guilty, and deserves thanks from one and all. Thirdly, that said Sully be returned to his own gulch mounted on a jackass that is suffering from lack of congenial friends, as a humane act toward both animals.

JURY OF THIRTEEN.

Arriving at Humbug at evening, the side-riding envoy slid down from his long-eared mount and limped through the flap of a big blue tent which served at the time as Humbug's saloon and place of public assembly. The big tent was destined to christen a new camp farther up the gulch before the year was gone—the Blue Tent diggings—but just now it sheltered the recreation seekers of Humbug, and in this throng Bullion Bill Sully sought Buckley Starr and Ridley Sherwood.

Buck Starr, a graduate of the Mississippi River packets, dealt cards professionally. His was a gentle spirit, and his voice was low and scarce, and three graves in Dutch Flat marked the scene of the only important controversy which had engaged his attention in the California placer country.

Ridley Sherwood was known to the old-timers in the district as "judge" by reason of the legal code which he had established the day after he had staked discovery on Humbug Creek. At a crisis in the tangled affairs of the embryo camp, in a tense moment when legal talent had been demanded, Judge Sherwood promulgated the simple local code that won him his honorary title: "There'll never be no lawyers allowed in this here camp!"

To these two men, leaders of civic affairs in Humbug, Bullion Bill Sully carried the sealed communication from the willfully offensive rival camp, limping elaborately and fanning the fire of indignation which had begun to flame in the safety zone outside of Saleratus. He handed the missive to Judge Sherwood.

"Here she be, wrote out plain an' keerful. Not a-packing no weapon, my play was to sing small. Which I sang, and blessed is the meek, excepting f'r a-gitting shot in the seat

Bullion Bill Sully Riding Sidewise on a Sad Burro

of the pants, coming out at the little end of the horn, backing water, bein' done up brown an' a-gitting knocked into a cocked hat. Read her out loud."

Judge Sherwood read the communication to the assemblage. There were fifty men in the big blue tent at the time. The reading began in the heavy silence which marked the suspension of recreative activities, but it ended in a growing rumble of savage sentiment, and an impromptu war cry marked its close.

"Where at's the Saleratus jackass? Shoot the dang critter!"

Here was a tangible fragment of Saleratus whereon Humbug could spend the first spasm of its wrath.

Bullion Bill roared into the turmoil, and his words were freighted with defense.

"Touch one hair of that there jack's head an' I collects the bill in blood! The jackass is a honorable beast and he don't associate with evil companions by choice. He don't break any of the Commandments, and if he's jackass enough by nature to put his trust in man, I'm danged if I'll stand by and see that trust betrayed. He was a comfort to me on the lonely trail when my faith in my fellow man had fizzled out. I prefers his song to that of the blue jay and his friendship to that of the average man. The Creator made him a jackass, but just because he proved it by associatin' with them ornery codfish in Saleratus ain't no sign that he's friendless in Humbug. I votes for him, and the last song he sings whilst he hoofs it over the great divide will announce to the listenin' gulch that Bullion Bill an' him was pards!"

"Hooray for the other jackass!" Quick applause marked the end of Bullion Bill's defense. "Fetch the critter in here!"

"Hooray f'r both of 'em!"

"Fetch in Bill's pard!"

The Eyes of the Crowd Bulged With Astonishment and a Shadow of Fear Lay in the Look of Two or Three Heavy Drinkers

He Hauled Off and Knocked the White Hog Against the Pickets of the Stockade

The burro was rounded up and herded into the midst of the crowd. He stood for a while blinking in the glare of a whale-oil lantern; and then, switching his tail violently, he halted his wagging ears and released a bray into the night that fairly lifted the ridgepole of the tent.

"Them's his compliments to one an' all."

A cyclonic response of appreciation and good will answered the newcomer's greeting, and then the meeting returned to a more sedate consideration of the important business which had engaged the best brains of the camp.

Bullion Bill elaborated his report of affairs in Saleratus with further oral testimony tending to prove that the rival camp meant to stage its own celebration.

"Showin' how fur sunk them crawfish is in ease an' luxury, I further states that half the camp is engaged in fattening up two hogs that they aim to barbecue on the Fourth. I leave it to you to say how much of a treat hog meat is to pan miners what has et the same, day in an' day out, for months at a time, with nuthin' but a little pigeon pie an' quail stew to bust the monotony. Not even that Romeo bear over there, loving critter though he be, would give a dang for hog meat to celebrate with after he'd stuffed himself on it for a year. An' look at Solo over there, affiliatin' friendly with Romeo. Jackass what he is, I bet the clean-up that Solo would prefer to starve to death before he'd celebrate the glorious Fourth a-gorging himself on pork. An' a grand pork barbecue is the main idea in the feeble minds of these Saleratus Gulch rats."

It was here in the shadowed silence that the first notes of the requiem of Humbug's hopes seemed to float down the trail that led upward to Grizzly Ridge. Faintly in the stillness of the night a banjo plunked its accompaniment of a wayfarer's song:

I wander blindly down the trail
Of hollow years,
Seeking the sunshine ere I fail,
Eyes dim with tears.

In lieu of the sunshine, light from the whale-oil lanterns in the blue tent flooded out of the lifted flap to illume the last steps of the minstrel's march. He entered the tent, and his audience saw that his baggage consisted of naught but his banjo, and that his coat was a short blue velvet affair, thickly ornamented with glittering spangles. He held his head high and announced his name:

"Gents, La Verne Carter, late of the Palace Theater, presents his compliments to one and all." He bowed deeply and collapsed prone on the hard earth floor of the blue tent.

He got to his feet slowly, and after an apprehensive inspection of his banjo, "Lacking food and drink, this twice too solid flesh gets soft."

The play of light on the gilt spangles of the blue velvet coat showed that the speaker was trembling, but three seconds later a filled whisky glass was in the trembler's hand and within as many minutes he faced an impromptu repast heavy enough to incapacitate a dozen hungry wayfarers.

"Eat your head off, Spangle. This ain't no starvation camp." With Bullion Bill Sully's invitation there was born a nickname for the newcomer. "Mix some of this here port wine with that pigeon pie. It'll fetch back your stren'th."

In the course of an hour enough stren'th returned to Spangle Carter to enable him to undergo introductions to the more important members of Humbug society, including the loving bear whose name was Romeo, and Venus, the Digger Indian squaw, who at the time was chaperoning the camp's pet.

Romeo was friendly toward Spangle Carter, and this indorsement was clinched by the attitude of Solo, the burro. Introducing Solo, Judge Sherwood explained that he, too, was a comparative newcomer to the camp, but that the four-legged varmint had endeared himself to one and all by his solicitude toward the wounded Bullion Bill en route from Saleratus.

When the introductions were over, blankets were found for Spangle, and he slept through the night and well into the next day in a corner of the big blue tent. The warmth of the welcome which he had received from Humbug's population, together with the natural gratitude his rescue had inspired, promoted a sentiment of affection for his new friends that they were quick to reciprocate.

Spangle Carter was declared a full-fledged member of the camp, entitled as such to participate in Humbug's joys and sorrows. On the evening following his arrival he heard the story of the Fourth of July celebration which the rival town of Saleratus proposed to promote. The banjo player got the story from the lips of Judge Sherwood, and as the full portent of the impending affair was told an air of gloom seemed to settle down over the narrator.

When he had heard the story, and after he had contemplated Humbug's problem, Spangle Carter was silent for a while; and then he looked at his three friends.

"It's sort of crowded in here. Suppose the four of us take a little walk."

Sensing something more important than an evening walk, the three leaders of Humbug life accompanied the newcomer into the night. Fifteen minutes later they returned, and it was noticed by several of the citizens of Humbug who were in the blue tent that their leaders' mood had changed from one of melancholy. Hope lived again. Something was in the air. Questioned, Bullion Bill Sully passed the buck to Judge Sherwood.

"I ain't makin' no predictions yet," the judge announced; "but I will say that they ain't no tellin' about this Fourth of July celebration. There's color in the Humbug pan and mebbe we might strike bonanza ground. That's all."

On the following morning Spangle Carter slipped out of Humbug and headed toward Saleratus. In Saleratus, at the What Cheer House, his banjo music served as a key which unlocked the doors of welcome. Horse Eye and Cassius Pike Stoddard, promoting the Fourth of July celebration, found in Spangle Carter an added attraction for the festivities.

"To cap the climax," Horse Eye explained, "follerin' the oration by Cash Stoddard, Marie Paree is going to put on a French dance. Then comes the big hog barbecue for one and all. Them two hogs out back of the hotel eatin' themselves heavy are the two finest hogs in California."

"It looks to me like one of them was eating more than the other." Spangle Carter displayed a deep interest in the barbecue material. "With both of them in the same pen, if one of them eats more than the other it has a bad effect on the loser."

"I never thought of that." Horse Eye got to his feet. "Let's go out and look at 'em. Come along, Cash; there's something in what Carter says."

Continued on Page 141)

Romeo, the Loving Bear, Had Gathered Him Into a Violent Embrace

VIOLET EYES

By SOPHIE KERR

ILLUSTRATED BY C. D. WILLIAMS

Mrs. Wadsworth Roared! "I Wouldn't Have Proposed These Stakes Unless I Was Prepared to Pay My Losses," She Said, in the Most Enraged Voice

GET a porter with lots of whiskers; then we can find him easily in the crowd. The boat train's always jammed." Miss Pyne said this as we drove up to the Gare Saint Lazare to take the train for Havre. We'd been in Paris four weeks, doing the spring openings, Miss Pyne and I, though I can hardly count myself, since I was merely what she called a sketch artist, and only a substitute sketch artist at that. For fifteen years or more Miss Pyne had come to Paris in the spring for her magazine—the best in the wholesale ready-to-wear trade—and for fifteen years her friend and intimate, Meta Jones, had come with her to make the little rough drawings of sleeves and skirts and girdles and such like frivolities that engage the time and attention of such numbers of serious men and women in the great drama of dress!

But this year Meta Jones was sick with—of all things—chicken pox!—and Miss Pyne's magazine had sent a hurry call to the company where I worked, and I was elected to go. Glory, how happy I was! I almost burst with it! Me, in Paris! Me, who'd never had any fun in my whole life! Me, Elsie Lansing, orphan, aged nineteen, in my very first job, having struggled through art school somehow after mother died, and nearly starving on the way! Paris and me! *Mirabile dictu*, as a girl in design class used to say.

I must admit that it wasn't so gorgeous as I thought it would be. Most of my waking hours in Paris I was keeping the pad and pencil going. All the same, there were moments! The look of things, the old gray-stone houses, the little gay shops, the open-face cafés with their chairs on the sidewalk and the ubiquitous important cat dozing on the bar among the bottles, the baker boys with wicker baskets of ridiculously slim long loaves of bread, the silly toot-toot of the taxis, glimpses of the Tuileries Gardens—and over it all the blue-gray haze of softness and dampness that is Paris' own. Well, I was just finding out how much I loved it all, now that we were leaving.

"Got him?" asked Miss Pyne, snapping her purse back into her snappish little bag, and just at that moment before me appeared a porter with a most magnificent red beard, one of those full-fashioned, free-flowing yard-wide whiskerandos that flourish nowhere as in France. Even my unshed tears could not dim that beard!

The porter looked at our baggage and grunted in dismay. There certainly was an awful lot. "*Dépêche', s'il' v' pl'*," snapped Miss Pyne. So the porter dépêchezed, rolled up his little truck, loaded the stuff on it, and we went worming our way into the station, seething with the boat-train crowd.

Once there, there was nothing to do but wait. It was an amusing crowd to see—elegant American ladies with jewel cases, dogs, husbands and maids; not so elegant American ladies merely with husbands; American ladies with a daughter or two or a restless young son; American business men, mostly Jews; American business women, mostly Gentiles; a sprinkling of French young men with war decorations in their coats, and to see them off, their papa, mama, grandpapa, a couple of aunts with mustaches, a sister or so, and a tearful fiancée! There were also some Spaniards and South Americans, dark, stout and sort of glittery as to clothes.

And "Oh, dear, oh, dear," I thought, "I may never see this all again!" Then someone banged into me and I said "Oh, dear!" aloud in earnest.

"I do beg your pardon," a voice said—a young, appealing voice. "I couldn't help it."

I twisted my head around—I couldn't twist my body—and there was one of the prettiest girls I ever saw looking up at me, all apology. And her eyes were violet, dark violet, so beautiful and so unusual that I almost forgot to answer her for looking at them.

"Did I hurt you?" asked Violet Eyes anxiously.

"Not really—it's quite all right. I know you couldn't help it."

Then the gates opened and we found ourselves struggling along together in the jam until finally we landed breathless on the platform.

"I'll never have the same figure," gasped Violet Eyes. "I'm all bent and warped. I wonder where my porter is."

"I wonder where mine is—ours, I mean. I'm with someone."

"Some of your family?" She asked it innocently, casually; and as there was no reason why I shouldn't tell it I put Miss Pyne and myself and our business in Paris into a sentence.

"How perfectly splendid!" she cried. "So you're an artist! I'd rather be an artist than anything else in the world."

"I'm going to be a real artist some day, but now I'm only a commercial artist, and just beginning," I corrected her. "Oh, there's Miss Pyne!" I waved my arms. Miss Pyne, unruffled and alert as usual, was coming down the platform, our porter's red whiskers a Titian background for her.

So Violet Eyes and I smiled at each other and parted, and I followed Miss Pyne into the train and marveled at the way the porter packed the baggage into the rack above. There were three people already in the carriage—a young Frenchman with a badly mutilated chin and two war decorations; an elderly prosperous French-Canadian, and a fussy American woman, all beads and bangles, feathers and frills. With us there was still one seat vacant.

Then another porter appeared with three more bags, very smart ones; and behind him was the girl I'd been talking to, Violet Eyes, looking prettier and more appealing than ever.

"Oh, I'm so glad to find you again," she said, just as if we were old friends. And she sat down beside me.

I was glad to find her again too. There was something about her that drew you, made you like her. And it wasn't just her prettiness, though that was enough, goodness knows. I suppose I was flattered to have a girl like that, obviously with leisure and money and ease and charm and all the things that I haven't, seem so attracted to me.

Miss Pyne was composing herself for a nap, so Violet Eyes whispered to me, "Let's go out in the corridor; we can see so much better. I want to get a good last look at Paris."

"I don't know whether I do or not; it makes me too sad," I told her.

And then I said it was my first trip, and how I loved the bits I'd seen of it, and she said she'd been over before, but that she never got tired of Paris, and then she said shyly, "My name is Doris Leonard, and I live in New York."

And I naturally replied that my name was Elsie Lansing and I lived in New York too. And then we talked about everything, and nothing, just chatter, like any two girls together, and every minute I got to like her better. Of course we might have been from different planets, our worlds and our ways and our thoughts and our experiences were so far apart. Not that she said much about herself, but I only

had to look at her clever clothes and her pearls and her useless pretty hands. My hands are thin and long-fingered and have hard work written all over them, and I had on a serge suit I'd bought at a sale, and my hat I'd trimmed myself—and made my own blouse too. I didn't look dowdy, nor absolutely poverty-stricken, but I certainly was Plain Jane beside Doris Leonard. And I won't say that I think I'm homely either. I'm rather good in the brown-haired, gray-eyed, straight-nosed way. But when did brown hair and gray eyes ever look like anything beside goldilocks and violet eyes?

But heavens, I didn't care. I'm used to my face and my looks and my clothes, and I'm not grouchy or sore at people who have more than I've got. I can't waste the time.

Presently we went back to the carriage and she wanted to get something out of one of her bags that the porter had put up in the rack. The young Frenchman bowed and asked if he couldn't get it down for her.

Of course she let him do it and she thanked him, and then he said something to me, and I hardly knew how it happened, but the three of us got talking and presently he produced a card and he was M. Antoine Blanchard, and he represented a big textile company at Lyons. I thought I'd better regularize matters, so I introduced him to Miss Pyne, who nodded and went right back to sleep, and we three went on talking.

M. Blanchard told us why the French farmers cultivated their land in terraces, and about the electric water power in even the littlest villages, and how the reconstruction work was going on, and things like that, which surprised me very much, as I'd had the idea that Frenchmen talked nothing but gallantry and flowery compliments and soft stuff to girls. Now and then it seemed to bore Doris, and she would look at me with a twinkle as if to say "What a line he has!"

Anyway it all made the trip to Havre seem very short, and in due time we inched out on the pier and boarded our boat—about twice the size of the one we'd come over on, a gorgeous big first-class liner, pride of the seas, and all that sort of thing. Miss Pyne and I had a cabin together and we were getting ourselves unpacked into it when Doris came to the door.

"Shan't we sit at table together?" she asked. "I'd love to be with you, if you don't mind."

That was how we happened to go down to the dining room as if we were all one party. We found M. Blanchard hovering near, and he pounced on us.

"May I be permitted the great pleasure of joining you?" he asked.

There seemed to be no valid reason for denying him this great pleasure, so we made a quartet and had a jolly luncheon at a table seating four.

But Doris objected to this. "We must have a larger table and find some agreeable people to sit with us," she said. "We need more men. You might regret being so much in the minority," she said to M. Blanchard jokingly

He protested that she was cruel, and was already tired of his society. But he said, very nicely: "If I might suggest—I find an acquaintance, an American, on the passenger list, though I have not yet seen him. If he is free he is a charming fellow, I assure you—might I ask him?"

"Why, yes. Don't you say so, Miss Pyne?" asked Doris "What's his name? What does he do?" She was all interest.

"His name it is Gilbert Carter, and he is in the employ of one of your great jewelers, what you call wholesale. I heard in Paris that he was over about some Russian jewels. He is most pleasant."

"Oh, find him and ask him," urged Doris. "That makes five: we must have three more. I'll scout about a bit after lunch and see if there's anyone amusing in sight."

After lunch we went up on the deck and got our chairs placed, and then Doris went with M. Blanchard to look for Mr. Carter, and Miss Pyne and I sat there together for a while, and she said, sort of meditatively, "For a young girl, that Miss Leonard certainly knows her way round. Sweet little thing, though, and pretty as a picture. Did you notice that she's got on that cape dress from Boland Frères? I'm going to get her to let me look at the underarm seam. Seems to have plenty of money. Did she tell you anything about herself?"

"She said she'd always lived in New York. You like her, don't you? You think it's all right to be friendly with her?"

"Mercy, yes! Why not? I like her well enough, and I do enjoy looking at her most as much as that young Frenchman does. What I say is, when you're traveling, talk to everybody you want to. It don't mean a thing but passing the time."

Now that was absurd for Miss Pyne to say, for she never talked to anyone unless it was about clothes. But it gave me a new idea. Probably the reason Doris Leonard had talked to me was to pass the time. "How silly you are, Elsie, my dear," I told myself. "You're always letting your imagination run away with you. Will you never have any sense, I wonder?"

But I couldn't help wishing that it wasn't true, and that I really could be friends with Doris Leonard. There was something about her, as I said, that drew you. But there, heavens, why should she want to be friends with me? We hadn't a thing in common except our ages.

I was still thinking about her when she came into view down the deck. M. Blanchard was still with her, and two other men. One was young, the other middling young, both were Americans. They stopped before us. "Here are my friends," she told them. Then to us: "Miss Pyne and Miss Lansing, this is Mr. Asa Barkley, and this is Mr. Gilbert Carter. They're both crazy to sit at our table. And Mr Barkley's got some friends on board—a Mr. and Mrs. Wadswarn; he wants to bring them. Shall we let them come?"

"Don't turn us down until you've really inspected us," urged Mr. Barkley, who was stout and gabby. "We're really very nice, once you get the taste. And say, we must get our chairs brought round here—with you ladies. Steward! Steward!" He was the kind of man deck stewards rush to obey

But it was Gilbert Carter toward whom I turned involuntarily. I felt, when I looked at him, as though he was someone for whom I'd been waiting and looking, someone whom I'd known before, had always known. Why, I knew exactly how his voice would sound before he spoke! He was tall, the tallest of the three men, and he was—how shall I say it?—not a bit handsome in the movie-hero way, but just clear and straight and kind; the sort of man children smile up to, and dogs wag at. Oh, I shall get very soppy if I try to talk about him. Anyway, there he was, and from the first moment I liked him a great deal more than was necessary

"Do come along and walk," Doris said. "I believe you've been stodging here ever since luncheon."

"And I shall continue to stodge," declared Miss Pyne. "But you go, Elsie."

So we started off, and maybe because I wanted it so much, I walked with Gilbert Carter while Doris went ahead with the Frenchman and Mr. Barkley.

I can remember every word of that first talk of ours.

"Are you a good sailor?" he asked.

"It was so calm on the way over I had no chance to be anything else," I told him.

"Your first crossing?"

"Yes. I suppose you've been over heaps of times."

"Only twice. On business."

"I am on business too."

"You—business! You make me laugh. What sort of business is it, if you don't mind, that sends babes in the cradle abroad?"

"Laugh if you want to, but it is business, or I never would have been able to come. I think I won't tell you what I do, since you're so unbelieving."

That was the highly bromidic beginning of our first conversation, and it continued on like that as we marched round and round the deck, till we saw the others disappearing into the door that leads into the smoking room, and followed them

(Continued on Page 72)

If Mrs. Senator's Voice Had Been Sharp, Doris' Was a Sword. "Just What Do You Imply?" She Demanded Stabbingly

TRUNK AND DISORDERLY

By Octavus Roy Cohen

ILLUSTRATED BY J. J. GOULD

ALLEY SQUIBB had a thought. It was a large, healthy thought and it had to do with a dusky fellow boarder, Picnic Smith by name.

Fortunately for Mr. Smith's peace of mind he was ignorant of two things. One was that he occupied a place in the brain of Mr. Squibb, and the other was that the objects of Mr. Squibb's mental processes usually found themselves in more or less intimate contact with trouble.

The thought which presaged tribulation for Picnic Smith was born in the mind of Mr. Squibb at one o'clock in the morning. For three hours Morpheus had scoffed at his most frantic attempts at embracement, and Mr. Squibb heard sounds from the next room which promised human companionship. Footfalls echoed and there came also to his ears a metallic clanking. Whereupon Alley Squibb rose, pussyfooted through the chill hallway and rapped lightly upon his neighbor's door.

"Who there?"

"Me—Alley Squibb."

"Come on in."

Alley went. On the threshold of the door he paused in amazement. Eyes popped and jaw drooped in silent tribute to the elegance which completely covered the diminutive and shrinking body of Mr. Picnic Smith.

Ordinarily Mr. Smith was not one to arrest the eye of approval or to cause a ripple of envy in masculine breasts. He was small and wabbly, and he possessed a peculiarly prominent waistline which imparted to him an appearance of grotesquery rather than of plumpness. He had no taste for fancy haberdashery and little leaning to tailored clothes; wherefore he caused Alley Squibb to rub his eyes, work his mouth like a fish bereft of water and utter an exclamation of surprise.

"Hot dam!" ejaculated Mr. Squibb. "What does my eyes behold?"

They beheld a plenty. The shy and diffident Mr. Smith was shy and diffident no longer. At the moment he was quite the most gloriousest man Mr. Squibb had ever seen. He wore a uniform of navy blue trimmed with gold braid, silver cord, brass buttons and glittery medals. Around his protuberant equator was a straining belt of purest white. A sash of snowy satin circled the modest body from left hip to right shoulder and then back to left hip again. On each sloping shoulder was a gilt epaulet, and at the juncture of sash and belt was a dangly ornament of gold braid.

But it was not the uniform or the epaulets or the gold braid that commanded the immediate enthusiasm of the lean and rangy visitor; rather it was the sword which jutted straight downward from Picnic's left hip. It was such a sword as never before had dazzled the worldly wise eyes of Mr. Alley Squibb. Its scabbard was of silver with gold inlay. It was beribboned and tasseled. But it was the grip and guard which enraptured the other man. The former was of shiny black leather and the latter of silver and gold. Too, the guard was incrusted with jewels which flashed into his eyes and caused him to blink and tremble.

"Goodness goshness Miss Agnes!" he murmured. "You suttinly does look like a good deed!"

Mr. Smith flushed with pleasure. In acknowledgment of the compliment he crooked his right elbow, raised his hand and doffed with a sweeping gesture the lavishly plumed hat.

"Appreciation of yo' tribute, Brother Squibb, is the on'y thing I ain't got nothin' else but."

This was proving almost the happiest moment in Picnic's rather drab and uneventful life. Throughout the twenty-six years of his existence he had been the recipient of very few compliments, and those which had come his way had been meager of substance. But of all those who had been chary of permitting Mr. Smith to believe that he was some pumpkins, Mr. Squibb was the leader.

"Plenty sharp, Ain't it, Simeon? Wonder is it Any Good fo' Cuttin' Dark Meat. Lemme See ——"

Deep down in his heart Picnic admired Alley Squibb. Alley was tall and hefty, and he possessed an admirable and ingratiating personality. For three months now Alley had been a boarder at Sis Callie Flukers' model lodging house for colored, and in all that time Picnic had fancied more than a hint of contempt in the glances bestowed upon him by the magniloquent stranger. This moment, therefore, was rich in happiness for the little man, and he flowered under the admiration which shone from the other's eyes and spilled from his lips.

"Boy! Them clothes! Those sword!"

"Kinder think I look like somethin', huh?"

"I'll say you does! Was a bookay of flowers to meet up with you now it would die of shame."

Picnic glanced at himself in the cracked mirror.

"'Tis kind of a pretty suit, ain't it?"

"You says words, Picnic, but they don't half tell nothin'. What you is is elegant. Where at you been wearin' them raiments?"

"Sons & Daughters of I Will Arise give a special drill tonight. I was commanding a drill-team pontoon."

"Hot diggity dawg! You don't look like nothin' less'n a ginral. Where you git them uniform?"

"Bought it."

"An'"—Alley moved forward and enviously fingered the jeweled sword—"where at did you git this?"

Truth struggled for life—but died before passing the lips of the prideful little man. This was his great moment and he was of no mind to rob it of one iota of its magnificence. Besides, he was quite sure that Simeon Broughton would not object.

"Bought it," answered Mr. Picnic Smith. "Feller what amounts to as much as I, has got to have a real good sword."

"Bought it! I never knowed you was rich"

"I ain't," came the modest confession. "Leastwise I ain't rich no more sence I boughten this sword."

"H'm! Golly Moses, is them jools real?"

"Absolute! Sapphers an' diminds an' rubies. Nothin' coul'n't be no mo' real than what them is."

"Great wigglin' tripe! How much that sword cost, Brother Smith?"

"'Bout one thousan' dollars."

"Oof!" Alley Squibb seated himself suddenly. "One thousan' dollars cash money fo' a sword!" There was vast respect in his glance. "I never would of dreamed you was that kind of a feller."

"Well," asserted the radiant Picnic, "I is."

Eventually Mr. Squibb departed, but now as he lay on his bed he had no thought for sleep. Sleep was a luxury for men who used their brains for nothing more than to have headaches with. Alley was of a different caliber—his skull was functioning overtime. His mind was on Mr. Smith's sword—not that he particularly desired the sword, but the possession of the thousand-dollar weapon invested Picnic with a pervasive dignity. It caused Alley to contemplate him in a new light, to think of him as a man of parts and unquestionable affluence.

In the other room Picnic Smith was disrobing slowly and reluctantly. It was with the keenest regret that he doffed his finery. The sword he unbuckled and placed tenderly in its plush-lined case.

"What Mistuh Squibb don't know," he reflected, "ain't gwine hurt him, n'r neither nobody else."

Picnic's conscience did not trouble him. Certainly Simeon Broughton, in loaning the sword, could not have the slightest objection to Mr. Squibb believing that it belonged to Picnic. Simeon was a good fellow, generous and big hearted. Picnic even determined to tell Simeon that he had allowed Alley to believe the sword was his.

As a matter of fact everything Picnic had told about the sword was true except the name of its owner. The jeweled delight was the property of Mr. Broughton, and Mr. Broughton had expended nearly one thousand dollars in its purchase.

Simeon was the direct antithesis of his friend Picnic in everything save their passion for lodge work, and Simeon had bought the sword on the occasion of his elevation to the rank of field marshal general of the Uniform Rank Drill Team of The Sons & Daughters of I Will Arise some two years previously. This was the bright particular spot in Mr. Broughton's somewhat humdrum life. By profession he had been several things—chiefly chaperon to neighborhood furnaces during the few winter months which Birmingham annually experiences. But for the last half year he had been driving a truck for the City Transfer Company; and being on duty this night, had acceded to the request of his friend Picnic for a loan of the famous and valuable sword.

Simeon's sword was placed tenderly in Picnic's trunk; the trunk was locked and the key securely hidden. Then Mr. Smith curled up under the blankets and immediately drifted off into delicious slumber.

Not so the gentleman in the next room. Alley Squibb lay wide eyed and thoughtful until the first gray streak of dawn trickled through his scarred window shade to inform

him that he faced the necessity of raising the money for three more meals if he was to remain optimistic.

Day grew brighter, and the first filter of sunlight found Mr. Squibb sleeping peacefully. On his lips was a broad contented smile. Mr. Squibb had had his thought, and it was a good one

During the day that followed, Alley moved thoughtfully around the South Side, wending his steps in no particular direction and seeking solitude that his plan might mature. That night at six o'clock he waylaid Picnic Smith in the hallway of Sis Callie Flukers' boarding house

"Evenin', Brother Smith."

"Howdy, Alley."

"What you doin' this evenin'?"

"Nothin'."

"Ise doin' the same. Le's do it together."

Picnic was frankly pleased

"Suttinly will, Brother Squibb. Lallin' round with you is the fondest thing I is of."

They started down the hallway of the boarding house, headed for the front door. But as the hand of Mr. Alley Squibb closed around the knob a skinny and shrill-voiced feminine personage swooped down upon him

"Mistuh Squibb, I craves to make talk with you."

"Some other time, Sis Callie."

"Right now! Where my board money is at?"

"Foolish ideas what you has. Do you think I is aimin' to do you out of it?"

"Huh! Maybe you is an' maybe you ain't; but if you is, yo' aim is gwine be bad. Better men than you, Alley Squibb, has tried to do me outen my board money an' they ain't ary one of 'em got away with it till yet."

"You does me injustice. Ise gwine have fo' you ev'ything what I owes inside of a few days."

"Big mouf—tha's what you has, Mistuh Squibb. Fo' th'ee weeks now you has tol' me them same sort of tales. If you tries any fumadiddles —— Anyway, you ain't never gwine git yo' trunk outen this house until I is paid."

With slow dignity, and wearing upon his countenance a pale expression of offended honor, Alley Squibb opened the door. Sis Callie donated to him a bitter Parthian shot.

"I suspec' you is gwine be minus one trunk pretty soon, Mistuh Squibb."

The two men emerged upon the street. Alley sighed.

"Wimmin!" he reflected bitterly. "They ain't never satisfried. Ev'y day now fo' th'ee weeks I has promised Sis Callie I would pay her, an' still she don't leave me be."

"She suttinly is hahd boiled," agreed Picnic. Then, "How come you don't pay her?"

Alley plastered a guileless expression upon his face.

"Tell the truth, Brother Smith, I ain't got but five hund'ed dollars in the world."

"Five hund' —— Sufferin' side meat! Does you owe her more'n that?"

"No, I on'y owes her twenty dollars; but the trouble is that does I pay it I won't have my whole five hund'ed dollars lef', an' such bein' the case, I won't be able to make an' extra five hund'ed which I has got my eye on as soon as I gits me a partner."

Picnic shook his head commiseratingly.

"Shuah is tough luck which you faces. How long you reckon it's gwine be befo' you makes this five hund'ed dollars extra?"

Alley shrugged.

"T'morrow or the nex' day. Won't take me on'y a few hours soon as I find someone which goes in fifty-fifty with me."

"On what?"

"Li'l' business deal. Five hund'ed dollars inwested today—hund'ed per cent profit by tomorrow, tha's what An' I suttinly could use five hund'ed cash money dollars."

"I'll bet —— Seems like you shoul'n't ought to have much trouble findin' some feller which craves to make that much money quick."

"Seems like ain't is. Mos' fellers which has got five hund'ed ain't keen about inwestin' it in a sure thing, an' besides I don't crave to let nobody in which ain't a good friend of mine—like you, f'instance."

"Me?"

"Yeh, you. I ain't been so long in Bumminham, Brother Smith, but how long I has been heah they ain't no man which I loves mo' profound than I does you. Almost I is willin' to take you in as my partner."

"Shucks, cullud boy, I ain't got no five hund'ed dollars!"

Alley did not miss the quiver of interest or the gleam of excitement in the eyes of his newly cultivated friend. He spoke absently, apparently oblivious of the presence of Mr. Picnic Smith.

"Some cullud folks down near Bessemer is startin' up a 'musement park fo' this summer. Cash money is the most est thing they has got, an' one of the things they is cravin' to buy is a fust-class merry-go-round—flyin' jinny, they calls it. Now on'y a few months ago a street fair went bust right heah in Bumminham an' one of the things which was attached by the creditors of same was the merry-go-round. It's the swellest —— You just come along an' lemme show you where 'tis at."

They came eventually to a huge warehouse. It was quite evident that Alley was on friendly terms with the night watchman. In a few seconds they stood before a glittering carrousel. Picnic's eyes flew open.

"Golly! Lines an' taggers an' giraffes an' hawses an' camules! Boy, ain't that some merry-go-round?"

"You said it," murmured Alley sadly. He conducted Picnic from the place and then whispered in his ear, "I can buy that thing offen the man which attached it fo' one thousan' dollars!"

"Buy that flyin' jinny fo' one thousan'?"

"Uh-huh. Ev'ything's fixed to sell it to me fo' that much cash money."

"Hot dam!"

"Yassuh. That an' wuss. The wuss is that them Bessemer folks which is startin' the park don't know nothin' 'bout it bein' heah, an' they has 'greed with me that they is willin' to pay two thousan' dollars cash fo' it. Now I asts you, how much profit is it if you buys somethin' fo' one thousan' an' sell it the next day fo' two thousan'?"

Picnic figured swiftly.

"One thousan' dollars a day!"

"Right! Tha's five hund'ed fo' me an' five hund'ed fo' you."

"How come you to say I?"

"I has decided you can come in with me."

Picnic shook his head moodily

"Wisht I could, Alley."

"Ain't nothin' stoppin' you."

"Yeh—I ain't got no five hund'ed."

"Foolish words what you utters! Co'se you has."

"Ain't; ain't got on'y 'bout forty-eight dollars in the Fust National Bank, an' ——"

"Five hund'ed an' mo'—tha's how much you has got."

"Listen, Alley, you says words, but they don't mean nothin'. Reckon I know how much money I ain't got."

"Nossuh, not a-tall."

"Where at you figger ——"

Alley clutched his friend's arm

"That sword!"

"Says which?"

"That sword!"

"What you mean?"

"Ain't it worth o'e thousan' dollars?"

"Mo'n that, I reckon. But ——"

"Don't but me. We c'n borry five hund'ed dollars on that offen Semore Mashby."

Picnic recoiled; he wished that he had been more honest the preceding night and had informed his friend that the jeweled sword was the property of the herculean Simeon Broughton. It was now too late for such a disclosure. Picnic entertained an intense admiration for Alley Squibb, was flattered by the man's friendship, and he would have expired cheerfully before offering himself as a target for the other's derision.

"Not offen that sword," he whispered.

"Why not?"

"We-e-ell, Ise awful fond of that sword, an' I ain't cravin' to let it git outen my presession."

"Fo' one day! Just one li'l' measly day?"

"'Tain't that ——"

"T'morrow mawnin' we borries the money on that sword. We buys that flyin' jinny for one thousan' dollars an' next day we sells it fo' two thousan'. I takes one thousan' an' you takes one thousan'. You redeems back yo' sword fo' five hund'ed, an' 'thout doin' even one lick of wuk n'r takin' no risk you has made five hund'ed dollars."

"What Does My Eyes Behold?" Ejaculated Mr. Squibb.

An idea flashed through the brain of Mr. Picnic Smith; a logical, golden idea. The thing was safe and immediate; Simeon Broughton had loaned him the sword. Simeon would never be the wiser if ——

"But I coul'n't borry offen Semore."

"Ise willin' to 'tend to them li'l' details."

Simeon would never know. Five hundred dollars clear profit in one day. No risk; quick, sure returns. As from a distance he heard the cool, insistent, persuasive voice of his tempter. Alley was a convincing talker. The outcome was inevitable. In the end Picnic fell. Fearfully, reluctantly, hopefully, he agreed to borrow five hundred dollars on his friend's sword.

"You is shuah they ain't nothin' gwine slip?"

"Pff! S'posin' you tell me what could slip. It's open an' shut. On'y that I ain't got but five hund'ed I woul'n't let nobody in with me. It's suttin an shuah and no mistake."

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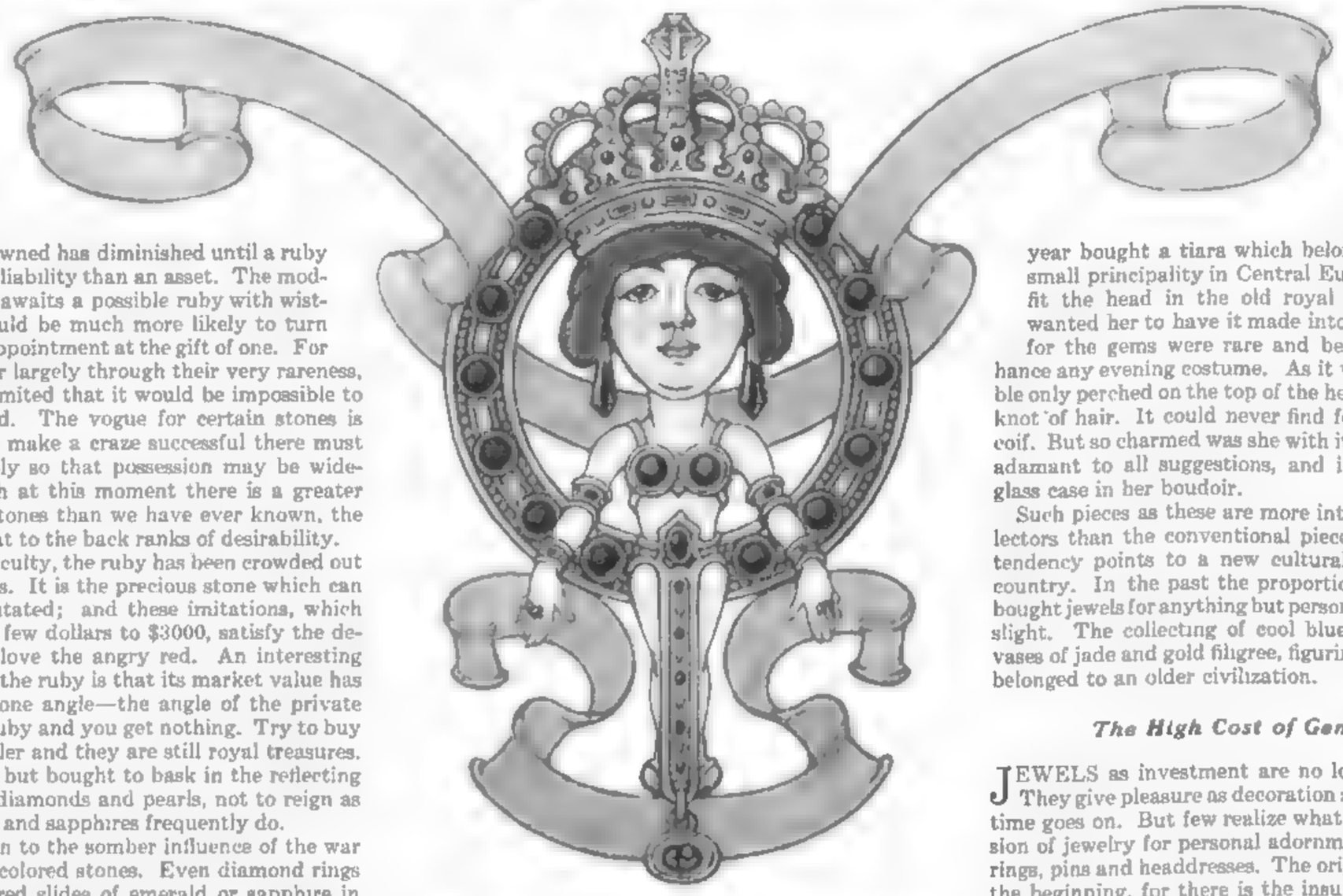
MORE PRECIOUS THAN RUBIES

By Katherine Sproehnle and Jane Grant



DECORATION BY GUERNSEY MOORE

TIMES have changed. The ruby has fallen from its supremacy until all the other precious stones are more precious than rubies.

Not that their monetary value has decreased so markedly, but the eagerness with which they are sought and owned has diminished until a ruby has become more of a liability than an asset. The modern woman no longer awaits a possible ruby with wistful longing. She would be much more likely to turn white with sharp disappointment at the gift of one. For rubies are out of favor largely through their very rareness, for the supply is so limited that it would be impossible to fill a popular demand. The vogue for certain stones is psychological, and to make a craze successful there must be an adequate supply so that possession may be widespread. Even though at this moment there is a greater demand for colored stones than we have ever known, the ruby has had to retreat to the back ranks of desirability.

Aside from this difficulty, the ruby has been crowded out by its synthetic sisters. It is the precious stone which can be most perfectly imitated; and these imitations, which range in price from a few dollars to $3000, satisfy the demands of those who love the angry red. An interesting side to this decline of the ruby is that its market value has only decreased from one angle—the angle of the private owner. Try to sell a ruby and you get nothing. Try to buy one from a great jeweler and they are still royal treasures.

Rubies are bought, but bought to bask in the reflecting glory of surrounding diamonds and pearls, not to reign as solitaires, as emeralds and sapphires frequently do.

The natural reaction to the somber influence of the war is the great favor for colored stones. Even diamond rings often have little colored slides of emerald or sapphire in them. The interest in the hued stones has been accentuated by the approval of royalty. Princess Mary cheered an England depressed by the war by choosing a gay emerald instead of a diamond for her engagement ring. Royalty has always been rather partial to colored stones; but this is becoming more generally realized as the jewels of Russia and of other defunct monarchies are appearing in the open market.

These stones are finding a readier market in this country than anywhere else, for since prohibition America has invested its money in jewels rather than in rare wines. The fabulously rich cellars of the great houses are becoming a thing of the past, and it is an easy transition for the wealthy to buy extra jewels.

The Romance of a Brown Diamond

SEVENTY per cent of the diamonds of the world are now bought in the United States. They are looked upon as an investment by all classes. The purchase of jewels seems to satisfy the ancient desire of man for personal hoarding. The old sock as a receptacle for gold has passed out with the growing trust in banks. The back-yard burying ground is no longer feasible. If the dweller on Park Avenue in New York digs down to bury his treasure chest he finds only the railroad tracks of the New York Central as a hiding place. It is very discouraging to have merely a coldly printed bank book as the symbol of your wealth. Jewels are an investment with color and warmth.

Gems are an attractive substitute for currency as an investment. They are always on hand and can be easily transported or transposed into ready cash. As securities they have an extraordinary stability. They speak the language of every country, as has been found in the recent vicissitudes of the nations of Europe. They alone have remained as stable as the rocks which are their forbears, and their solid worth has been proved many times in these past few years to deposed nobility who had nothing else to fall back on. Jewels are the one tangible piece of property that royalty has. Lands, the other important assets of great families, are stationary and are therefore uncertain as a crown. "A firm head maketh not a firm crown," as an old adage has it. A monarch may show great acumen in acquiring properties; but his crown may fall, and with it go his lands. Shorn of his splendor, he has only such possessions as he can carry with him; lands he must bid good-by to forever, but $1,000,000 worth of jewels can be easily concealed under a military cape.

Many former members of brilliant court circles are now being saved from starvation by decorations which once served only to enhance their grandeur. An astounding brown diamond recently found its way into the New York market. It is a perfect stone, more than ten carats in weight, and holds the most marvelously warm purple, gold and green lights in its clear pale-brown depths. It was the last link connecting a now desolate woman with the magnificent court life of Russia, where she held a dominating position as mistress of a salon and an archduke. It was given to her by the archduke, first because he loved her, and second because she had such beautiful hands, and he wanted more than anything in the world to see this great stone, which was a companion to one in the crown jewels, on them. Because of her position she could not wear it in public, so he had the exclusive delight of turning it about her lovely forefinger when they were alone and there could be no report of her presumption in wearing a jewel so intimately related to the crown.

After the debacle she clung to it desperately, because she loved the archduke, and this jewel she called her love stone. He was sacrificed to the republic and she fled to the United States, like so many of her compatriots. One by one her other pieces of jewelry were sold, disadvantageously, for she was dazed by the great new life around her. Finally only the love stone stood between her and leaving the little hotel she had found. Bereft, she carried it to a jeweler, and with dry sobs asked him to appraise it.

"Wearing it, I have known the greatest happiness of my life. It has powers for joy of its own and should be worth a great deal of money."

The jeweler said he would do his best for her, and she was shown out, the mere animate shell of a great beauty. He remained at his desk long after she had gone, looking at the stone. He was accustomed to the romantic history of jewels which were brought to him, but this one seemed to make a particular appeal. As he stared at it he felt something unusual in its bright depths. During the succeeding days he found himself taking it out of the safe more and more often, for as he held it in his hands it gave him a feeling of marvelous peace. He withheld it from purchasers for some time and finally decided that he could not part with it at all.

With the influx of such interesting pieces Americans are becoming anxious to own them for their historic interest as well as for their intrinsic value. They are acquiring a new significance as art objects, because it has never been possible before to procure in such numbers the heirlooms of the great noble families of Europe. Their value is certain to increase, and they are sought quite as eagerly as paintings for investment. A small ruby Buddha, a favorite piece of a great Russian family, was recently brought into this country. Between four and five inches high, it is made so intricately that it looks as if it had been carved from a fiery ball. The combination of its historic value and sheer carat worth makes it priceless.

A Southern heiress in Europe last year bought a tiara which belonged to a princess of a small principality in Central Europe. It was made to fit the head in the old royal manner. Her friends wanted her to have it made into the popular bandeau, for the gems were rare and beautiful and would enhance any evening costume. As it was it would be wearable only perched on the top of the head, surrounding a high knot of hair. It could never find foothold on her bobbed coif. But so charmed was she with it as it was that she was adamant to all suggestions, and it reposes in a special glass case in her boudoir.

Such pieces as these are more interesting to the art collectors than the conventional pieces of jewelry, and this tendency points to a new cultural development in this country. In the past the proportion of people who have bought jewels for anything but personal adornment was very slight. The collecting of cool blue bowls of lapis lazuli, vases of jade and gold filigree, figurines of crystal—all have belonged to an older civilization.

The High Cost of Gem-Wearing

JEWELS as investment are no longer a moot question. They give pleasure as decoration and increase in value as time goes on. But few realize what lies behind the possession of jewelry for personal adornment, such as necklaces, rings, pins and headdresses. The original investment is but the beginning, for there is the insurance, the expenditure to keep the pieces in good condition, the outlay for having them remounted in accordance with the latest fashion, and the loss in interest on the investment that one must take into consideration.

It costs one wealthy New York matron a fortune each year for the pleasure of owning and wearing her pearls. Aside from the interest on the money, which must, of course, be included in the cost of possession, there is a large insurance premium to be paid. In addition to other incidental expenditures, a private detective is maintained by the year to protect the pearls. He accompanies the woman to public places as a bodyguard. If she is at the theater a seat is procured for him near by; if she is at the opera he must lurk outside the box, for her necklace is so famous that it makes a handsome objective for an enterprising band of crooks. An important part of his assignment is to convey it safely to the vault when its duties as a breath-taking decoration are temporarily completed.

These almost priceless necklaces need more care than a millionaire baby, more attention than a capricious debutante. Many people do not realize the sapping cost of this upkeep. A woman who wished to make a grand splurge a few years ago bought a $200,000 necklace. She had six blissful weeks of wearing it until her husband called the insurance bills to her attention. Both were horror-stricken and, after some figuring, discovered that they could not afford the actual cash outlay necessary to maintain the necklace, so she reluctantly resold it to the establishment it had come from.

Many women leave their jewels in the safe-deposit boxes as a temporary measure of economy so that they can let the insurance lapse. People in the public eye must pay an additional price for their prominence, for insurance rates for them are often increased because their position directs the attention of crooks to them. The insurance companies take a considerable risk themselves, for jewels can be easily transported and disposed of by clever thieves. The chances of loss also are great, and the chances of finding the jewels usually doubtful.

Nowadays the floater-insurance method for jewels is in most general use. This means that one blanket policy will cover the loss for any one of your gems. No one company bears the burden alone. The risk is bought by a pool of insurance companies. One company will not assume the risk for a very valuable necklace by itself.

Both the insurance companies and the jewelers have developed elaborately perfect systems of keeping track of jewels. The record of the cutting of each important stone is kept with an accuracy as great as the Bertillon thumb-print method. The pedigree of pearls is tabulated more

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THE AMATEUR INVENTOR

By Chester T. Crowell

DECORATION BY GUERNSEY MOORE

APPROXIMATELY every third man in this country is or has been an inventor. In most instances the fever is of brief duration; subsequently the attack is seldom mentioned. Women are less susceptible but by no means immune.

While the fever is at its peak one overshadowing fear darkens the life of the patient, but his mind clings desperately to a compensating hope—and the amusing phase of the situation is that neither the fear nor the hope is founded upon fact. He is afraid that someone will steal his invention or beat him to the Patent Office. His hope is to obtain a patent because he is sure that the precious papers will prove the market value of his production and thus open the door to fortune; in brief, someone will buy the patent for a flat sum in cash—usually a million dollars.

Now it happens that very few inventions are stolen or can be stolen. In fact there are not many persons who would go to the trouble of stealing an invention. If theft occurs at all it will probably take the form of infringement after a patent is obtained. Next, priority of application for a patent is not very important. The man who first conceived the idea and set to work upon it, without subsequently abandoning the idea, will be awarded the patent, even though someone else first made application. Indeed, a long delay in applying for a patent will sometimes be excused if caused by poverty or illness.

As for the value of patent papers in proving that the invention is marketable, they have none. Literally scores of thousands of patents are issued for inventions that have no value, or very little.

But the hopes and fears just mentioned go a long way toward preventing many useful inventions from bringing profit to the inventors, and at the same time they are the sustenance of that horde of men who live comfortably by preying upon inventors. These men are usually called fake patent attorneys, and many persons, including amateur inventors, suppose that they steal inventions. Assuming they are so crooked their mothers' wedding rings wouldn't be safe within reach of their clutching fingers, it still remains true that they do not make a living stealing patents. Again assuming that they are eager and willing thieves, they do not encounter many inventions worth stealing.

"Then what do they do?" I asked a patent attorney who is known internationally.

Patents That are Worthless

"THEY get patents," he replied, laughing merrily. And then he explained: "But the patent isn't worth anything Instead of telling the inventor that he has wasted his time, and thus saving him additional loss, the fellows you mention encourage him. And, as part of the encouragement, they get him a patent, if possible. Usually it is possible. That is about all they do. In fact it is about all they have to do. There are lots of inventors in this country. The so-called fake patent attorneys work on the modern basis of small profits and large sales. They haven't got time to steal patents; that's too much trouble. The worst offense they are guilty of is taking out faulty, incomplete and inaccurate patents on valuable inventions, with the result that these patents cannot subsequently be defended against infringement; also, that often results in making it impossible for the inventor to sell his patent. In fact if the patent attorney botches the job on a really valuable invention, failing to cover its vital features, the unfortunate inventor really hasn't got an enforceable patent. About all his application for patent accomplishes, in that case, is disclosure of his secret."

The subject of patents is extremely interesting, and not nearly so complicated as a layman might suppose. Careful examination of numerous volumes on the subject, followed by interviews with five of the foremost American patent attorneys, brought the conclusion—at least to the writer—that the basic principles and a very large part of the practice as well as opinions of courts are characterized by remarkably clear common sense. Moreover, there runs through it all a fundamental sympathy for the inventor that harks back at every turn to "substantial justice in this case" rather than subservience to red tape.

In spite of all this, however, it remains true that valuable inventions are produced every year without finding their way into general use or bringing profit to the men who have labored to produce them. Such a situation invites general consideration. Scientific societies, ethical patent attorneys and organizations sympathetic to the struggling inventor have made many suggestions; but these for the most part relate to elimination of the so-called fake patent attorney and certain changes in the laws.

In this article I am not going to consider those suggestions, for the reason that they do not go to the root of the trouble, which is the human equation. It appears more or less obvious that if thousands of inventors with thousands of worthless inventions are determined to have patents and the law leans generously toward granting them—nothing is going to prevent the existence of grafters who will obtain those patents—for good fees.

A phase of the situation which is much more interesting centers around the inventor who has done something worth doing but falls down between the Patent Office and the market. We will even assume that he has successfully run the gantlet of incompetent patent attorneys. Still he often fails.

While introducing this character, however, the statement should be made that one of his best chances for failure is in the hands of his patent attorney. Many of these persons are neither attorneys nor technical experts. It is therefore highly probable that our amateur inventor marches forth to face a preoccupied world, carrying a patent that doesn't protect him. About the time he is making a little progress toward interesting capital, his invention appears on the market. He thereupon rushes into infringement litigation and discovers that his patent covers the green paint on his invention but overlooks the vital features of the new dynamo. In other words, he is in hard luck. It is not improbable that he will suspect someone of stealing his invention. That's what happened—but it took place after he thought he was protected.

However, if he clears that difficult hurdle successfully and comes out with a good patent on a valuable device or process, the next order of business is to raise money. He is now a salesman. It is in this field that he usually fails most disastrously. No matter how rapidly he progresses in the search for a customer or stockholders for a company, he cannot outrun the United States mails, which immediately deliver anywhere from fifty letters to one bushel offering assistance. Some of these letters are from firms that might possibly be of some assistance. By far the greater part of them are not. The laws of percentage are heavily against him if he chooses one of these offers of aid.

Even before these offers come to him through the mails, however, he has met one or more persons of the footloose-promoter classification who are ready to help him launch a corporation. To tell of all the things that may then befall him would require several volumes, but a few of the more frequently recurring experiences should be mentioned here. It is necessary for him to assign his patent to the corporation in order that an asset may exist. He makes the assignment and quite frequently the corporation fails. Its affairs remain in litigation for a long time and not infrequently someone who is through with inventions for life obtains the patent. Sometimes the patent emerges from this tangle owned jointly by several persons, which results in such difficulty that scarcely anything can be done to make it of commercial value. The reasons for this will be explained in more detail later. Often during the course of these troubles the patent is infringed and the market fairly well supplied, with the result that by the time the inventor recovers his patent—if he ever does—its value is seriously depreciated.

Royalties on Troublesome Inventions

ANOTHER experience that often befalls the inventor in his new capacity of salesman is that he finds a ready market and sells to a company whose only motive for buying is to keep his invention off the market and out of the way That company is doing very well under existing conditions and doesn't care to be bothered by troublesome inventions In such cases the terms sometimes provide a royalty, and if the invention is never used there is no royalty. Again the inventor is in hard luck. Years later, after the company in question has adequately pulled its chestnuts out of the fire, it will be ready to turn attention to the new invention; but the intervening period may prove very lean for the disappointed inventor.

There is one way out of both these difficulties. Sale of the patent should always contain a provision that in the event actual use or production up to a certain specified figure or volume does not take place within a definite time the patent shall revert to the inventor. Under such terms of sale he would still be safe if his corporation failed; and the company that wanted to suppress his invention wouldn't accept those terms. In return for such an agreement it is customary for the inventor to pledge his utmost ability to aid in successful use of his patent. Such a sale results in a real partnership for production and marketing of the new article.

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EVOLUTION

By DON CAMERON SHAFER

ILLUSTRATED BY ARTHUR D. FULLER

The Canoe Raced Down the First Course and Took the Rough Water Bravely. The Mounting Waves Thrown Up by Submerged Rocks Roared Like Hungry Beasts

BUT a little way ahead the broad river bent sharply downward against the blue rim of the sky as it gathered speed for its first plunge to a lower level through a rocky water-torn gulf cutting a ragged rim of wooded hills that had once been the northern barrier of a great lake. And now the swelling roar of the approaching rapids beat steadily and threateningly, ever louder, in the ears of two men in a big birch canoe. A cool damp breeze, heavy with a fine mist, puffed up out of the gorge into their hot faces. But the rhythmic thump-thump-thump of their paddles did not cease because of this approaching danger.

"How much white water down there?" asked the young Canadian forward, of his Indian guide.

"Plenty much!" from the kneeling Indian. "B' t'under, yes! You t'ink maybe so pretty quick when we go jump-jump down all dem rock!"

The rim of the plateau through which this northern river had cut its way to freedom was now sweeping steadily upward to the wooded hills, leaving but a narrow cleft, a deep ragged gash through soil and rock and tumbling ruin, into which poured the noisy flood. Both shore lines were rocky shingle, piled high with the battered skeletons of dead trees, the rising banks topped with tall dark spruces tossing their wide arms to the unnatural wind that sucked up from the misty gorge below. A roar of mighty industry where worlds are made shaking the very air.

"Going to run it?" asked the younger man, a bit awed by so much vibrant noise in a wilderness of silence.

"B' gar, yes! Run him two minute—carry two day."

"Sounds kinda dangerous!"

"Oh, sure. Dis far wild nor' country all time danger. But I run him 'fore, plenty time; my fadder run him, an' he die ver' ole man with measle!"

There is much that is wild and dangerous and unexplored in Northern Ungava, which lies between Labrador on the east and that great northern bay which is called Hudson's, to the west. A vast wilderness territory of crooked lakes and great rivers, of rolling wide barrens and forested valleys. And there is ever danger for those who would hunt its big game, who seek out its hidden treasures, and for those, like these two, who needs must venture there to map its unknown lakes and streams and record the natural resources for the government at Ottawa.

"You got fear?" asked the Indian.

"Always," confessed the other. "I've been in this wilderness long enough to respect its dangers—but always one has to take chances."

"Sebatis, he gettin' be ver' ole man," joked the guide. "Maybe he forget sometime which way dat channel she go."

"If you sense any weakening of memory we will carry."

"An' maybe Ole Man o' th' Mountain he chuck in some new rock last winter—good joke, what?"

"Oh, a most prodigious joke!"

It must not be inferred that Clayton MacKenzie felt any foreboding fears because of the strange white water ahead. As one of the younger but most adventurous explorers in the employ of the Canadian Government, he had run many dangerous rapids and survived a great variety of hardship in the course of ten years' exploration work in the northern wilderness. But from the very start there had been ill fortune with this expedition. His companion, Niel Naylon, had been injured by a fall almost at the start and had to be sent back. Two Indian guides had deserted a month back, and a series of minor accidents made him question the future.

It was late in July, hot and sultry, making grateful the cool damp breeze fanned to continuous life by the falling water. Both men were stripped to their shirt sleeves. Amidships and at each end of the canoe, leaving room only for the kneeling paddlers, the necessary camping equipment and a generous supply of food were packed and lashed securely under protecting canvas. This load was divided into several easily handled waterproof bags, for there were many portages and much rainy weather.

"Pretty soon quick dat water she go smash-smash down dem rock. Suppose maybe one dose big tree she go down—you never see least bit again."

"It's sure one bad carry," commented MacKenzie, searching the rocky heights.

"You bet! Steep up an' steep down. But you wait see—we slip through like otter—you see!"

The broad river, lazing along between the dark shore lines, lap-lapping at the rocky edges, began slowly to gather headway for its mighty plunge. Both men sensed that the canoe was gaining speed. And now ahead it could be seen where the smooth water curved sharply downward as it rushed the first sloping channel before it dashed against the obstructing rocks which still resented its charging passage.

II

THE Old Man of the Mountain would have his little joke! With the last fall rain a wedge of water seeped into the face of the rock cliff far up the eastern wall. Came a snapping frost and imprisoned it. A week of zero weather and the expansion of this bit of ice fractured the rock far back beneath an overhanging ledge. In the middle of a starry night, with the white horses racing and plunging below, this jagged stone came crashing down the cliff side, smashing through the stunted trees, through the screening willows at the water edge, and leaped far out into the channel.

The canoe raced down the first course and took the rough water bravely. The mounting waves thrown up by submerged rocks roared like hungry beasts. The white-flung spray was like blasts of hail, and on either side of the frail canoe the foamy water reared higher than their heads. The loaded craft was tossed like a chip. Jagged rocks threatened—great humpbacked black monsters rising out of the frothy deep like killer whales in pursuit of a porpoise.

Sebatis saw it, though the flying spume beat into his leathery old face like rain and ran in trickling drops from his wrinkled chin. He shouted for more speed, for greater effort, and put every ounce of his own muscular power into the paddle so as to get steerage way to turn aside just the fraction of a yard necessary to clear this new and unexpected danger.

A ragged lip of rock, no thicker than a man's hand, reached up out of the depth from its wedged position in the

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THE HAPPY LANDING

By Austin Parker

ILLUSTRATED BY LESTER RALPH

IT WAS moving day for the Brent Aviation Company. The varied possessions of the three high officials had been stowed into one large trunk, which now stood on the veranda of the cottage overlooking South Field, waiting for the expressman. Beside it sat Janeth Brent, a figure of dejection. One small and sunburned fist was dug into her right cheek, twisting the corner of her tightly set lips. She was dressed for flying khaki breeches, a heavy green sweater, and a begoggled tan helmet which had not yet been pulled down snugly over her dark hair. Her blue eyes gazed upon the autumn world morosely, without focusing upon any one thing in particular. The thought stole over her that she was already homesick for the cottage they were leaving; then, close upon its heels, that of all things in the world she disliked, flying came first.

If at that moment flames had mounted up from the hangar where their two planes were being put in condition for the flight, Janeth Brent, the company's president, general manager and treasurer, would have been moved to cheer lustily. She could not imagine anything which would bring greater, more heartfelt solace.

"Gee! I'm fed up!" she muttered.

The girl stirred suddenly, trying to shake off dejection. It would never do to let her brother or Bill Seadog know how she felt. They, far from being fed-up, appeared to live in a constant state of being full-out. Anything that pertained to flying, even if it was only a matter of taking one of the planes up for a brief test flight, aroused their enthusiasm.

And certainly they wouldn't want a girl along if she dampened that enthusiasm.

"I won't be a quitter!" she said savagely. Her eyes became hot, and the clear outlines of South Field changed into a blur. She arose, angry with herself. "Guess I'm just low in the head."

The company's ancient flivver—its pedigree long since lost, but still running upon four wheels and four cylinders came clanking around the corner, and Allan Brent hopped out. He was tall, dark, lean jawed, and his eyes had a bluish-gray steel color instead of the clear blue of Janeth's eyes; but there was an unmistakable resemblance of brother and sister, which became even more vivid when they were dressed for flying. With her helmet in place, hiding her hair, Janeth looked more like a fourteen-year-old brother than an eighteen-year-old sister

"Going down to the hangar?" he asked. She nodded, glanced inquiringly at the letters which he had brought back from the post office. "Nothing for you. One for Seadog—from his grace. Take the flivver down, will you?"

He gave her a square envelope addressed to Lord Willard Towar, bearing the faintly embossed crest of the Duke of Tallbout, Bill Seadog's brother, and tossed three suitcases into the rear seat. Janeth took the wheel.

"Has Jim got the Five ready yet?" asked Allan.

"I don't know," she answered. Acting upon the theory that the best remedy for being fed-up is to fly, she added, "I'd like to take it up if it is ready—just for a test."

A suggestion of a frown came into Allan's expression and he hesitated. "Might as well let Bill do it," he answered negligently.

"Might as well do it myself," countered the girl

"All right. A couple of minutes'll be enough. Don't take any longer than you have to."

"Um," responded Janeth, not in the least impressed by his pretense that they were in a hurry to be off. It would be a half hour before they left, if not longer.

Allan had been growing more fertile recently in reasons why she should not take a plane up alone, why she should not linger in the air; also, more fertile in reasons why both he and Bill Seadog were justified in taking any wild-eyed chances which might add dollars to the small bank account of the Brent Aviation Company. But—and both of them knew it—he could not very well refuse to let her fly because it was dangerous, and continue flying himself on the grounds that it wasn't in the least dangerous.

"Oh, by the way," said Allan, "George Morrison has decided to build a plane for next year's races. He wants me to fly it. What do you think of that?"

Janeth choked back her thoughts and said to herself, "Don't be a quitter!" She had heard the pilot who won the last cup races admit that it was only good luck which helped him through those seconds of black unconsciousness at the turns. If George Morrison—he was the "M" of the M.P.T. Aircraft Company, which made the famous Umpty planes—went in for racers he would do a good job of it. Three hundred miles an hour probably.

Janeth spurred up her courage. "That's great!" she said, eyes searching his. She let the car jump ahead

"Tell Bill!" he called after her

Alone upon the veranda, Allan sat where Janeth had been sitting, and opened another envelope. It was from Eve Holland, for whose country home they were to head their planes when they took off from South Field. Two days with Eve in a final week-end party before the Hollands closed Beech Haven for the season; then New York for a week, while the engines were overhauled and worn parts refitted at the M.P.T. factory, and then South for a winter of nomadic flying—stunt exhibitions, passenger carrying, parachute jumping and instruction flights. George Morrison was trying to get a series of contracts for

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"Janeth," He Began, "Sometimes You're So—So Beautiful That it Hurts! I Mean——"

THE COURIER OF THE CZAR

"Oh, Do Read it Again!" Cried Tilly. "Just Once, Sister. I'll Ask for No More. Oh, Please!"

By Elsie Singmaster

ILLUSTRATED BY L. EVANS PARCELL

HEARING the clock strike twelve, Betsey Shindledecker opened her eyes. She had not been asleep; she had merely been waiting for her sister Tilly, who lay by her side, to be asleep At eleven o'clock Tilly had spoken, at half past she had turned from one side to the other; but now for half an hour she had been lying quietly.

Betsey lay blinking and looking round the room. The windows were dim rectangles outlining a sky which was only a little brighter than the black wall; the ancient bureau and washstand and dower chest showed only as indistinct masses. All other objects were lost—the two old colored prints on the wall, one of Marianna, one of Julianna; the mirror, the chairs, one draped with the plain Mennonite garb of Betsey, the other with the plain Mennonite garb of Tilly. The two white caps hanging on the tall posts at the foot of the bed were lost, and so were the stripes in the carpet and the gay pattern of the coverlet. It would be impossible for any night to be darker or for any wind to whistle more ominously than the wind whistled at this moment round the corners of the house.

Her mind relieved by Tilly's quiet breathing, Betsey explored with hand and foot. Her foot sought her woolen slippers, her hand the thick flannel gown which hung on the post near her head. Finding both, she stood in a moment slippered and robed. Still Tilly breathed quietly.

Moving slowly, Betsey approached the door. When a board creaked beneath her great weight she stood still a long time; when Tilly sighed she put out her hand to clutch the corner of the bureau and thus to support herself. She grew no more comfortable in mind as she advanced, because the steps would creak far more loudly than the bedroom floor, and when she reached the bottom of the flight she would have to speak a reassuring word to the dog and the cat. This was not a new experience; for almost a month she had been stealing nightly from her sister's side.

Compared to the bedroom, the kitchen was bright. The fire shone through the mica doors of the stove and was reflected from the luster ware on the mantel and the brass knobs on the ancient cupboard.

The black windowpanes formed mirrors, so that there seemed to be many fires. On one side of the room a quilt was spread on a frame and on the taut surface lay scissors, spools of thread, a little pincushion, two pairs of spectacles and two thimbles. The ground of the quilt was dark and spread over it were multitudes of white spots of various sizes.

Other reflecting surfaces were presented by the eyes of a large gray cat and a large Airedale dog, the one lying on a chair, the other beside the stove. Apparently unsurprised by this mysterious advent in the middle of the night, the cat purred and the dog parted his lips and teeth in a grin, and both having raised their heads, laid them down. They paid no heed when Betsey, touching a spill to the coals, lit the hanging lamp which illuminated brilliantly the quilt and the sewing implements lying upon it. The background of the quilt was seen to be blue and the white spots to be star-shaped. The Milky Way seemed to cross the surface diagonally and along the edge, and in the dark spaces were set Orion, the Pleiades, Ursa Major and other familiar constellations. Between the stars the quilt was covered with tiny stitches set close together.

Sinking into one of the Windsor armchairs at the side of the frame, Betsey selected a needle from the pincushion. It was not one of the fine needles with which the delicate quilting had been done, but a larger one, and she used it not to sew but to destroy sewing. Stitch by stitch she ripped the fine work, sighing as she did so. It was clear to see that that which she ripped was not so even as the section opposite the other armchair.

The hands of the clock pointed to half past twelve, and presently to one. Then Betsey exchanged the large needle for a smaller one, and, threading it, began to replace the stitches she had ripped out. Those she put in were as straight as a ruler and as much alike as rice grains.

At three o'clock she rose stiffly. Though her back ached, and though her eyes were heavy and her hands stiff, she was happy; the catastrophe which she feared and against which she struggled was postponed a little longer. Then suddenly she was smitten by terror. She did not exactly hear Tilly move, but she knew that Tilly had moved, moreover, that she was awake. If Tilly spoke she believed she would die of shock. But when Tilly did speak she answered calmly.

"Betsey!" The voice was sharp with terror. "Sister!"

"Yes?" said Betsey, walking toward the stairway.

"Where are you?"

"I'm coming." What should she say? It would be easy to invent an excuse, but Betsey did not like to lie. "I did not lock the door, Tilly."

"Why, no, of course not," said Tilly. "I locked it, like always. Come back to bed!"

"I'm coming," said Betsey.

Her voice was steady, but her heart jumped in her side, and as she grasped the railing to ascend she was aware of

her pulse throbbing in her wrist. She felt her way across the room and lay down, slippers, gown and all. She was trembling, not only because she was frightened but because she was cold

"I had a queer dream," said Tilly drowsily "I dreamed I could not see any more to sew straight."

"Are you awake?" asked Betsey sharply.

Tilly did not answer. Did Tilly speak from a dream or from full consciousness?

II

HEARING the clock strike twelve, Betsey opened her eyes. It was harder to open them tonight than last night, and last night it was harder than the night before. It was the twenty-eighth night she had wakened at twelve o'clock and had gone faltering down the stairs

Beside her Tilly lay quietly, her breathing that of a child. The sky was black outside the rectangle of the window and there was again an uneasy whispering round the frame. The old furniture showed only vague outlines.

"I cannot do this always," said Betsey to herself. "I'm getting thin and I'm getting so tired I cannot wake on time, and then what will happen?"

Her exploring foot sought her slippers, her exploring hand sought her bed gown. Her anxiety made her nervous; she held her breath to listen. But Tilly slept sweetly.

"If I'm no more so heavy the boards will not creak so under me," she thought as she felt her way across the room. "Ach, but I am tired!" She repeated the word mentally with each step—"Tired, tired, tired!"

In the kitchen there was the same glow of the fire, the same loveliness of light and shadow. The Maltese cat lay on his chair, the Airedale dog lay before the stove. Each lifted his head and each settled himself and closed his eyes The starry quilt had advanced a little farther; a new section was set with two varieties of stitches, one tiny and regular, the other large and irregular.

Betsey found her large needle and sat down heavily. She ripped one stitch, then another. The point of the needle caught in the material and made little marks. She bent lower and lower. Were her eyes also growing dim? She picked out another stitch and another; then her forehead touched the belt of Orion, her hand lay quietly upon Ursa Major.

After a long time she became conscious of some impending disaster. Was she hurt and helpless? When she opened her eyes and saw Tilly standing by the quilting frame power was restored to her and she sprang up. Tilly stood tall and bent in her gray bed gown. Saying nothing, she looked at the quilt, then at her sister, then at the quilt.

"What is it?" she asked at last. "What do you make alone here in the middle of the night?"

Betsey stood paralyzed.

"You're ripping out my sewing and making it over," said Tilly gently. "That is how it gets always all right by morning. Isn't it so, Betsey?"

Betsey did not answer.

"You think I can't see any more?" asked Tilly.

Betsey said not a word.

"No, I can't see any more." Tilly answered her own question. "This long time already I have trouble. I can't see to sew. I can't see to read. Sometimes I can't see you. I have twice stepped on the cat and once on the dog. If I do not step on them all the time it's because they get nice out of my way. They know me. I will give up sewing. You will have enough trouble with me yet, Betsey, without ripping out my crooked stitches. Now come to bed."

Betsey looked at the clock. The hands pointed to half-past four.

"It's not worth while to go to bed. I'll get dressed ready to go out to milk, and I'll watch for Herr when he comes to fetch the milk and I'll say he shall tell Doctor Landis to come to us. He'll cure you, Tilly. He'll surely cure you."

III

THE clock ticked solemnly. It was now eight o'clock, now nine. Soft flakes of snow had begun to fall; the sky seemed to stoop lower and lower. Tilly sat at the end of the settle, her elbow on the arm, her hand supporting her bending face, a finger pressed upon each eye. Now and then a tear rolled down her cheek.

"It's not that I'm crying," she explained angrily. "It's that my eyes water."

"Yes," answered Betsey. Betsey was the only moving object except the pendulum of the clock. The dog and cat lay motionless but alert. Even the cupboard and the mantel and the starry quilt seemed to be alert and waiting. "It's ten o'clock," cried Betsey at last. "Why, then, does he not come?"

"He has perhaps a great many sick ones."

Betsey looked up the road and then down.

"You cannot see far in the snow," she explained.

"Is it snowing?" asked Tilly

Betsey turned from the window and looked at her sister.

"Do you ask because you want to keep your eyes covered, or is it that you cannot see?"

"I want to keep my eyes covered," answered Tilly. Tilly did want to keep her eyes covered, but it was because she believed that if she uncovered them she could not see. "I sewed perhaps a little too late last evening. If you want to sew, sister," she said heroically, "then sew."

"I don't need to sew," replied Betsey. "He's coming. He has his buggy, not his auto. I guess he's afraid the snow will get deep for him. He's driving his Minnie horse, the yellow one. She's a good horse; they say when sometimes he's tired and falls asleep she takes him home. I would rather have a good horse than an auto. He's stopping at the gate." Betsey's voice grew shrill, the dog and the cat lifted their heads, the furniture seemed to stir as though that for which they all waited was now imminent. "I don't believe he will hurt you, sister."

Doctor Landis tied his horse and came up the path, a stout, ruddy-faced man with a short, bristling mustache. He walked heavily, carrying his medicine case in one hand and a book in the other. He was a worldly Lutheran and a great reader

"He's carrying his book," said Betsey. "He forgets he has it, I guess. If he would read the Bible, how fine that would be!"

Tilly did not answer. The water which streamed from her eyes burned like fire.

Doctor Landis brought in with him a breath of cold air and the pleasant odor of drugs. The room seemed to

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"He's Driving His Minnie Horse, the Yellow One. She's a Good Horse; They Say When Sometimes He's Tired and Falls Asleep She Takes Him Home"

THE FAULTED LEDGE

By Victor Shawe

ILLUSTRATED BY W. H. D. KOERNER

SOMETHING good! So ran the word, mysteriously, as such news always carries on the wind. Already the pack leaders and the lone hunters were closing cautiously in. But Fenton, craftiest of them all, had gotten to McKinnon first—had gotten to old Cœur-d'Alene Jack, the man who owned the claims—so the rest waited, alert, ready to strike singly or to rend with the pack should Fenton slip. But Fenton had Ann Branton working with him, so there seemed small chance that he would slip.

Of all those hungry ones who scented a fat killing only two came into the open. Tom Nash, best known of the independent mine owners, wired his offer: "If your proposition is as good as reported and you need help let me know." Al Conwine, professional wildcat promoter, believing in the value of personal contact, boarded the first westbound train.

During the long hot morning hours of the last day of Mr. Conwine's journey the train climbed slowly, noisily, up the steep grades of the Bitter Root Mountains; during the afternoon slipped swiftly, almost silently, down other grades equally steep; stopped for a moment at the mouth of a cañon opening back into the tumbled hills of that western slope. Here a railroad-construction camp was in operation, and a number of workmen—most of them hard-rock miners and muckers—left the train, making room for others of their kind who were quitting the camp.

From the open window of a Pullman Mr. Conwine looked out on the camp and the men with apathetic disinterest. Then unexpectedly he recognized one of those heavy-booted hard-rock miners. Leaning out of the window as far as his waistline would permit, he began to wave his hands excitedly.

"Oh, Slim!" he shouted. "Hey, Slim!"

But the miner did not hear or else refused to heed the call. Slim was on his way and didn't want to be bothered. However, Mr. Conwine knew Slim was usually well posted on all matters of interest in the mining camps, so as the train started he left his Pullman and strolled forward into the day coaches. When he reached the miner's seat he poked him playfully in the ribs.

"Well, old-timer," he greeted, "why so sad? You're on your way to Seattle, aren't you?"

As all Slim's friends knew, Slim had once been told Seattle in June was the finest place in the world for a ten-day stiff to spend a vacation and his winter's savings at the same time. Ever since then, as his friends also knew, Slim had been trying to reach that fair port during her fairest season. But each year his winter's savings failed too soon or some other interest—usually a red-haired lady—served to divert him from his purpose.

As Mr. Conwine spoke Slim glanced up, and immediately his dejection vanished.

"Well, Conny, God bless you!" he exclaimed. "Sit down and tell me whose fortune you are planning to acquire this time."

Mr. Conwine seated himself and patted Slim's knee.

"There's a hen on," he confided. "Something good!" Always Mr. Conwine had a hen on. Always he was discovering something good. If his success had equaled his optimism he would have been many times a millionaire. "But I'll tell you about that later," he continued, referring to the hen. "Right now I want to know if you are on your way to Seattle. I got a reason for asking."

Slim shook his head ruefully.

"Conny," he said, "I lost out again this year. I had made my stake—even had my ticket bought. Then I kept a date with a dame, Conny—a red-haired dame—and she tricked me into missing my train. That same evening I met a bunch of roughnecks—and you know what happened to my roll."

Conwine clicked his tongue sympathetically.

"Hard luck, Slim. Where are you going now?"

Slim gestured, including the surrounding hills.

"Right here. Northern Idaho. The Cœur d'Alenes. Wallace, to be exact."

Conwine nodded, pleased, as if this was the answer he had hoped for.

"Ever work in the district?"

"All last winter."

Conwine glanced around to see if anyone was listening, then whispered: "Did you pick up any inside dope on those McKinnon claims?"

A quickly suppressed suggestion of amusement flickered for an instant in the miner's deep-set, restless eyes.

"I did," he whispered, imitating Conwine's furtive manner. "I worked on the property all last winter."

"No!" Conwine's exclamation conveyed a sense of gratification rather than doubt. "Then maybe you had a chance to size up the dame—that Ann Branton, who is floating the stock for Fenton."

"I certainly met the lady," Slim admitted. "She's the one I just told you about—the one who gypped me out of my trip to Seattle a few days ago. She was my boss while I was working on those claims."

"No!" This time Mr. Conwine's exclamation conveyed gratification mingled with uncomprehending amazement, as if the details of a cherished dream were materializing before his eyes. "Why, if you know her well enough to make a date with her, you know her well enough to give me the straight dope on her. Tell me, Slim, on the level, is she a chunk of ice—cold, like I've heard, and hard?"

"Oh, I don't know," Slim answered thoughtfully. "I guess you would call her hard, all right." Then for a moment his restless glance wandered from Conwine's smooth fat face to the rugged hills outside, and his mind wandered from Conwine's question to memories of the girl.

Slim's friends often said Slim had a way with women. Perhaps that was why, when he had gone to work for Ann Branton a few months before, he had not been impressed by her brusque speech and her aloof, abrupt manner. After he had talked with her a few times and had had opportunity to study her eager young face and to watch the changing lights in her wide gray eyes, he had decided her apparent coldness was but a shield fear had created, a barrier to the pursuit of ruthless men. Instinctively he had realized her clouded eyes but hid the summer warmth of her—a warmth still insulated by the harshness of her environment. Later, when he came to know her better, he had begun to believe her desire for wealth was born of a dreadful fear of poverty, the heritage of a starved childhood.

This was Slim's gift—to see through the cloak of mannerisms into the very heart of a woman. At their last parting he had patted her on the cheek, had told her she was too dear a little kid to wear herself out trying to accumulate a fortune. Jestingly he had advised her to find herself a wealthy husband, preferably a fat amiable one, who could give her the luxuries she craved. Slim didn't know he had a way with women. Perhaps that was why Ann Branton sometimes found herself thinking of Slim when her mind should have been busy with more profitable thoughts.

Mr. Conwine interrupted his momentary musings.

"Is that all you are going to say—that she is hard? What I want is a line on the dame—how she reacts when a fellow talks big money deals to her, and all that sort of thing."

Again for an instant a suggestion of amusement flashed in Slim's sidelong glance.

"Why the sudden interest in the lady?" he asked.

"It's those McKinnon claims," Mr. Conwine confided earnestly. "Why, Slim, she hasn't had experience enough to float a promotion like that. Besides, it ain't reasonable

Before Slim Commenced His Part of the Work He Had a Heart-to-Heart Talk With Ann

to let a mere girl grab off such a good thing. Providing it is good, Slim, like I've heard."

"It certainly looks good," Slim informed him. "A hundred-foot shaft in solid ore! But why should you be so interested? You don't think the men who own it are going to divide, do you?"

"That's what I've come out here for—to make them divide. Listen, Slim. Do you know this bird Fenton?"

"I've never met him, but I know his reputation."

Mr. Conwine nodded.

"Listen, Slim. Did you know he paid cash for a one-sixteenth interest when those Eastern suckers bought the claims from McKinnon? Listen. You don't suppose he's going to be satisfied with a small end like that, do you? And to get the big end he'll have to find a way to jar those suckers out, won't he? Well, Slim, that's why I'm interested. Fenton's a good mining engineer, but what he doesn't know about the stock game is a bookful. When he's ready to freeze those Easterners out he'll have to have a fellow like me to help him—one who knows all the ins and outs of the game."

"Yes; but, Conny," Slim interrupted, "what makes you think Fenton intends to freeze those gentlemen out?"

"Why, Slim, haven't you heard? Fenton has abandoned the shaft. Yes, for a fact. He has abandoned the shaft and is planning to drive a tunnel to tap the ledge at a depth of about five hundred feet."

"That seems reasonable enough," said Slim. "Lots cheaper, handling ore out of a tunnel than out of a shaft."

Conwine nodded.

"But I got it straight, Slim, that the ledge is broken—faulted, you know. I got it straight those Eastern suckers will be broke before that tunnel ever taps the ledge. You worked on the claims, Slim. And you got a reputation for knowing more about mining than most of the experts. I'm asking you, Slim—is that true about the ledge?"

"Even if it were true," Slim evaded, "why do you think Fenton intends to gyp his associates? Isn't Miss Branton going to sell treasury stock to raise money for carrying on the development work?"

"Of course she is," Conwine said patiently. "But when the report about the ledge gets spread around, how much treasury stock will she be able to sell?"

"I get you now," Slim commented, as if he had not considered that aspect of the matter before; "but if Fenton and Miss Branton have this framed I still can't see how you expect to get in."

"Listen, Slim, and I'll tell you," Mr. Conwine said earnestly. "Your li'l' ol' two per cent theory is going to get me in."

Slim grinned broadly; then began to chuckle.

"Conny, old simp," he exclaimed, "you've finally sold yourself on that theory, have you? Another star in my crown, Conny! Another believer on his way to fame and fortune! Tell me, Conny, what are you going to need to get Fenton to divide several million dollars with you—two per cent more desire or two per cent more determination?"

Everyone who knew Slim knew his pet theory—that there is mighty little difference between the average man who succeeds and the average man who fails, usually not more than two per cent. "Two per cent more desire," he was in the habit of saying, "or two per cent more ability or determination makes the millionaires, and minus two per cent makes the ten-day stiffs."

"Conny," he repeated, "which is it you'll need this time—a little more desire or a little more determination? I wouldn't think of suggesting a little more ability."

"Slim, I'll tell you," Mr. Conwine answered, somewhat pained by Slim's levity. "You know I got the ability to make money. And Gawd knows I got the desire for it. But have I ever played in the big money yet? No. And I'll tell you why, Slim. Ever since I first heard you talking about that theory I've been analyzing myself, and now I know where I've always slipped. Determination! Minus two per cent of the old determination, Slim. That's why I've always lost out. After this when I go hunting the big money I'll get it, Slim. The li'l' ol' theory will work for me."

While Conwine was speaking the train came to a stop and Slim rose and took his suitcase.

"Here's Wallace," he said. "Good li'l' ol' town in which to prove a theory. Good li'l' ol' theory too. Hope it works for you. Come on."

Mr. Conwine grabbed Slim's arm.

"Wait a second," he pleaded. "You haven't told me yet about that ledge. Is it really ——"

"Come on," Slim urged. "We'll talk about that later."

Mr. Conwine went with Slim; in fact, he had no intention of letting Slim go anywhere alone for the next few days. He needed Slim; was wondering if he could persuade him to go up to the claims to work in the tunnel Fenton was going to drive.

In the hotel while they were registering Conwine pointed with his thumb toward a suite of offices adjoining the lobby.

"Ann Branton's place?" he whispered.

Slim nodded, then stepped back and looked through the curtained window. At her desk in an inner room Miss Branton sat talking to a client; but she saw Slim and rose, motioning impulsively for him to enter. As he opened the door she met him and took his outstretched hand eagerly in hers.

"Good old Slim," she said. "I've been hoping you would come back. I want you to go to work on those McKinnon claims again. And I want your honest opinion of the property."

"Ann," said Slim, paying no heed to her remarks, but holding her hand and appraising her with slow appreciative gaze, "if you would do your hair differently, fluff it out or something, and if you would wear silks instead of that plain serge—why, girl, you would be a riot instead of just a successful little broker."

Just for an instant, as Slim talked, a quick warm light softened the hard lines of her face and a faint flush stole into her cheeks. Then abruptly her eyes clouded, and she removed her hand from his.

"Don't act like that," he chided. "I didn't come in here looking for a job. I'm not broke yet." He took a few pieces of silver from his pocket. "Nearly three dollars left," he said. "Enough to pay for our evening meal—if you're not too hungry."

"I have an engagement for dinner," she evaded hastily, nervously. "Some other time. Come with me now. I want you to meet a friend of mine." Slim followed into her private room. "Mr. Fenton," she said to the man sitting there, "I want you to meet Mr. Reynolds."

Slim found himself shaking the limp unwelcoming hand of a well-groomed man of middle age—a man whose expressionless saurian eyes appraised him as if weighing, calculating his worth, and then glanced away as if from something inanimate, offensive.

The girl noticed this, and her face became a mask, the lines etched with the sharp steel of controlled anger.

"Mr. Reynolds once worked on the McKinnon property," she said deliberately, as if seeking to touch a sensitive

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Slim With Desperate Courage Fought His Way Up the Treacherous Breast of the Barrier. Hidden Branches Clutched at His Feet

The Making of a Stockbroker

By EDWIN LEFÈVRE

CARTOONS BY M. L. BLUMENTHAL

WHEN I became customers' man for Reade & Co., Mr. Wing resumed, I had been more than two years learning the brokerage business. Before that I had already made up my mind that it was a good business and that New York was the place to do it in. I knew the clerical end, and now in the front office I was getting to know the profit-producing end. After all, business success consists of success in getting business, and I used to think of what I might do if, or when, the opportunity came. I didn't plan to sit down and wait for opportunity to knock at my door. I knew I must go out and meet it; but I intended to know exactly what to do when I held it up. I read everything that I could lay my hands on that had any bearing on the ways of New York stockbrokers – books, newspaper articles, magazine stories, everything. I made it a point to listen to the customers. The old ones told me of the past, and, as you know, there is much to learn from the experience of others. Moreover, there is far more financial history unwritten than there is printed, and that kind you can get only by word of mouth. By listening I found that I learned a great deal, not alone about market matters but about the customers themselves. You get a pretty good line on a man by the way he reacts to news and events. His point of view, what he assimilates, what he misses of the lesson—all are instructive to a broker, who must learn to know his clients. From the younger men I learned how inexperience views the same events—and one always has inexperienced customers. I began to perceive the workings of hope when unsupported by knowledge, and of fear when unchecked by comprehension, and the always-present danger of greed, which blinds men to the obvious and to the inevitable.

I didn't get all this in a month. But I really saw the educational possibilities of my new job in Reade's front office almost from the first. The customers were the men to whom I should have to sell service and knowledge. Hence what my own curriculum must be was plain to me, because my needs were not at all mysterious. I was lucky enough to realize that so long as I was learning I could afford to let everything else wait—my own wages, my own wishes or the kind of job that would please me the most. Patience on my part wasn't so admirable as it sounds when I tell about it. I never sprint excepting on a clear track. In any case, I was not thinking of my New York career with such impatience as to unfit me for my work in Reade's. I was known in Boston, after my four years at Cambridge and three years with Devlin and with Reade. I knew no end of people who knew me. In the brokerage business I at least had mastered what Bagehot calls the idiom of the place. An employer could quickly classify me and accurately appraise my worth to him. All this made Boston a comfortable place in which to continue my business education. But I never lost sight of the fact that New York was the place for big business.

Working Out of Debt

I SPENT my annual two weeks' vacation at home of course. I must say here I don't believe there is a nicer place in which to spend a fortnight's holiday than Maine. I say this not because I'm a Maine man, but because I've been in many other places and I know.

While I was home I was just my father's son and welcome guest, and I had a much nicer time than a fifteen-dollar-a-week broker's clerk could reasonably expect. I may confess here that in those days of my virtuous apprenticeship I used to get an allowance from home, not munificent, but enough to keep me from unnecessary hardships. I considered that it was plain business sense for me to ask and accept that allowance, and I want to tell you that it was at my own insistence that it was not excessive. As soon as I had an income that enabled me to save money after paying for a moderately comfortable living, I began to repay my father. As long as I knew I was not extravagant I did not have to stint myself of decent food and a comfortable room. In time I paid back every cent my father had sent me while I was at school and college and at work in Boston. I wanted to do it. I wanted the feel of it; not the gesture of it, but the consciousness of it. I never owed money to anyone except my father—I mean personal debts—and I didn't want to owe him; not money, that is. And I can tell you this, that it gave my father just as much pleasure to get my checks canceling my indebtedness as it gave me to send them to him. He returned the compliment in the only way he could. When he died he left me every cent he had. Of course I was the only child, but I had done very well. I was a partner in the firm and had enough for all my needs and more. But I knew exactly what was in his mind.

It was up in Maine that summer that I met a man by the name of Watts, who is today the president of a big Boston bank with which my firm has very close affiliations. He had a brother, Tom, who was then in the office of Bronson & Barnes. I knew the firm of course. It was a reputable brokerage house, and did a larger business than Reade & Co. But what interested me from the start was the fact that they had a branch office in New York. That showed me that they did a pretty good business. For a number of years they had had as New York correspondents two and at times even three well-known Stock Exchange houses. Watts told me Mr. Barnes once told him that they kept quite a balance with those firms, so that if one of them should fail it would mean a pretty hard whack for Bronson & Barnes. The firm finally decided to open an office in New York and do their own clearing. Neither Colonel Bronson nor Mr. Barnes would go to New York to live, so they took in as partner Mr. Joseph Williamson. They bought him a seat on the New York Stock Exchange and put him in charge of the New York office. Mr. Williamson was the board member. He was busy on the floor all day executing the orders that came over the wire from Boston. All that I had heard about Bronson & Barnes was good.

But Watts had put just one thought in my head. So I asked him, "Do they do much New York business?"

"How do you mean?"

"Does Mr. Williamson also attend to getting business in New York or is the New York office simply to execute the orders from Boston and save commissions and clear stocks?" I asked.

"I don't imagine they've gone after New York business very hard. I say this without knowing positively, but I rather suspect my brother, Tom, would have mentioned it to me if they had."

"I am very anxious to find out," I told Watts.

"Why?"

"Because I want to get a job in that New York office."

"Do you think you can get business there?" he asked me.

"I've been planning to do something like this for over a year now," I told him. "If they send me there to get business I'll get it. How much I can get in a week or a month or a year I don't know. But I'll get some, and you know that nothing brings business like business. Getting more when you have some is no job, but getting some when you haven't any is harder and takes longer. But, anyhow, I know this: That New York is the one place in the United States where you can get enough stock business to make it worth while; and I am heading that way."

Holiday Friends

I DON'T know whether my words or my manner made an impression on Mr. Watts or whether it was because he was such a fine helpful man or because playing tennis together had made him friendly to me, but he promised me with much earnestness: "I'll speak to Colonel Bronson about you when I get back to Boston. I'll make it a special point to do so."

"That's very nice of you, Mr. Watts," I said, "and I am very grateful to you, but I wouldn't put you to all that bother."

"It will be a pleasure, Jack," he assured me, and I could see he meant it.

So I promptly said, "All the same I'd feel much easier in my mind if you just gave me a letter of introduction to the colonel. Do you object to doing that?"

"No; of course not. Bronson is running for mayor of his home town. He has promised to give that burg a business administration, and as he is a man of his word and hasn't one enemy, he will not only be elected but he will probably spend all his time in the city hall keeping his promise. He is the kind of man who never does anything by halves."

"That will be fine," I said. We played several sets of tennis and he beat me by one. After we'd had a shower I got him to write and give me the letter of introduction.

You see, I didn't doubt that Dan Watts would be willing and even glad to speak to Colonel Bronson about me—if he happened to think of it or if the chance offered when he could do it in a nice way—but the fact that I was set on getting the job didn't blind me to the fact that the friendly intimacy which vacation time and the holiday mood breed among men does not long survive the atmosphere of the city, where the bread-winning needs take so much concentration and time. You go camping with a comparative stranger, or sailing or fishing. Time exists then for pleasure, for being merry together, and not for making a living for yourself. In three days in the woods or on a boat you call the stranger by his first name. He'd do anything for you because he knows you'd do anything for him. He's a good fellow and you're a good fellow, and in your sudden but close companionship you find the twin of an old and tried friendship. After a fortnight together you are Damon to his Pythias. If it so happens that you have both been in danger together, however slight, why, you simply turn into the Siamese twins.

But after a few weeks in the city each goes back to his own life and Damon forgets Pythias' last name. So I decided to take no chances, and made sure I'd get to see Colonel Bronson by making sure of the letter of introduction. After I got it I asked Dan Watts to speak to his brother, Tom. I knew Tom slightly. I had met him at luncheon with other colleagues—fellow clerks in other brokers' offices.

When I got to town the first thing I did was to get a cousin of mine, who was the head of a big corporation, to give me another letter of introduction to Colonel Bronson, whom he knew very well. That suggested to me that I might as well go to Colonel Bronson well fortified with references, so I asked everybody I knew if they knew Bronson, and those who did had to give me a letter of introduction. In between times I found out a lot about the firm. It made me more anxious than ever to land that New York job.

I think I took seven letters of introduction with me when I went to the office of Bronson & Barnes and asked for Colonel Bronson. Mr. Barnes in those days was the board member and was busy on the floor of the Stock Exchange

I can't tell you exactly what my first impression was of a man who not only became my chief and honored senior partner but, to boot, a kind and staunch friend whose example has been an inspiration to me as to hundreds of others. You see, I came to know him so well and to have such affection for him that I cannot describe accurately what I thought of him the first time I spoke to him. I know I was neither awed nor repelled in any way. He was, it was easy for me to see at once, kindly and shrewd, pleasant and businesslike, genial and alert. I may say that those to whom I had spoken had probably prepared me for what I found in him—among others Tom Watts, Dan's brother, a very clever chap who was a clerk in the colonel's office and is now one of our partners.

Well, I gave my letters of introduction to Colonel Bronson, and he read each and every one from the letterhead to the typist's initial at the bottom. When he had finished reading them he turned and looked up at me not a whit more kindly than before he knew how many of his friends were also my friends.

"What can I do for you?" he asked me.

Bearding the Lion

I THOUGHT of Dan Watts' enthusiastic approval of my decision to go to work in New York for Bronson & Barnes. I said, "I've been advised to get a job with Bronson & Barnes."

"Oh, there must be some mistake," said Colonel Bronson regretfully

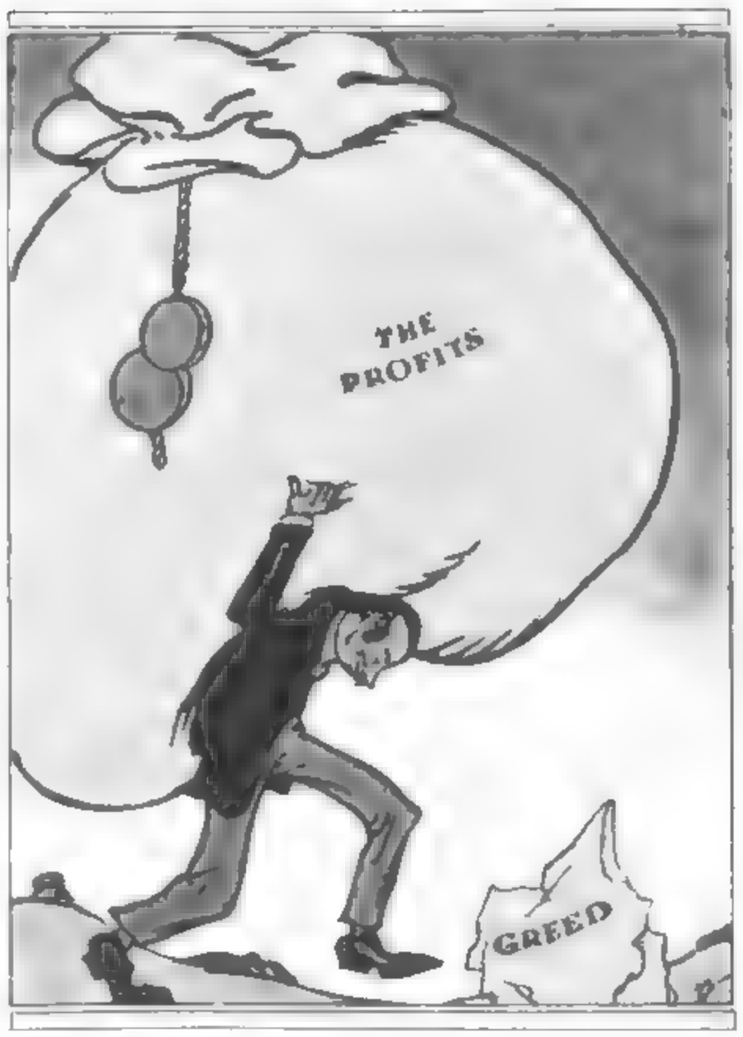
"No mistake, sir. This is the office," I assured him.

"My dear boy, we have more help than business just now," he said, and laughed.

It made it more hopeless, his laughing did, than as if he had frowned. But I neither saw nor heard him. All my mind held at that moment was the one thought that I must go to New York, where the business was, and that Bronson & Barnes was the one firm in the world to get that business for. The New York notion had been mine for a year or more, but the firm I adopted then and there.

I rather imagine the colonel saw I hadn't taken in his remarks. He repeated them for my benefit. "Why, yes; we have more help than business just now."

"I can't help that, Colonel Bronson. I'm not thinking of wages. I want to work for you because this is the one firm that I want to do business for. I want to be trained in this office. I know all about you, and when you know me and I learn to do business the way you want me to do it, I am going to your New York office and get business for you there.



In the meantime the amount of help you have doesn't matter, because you don't have to think of the money I'll cost you. You can fix that part to suit yourself. But this is certainly the firm I am going to work for, and I might as well begin now as later."

I remember my own words accurately because it was an important occasion for me, and besides, Colonel Bronson has repeated them to me dozens of times. He says I actually took off my coat and looked around his private office for a hook to hang it on. But I didn't. I waited until he spoke again.

"And when can you go to work?"

"This minute," I said, and I guess I instinctively felt for my top coat button. But Colonel Bronson shook his head.

"Hold on," he said. "We really have all the help we need."

"In New York?" I asked.

"Yes."

"And have you all the business there that you can handle?" I persisted

He hesitated, then —

"Well, we are always willing to grow and take on more help. Just at this moment I am in the throes of a municipal campaign in Shoreham. You come in and see me after the election. If I am elected I shan't be in the office so much, and perhaps Mr. Barnes may find a place for you. But I may not be elected."

"Well, Colonel Bronson, I hope the election will go the way you wish it to go. But I'll come in for the job anyhow. Good luck, sir," I said, and was going away when he called me.

"Hold on. Shake hands." And I did. I felt that I got red all over and then he laughed. I suppose it was because I blushed

As a matter of fact, he was elected practically unanimously. I have heard that he got every vote in the town except six, and those were probably Democrats who hadn't lived there more than a few months and didn't get around among the natives much. The total vote was several thousands, so you can see for yourself what kind of man Samuel Adams Bronson was considered to be by people who had known him for years.

Back to the Attack

THE very next morning after the election I went down to his office. He wasn't in, and had sent word that he wouldn't be until the afternoon.

At 12:05 I was back at the office. He was in. It wasn't hard to get to see the head of that firm of stockbrokers then or at any other time.

"Good afternoon, Colonel Bronson. I congratulate you, sir," I said. I suspect I looked as if I had come in to see him as a mere matter of form, before going to my desk in the next room

"Thank you. Let me see, you are Mr. John Wing, aren't you?"

"Yes, sir. Thank you for remembering. Now that you are elected I am ready to go to work at anything you say."

"You are, eh?"

"Yes, sir. The important thing to me is to go to work here."

"Are you as keen for the brokerage business as all that?"

"It's a good business and that is why I wish to learn to do it the way Bronson & Barnes do it."

"You approve of us, hey?" He was smiling. His good humor probably was the momentum of his satisfaction over an unprecedented political victory.

"I found out a great deal about the firm. Yes, sir. And the more I found out, the more I wanted to come to work here. I had some of those letters of introduction ten days before I called on you. The reason was that I wanted to make sure this office was what I had heard it was. And it was. And I am here, sir, hoping you'll take me in."

"Well, it's very nice to hear that. But I am afraid the situation here is still the same—more help than business."

"Of course," I said, "as I told you, the salary needn't worry you, and then it isn't here that I want to work, but in New York."

"Why?"

"Because New York is where the business is; and where the business is, that's where I want to be, because I want to get lots of it."

"But you don't know anybody there."

"No, sir. But you know that that merely makes it more interesting to go after it. It seems to me that the New York stock market is growing so fast that everybody in the United States will have to go there in time, and I'd like to get there before the crowd is bigger."

"And you think the money is there?"

"I know the business is, and where the business is the money is."

"Always." He smiled queerly

"Yes, sir," I said. "That is, if the business is the kind of business we want. If I can get the business the firm will make

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PHILADELPHIA, JUNE 7, 1924

The Tall Men

SEVERAL years before his death Emerson Hough planned three novels about the American pioneer. He lived to finish two of them, The Covered Wagon and North of 36, both of which appeared serially in THE SATURDAY EVENING POST. The third of these novels, The Tall Men, was sketched out but not written at the time of his death. In it he planned to celebrate those restless sons of Kentucky, of Virginia, and of Missouri who pushed our frontier forward to the Pacific and fought it south to the Rio Grande.

To the last, Emerson Hough wrote to preserve the old pioneer traditions and to reawaken the old pioneer virtues that gave fiber to the American character. Hough died before his book was finished, but Kentucky, whose tall men were in the van of these great movements, and whose sons have gone forth to the East, the West, the North and the South, is calling them back home in June to celebrate the present of the old state at Louisville and its past at Harrodsburg; to honor the men who were an honor to Kentucky and to revive the spirit that made America great.

Your Kentuckian may have gone to California and have learned to love its cañons and its rugged peaks; or have made his home on the rich prairies of the Middle West; or have grown into the life of half-alien New York; but there is always with him a memory of the old state and of his forbears, the tall men with the long rifles, who lived straight and shot straight, and to whom covered-wagon days were something more than a jazz tune.

Texas Versus Henry

TEXAS has a grievance. It appears that several weeks ago Mr. Stuart Henry, author of Hours With Famous Parisians, published an article in which he challenged the historical accuracy of certain scenes and incidents in the late Emerson Hough's spirited novel, North of 36.

Mr. Hough was so long and so closely identified with the cattle country of the Southwest, and was such a loving and faithful historian of our old frontier and of the sturdy pioneers who reared an empire to the north and east of the Rio Grande, that any unwarranted criticism of his novel was bound to stir up the wrath of a horde of old-timers, many of whom were not only aware of the essential truth of his story but had also been of material assistance to him in his efforts to reconstruct and repeople the old cow country.

This time it was the expected that happened. The counterblast directed toward the author of Paris Days and Evenings would have perhaps been less cyclonic had he confined his strictures to Mr. Hough's novel; but in an unguarded paragraph he went farther afield and presented a highly unflattering picture of men who are still living and of others who left sons and daughters to revere their memory. What Texans particularly resent is the statement made by the author of French Essays and Profiles to the effect that the pioneers were gaunt, wizened, homely, hungry, weary, unromantic and leading sordid lives.

We are indebted to the Houston Chronicle for an extended account of the whole controversy. The quotation of a single paragraph—and it is not the most censorious one that might be selected—will suffice to show how keen is the resentment felt toward Mr. Hough's critic:

> When the Texas and Southwestern Cattle Raisers' Association met in Houston recently, probably the most dramatic incident of the convention came when William Atkinson, of Goliad, himself a veteran trail driver, stood before the delegates, bitterly denounced Henry, declared his statements false, and then presented Mrs. Amanda Burks, a woman eighty-eight years old, a living refutation of Henry's declaration that no Texas woman ever went to Kansas with a cattle drive.

Mrs. Burks, owner of a forty-five-thousand-acre ranch near Cotulla, is said to have been the original of Mr. Hough's heroine, Taisie Lockhart. At all events, she is the fine type of pioneer womanhood he endeavored to portray; and she actually made the long trip from the Nueces River, across Texas, Oklahoma and Kansas, on into the hills of Wyoming, accompanying her husband when he drove a large herd of cattle into that state.

Next to Mrs. Burks, Mr. George W. Saunders, of San Antonio, is perhaps Mr. Hough's star witness. Mr. Saunders, president of the Old Time Trail Drivers' Association, was driving cattle during the very years covered in North of 36. He wrote a book about his experiences, and, with his permission, Mr. Hough drew freely upon it. Mr. Saunders earnestly vouches for Mr. Hough's historical accuracy. He ought to know. So ought Mr. William Atkinson, of Goliad. So ought Mr. J. R. Blocker, of San Antonio, and Mr. W. P. Webb, professor of history at the University of Texas. We might, if need be, summon scores of witnesses to tell the same story, old-timers touched on the raw by Mr. Henry's words, men who venerate the Texan pioneers and who know what extraordinary pains Mr. Hough always took to embody authentic history in his romances of American life.

Emerson Hough has been dead a year or more and no other writer has sprung up to take his place. We firmly believe that as time passes, as the older generation goes to its rest and as the increase of population wipes out the last vestiges of our frontiers, his fascinating and veracious records of our national past will take rank in public esteem with those of Washington Irving and James Fenimore Cooper. No American writer has ever loved his own land more deeply or has been more profoundly inspired by pride in her old virile stock than the author of The Covered Wagon.

The Dawes Plan in Practice

THE Report of the Dawes Committee to the Reparation Commission is admirable in clarity of statement. A new bank of issue is to be set up for Germany. The currency is to be stabilized and the budget of the state balanced. A schedule of reparation payments is devised. A broad and comprehensive system of taxation is evolved that in effect takes the ill-gotten wealth concentrated in the hands of the few through the depreciation of the mark and makes it available for reparation payments. In order that all this may be made possible, the economic sovereignty of Germany is recognized. Many procedures and safeguards are devised. Finally, the meat of the coconut: The procedure is outlined whereby the reparations payments of Germany are transferred into foreign currency. This is the matter of most importance to the other trading countries of the world and ought to be understood by all business men.

Raising taxes in home money within a country is one thing; transferring those funds outside of that country is a very different thing. For the sake of clarity, the mechanism to be employed is resolved into the simplest terms. The payments may flow out of Germany in one of four ways—goods, services, currency and securities.

First, the taxes to be used in payment of reparations are deposited to the account of the agent for reparation payments. The disposal of these funds, which are in German marks, is under the control of the transfer committee.

Payments may take the shape of goods in one of three ways. Certain deliveries in kind were provided for in the Treaty of Peace. Other goods may be selected with the approval of the transfer committee, and the receiving governments may turn marks over to their nationals for purchases of goods in Germany. These goods must be taken only for use in the country of the recipient, not for reexport, except by unanimous agreement. The transfer committee must guard the interests of Germany, that she be not depleted.

Services might be within or without Germany. External services would be in shipping, insurance, and so forth. Internal services might be in the use of German labor to elaborate imported raw materials. Payment by goods would naturally be in terms of materials indigenous to Germany; but services might be secured as payment and applied to the manufacture of imported raw materials, the finished goods to be taken out for consumption in the recipient country. The transfer committee would designate allocations, protecting Germany from exploitation.

The report does not specify services, but since marks in the possession of the agents of the recipient countries in Germany could be used for all approved purchases, clearly services could be bought as well as goods and the authority of the transfer committee would extend over them.

The transfer committee would have the function of converting German currency into foreign currencies, these to be turned over to the Allies. But the volume of such conversions would be limited by the conditions of the exchange market and could not be permitted to threaten the stability of the new German currency. This would be one of the most important functions of the arrangement.

Finally, the transfer committee would be empowered to make internal loans in Germany or to invest in German bonds, which might be sold whenever the conditions of German exchange would warrant it.

In the event of German money piling up on the transfer committee in amounts that could not be transferred outside of the country without risk to the internal economy, the schedule of payments would be modified accordingly.

This looks all right until the trading begins. Then it will be found that these trades cut across established commerce, and the receiving countries will turn against each other. Suppose France and Italy claim enough coal from Germany to cover their full import needs. Waving aside the question of whether Germany could yield this much coal without injury to her industries, if Great Britain were to lose all her export coal trade to France and Italy, that would disorganize her coal mining, make the payment of minimum wages to miners precarious and wipe out the fixed minimum profits to operators. Great Britain might therefore be expected to resist French and Italian coal demands on Germany quite as much as Germany. If Great Britain were to cover all her needs for potash from Germany, that would be a blow to the potash deposits of France. Point after point, the Allies would find their trade interests in competition.

Once under way, the scheme would resolve itself into a series of agreements and compromises all round. The upshot might be that the Allies might find it to their interests, all things considered, to accept from Germany less than the sums to which she had obligated herself. How much Germany can pay under this scheme, and how much the Allies can receive, will be determined by trial and error. This may look like an experimental method, but it seems to be the only sound method. The opportunities are made widely available, the interests of all are safeguarded and economic principles are respected. In this manner the world would secure a business settlement of the reparation problem and the politicians would have little to do with it.

Our Trade Rivals, the British

By Alfred Pearce Dennis

Special European Representative United States Department of Commerce

ENGLAND has been compared to a wearied Titan. Upon the shoulders of this colossus bestriding the world new and heavy burdens have been laid by the war. The England of today is not the England of a decade ago. Dean Inge, one of the most acute of British contemporary thinkers, takes the ground that British prosperity culminated more than a generation ago and is now on the wane. The prosperity and security of the Victorian Age, he remarks, were due to causes which can never recur.

At the moment when the United States was beginning to challenge British mercantile supremacy the American Civil War broke out. Later the Franco-Prussian War enabled the British again to trade with both belligerents, to the immense enrichment of the country. In the decade preceding the Great War the question of Germany's commercial rivalry with Great Britain was being seriously mooted in the four corners of the globe.

Britain's Feeding Problem

THE sharp cutting edge of German competition in world markets having been blunted, America stands out today as Britain's most formidable rival for the trade of the world. Certainly we need foreign markets as never before in our history. The war keyed up our production and we are faced with the problem of what to do with mounting surpluses. Our farmers are raising 180,000,000 bushels more wheat than we can use at home. The feet of our entire population could be shod with 60 per cent of our shoe factories operating on full time. Our steel-ingot capacity is already 10,000,000 tons in excess of domestic needs.

War, like death, is a great leveler. To what extent has the war brought down British competitive capacity in foreign markets to our own level? It is interesting first to inquire into the extent to which the war has apparently shaken Britain's commercial structure. Looking first at this side of the picture, certain adverse influences may be noted.

Five hundred and sixty thousand able-bodied men were left dead on the field of battle. This loss of man power has been augmented by heavy postwar emigration. The surplusage of women over men in Great Britain has mounted up to 1,750,000 souls. This excess of women intensifies competition, lowers wages, embitters the struggle for existence and reduces relatively the wealth-producing capacity of the nation. Despite the loss of man power due to war and emigration, the population of Great Britain has increased nearly 2,000,000 in the last decade.

The multiplication of young mouths to be fed, along with the progressive curtailment of grain-growing, serves to confirm the dependence of the country upon imported foods. The value of British food imports, including drink and tobacco, in 1923 shows an increase of 71 per cent over 1913. The bread-producing capacity of the country diminishes as the country becomes increasingly overindustrialized. There was a time when native-grown grain fed 24,000,000 of the population, while it now provides for less than 8,000,000 people. Deducting seed and the requirements for poultry feeding, the native wheat harvest produces bread for hardly more than one month's consumption. The British grain grower is flat on his back. He can't hold his own against competition with cheap foreign grain. Consequently arable land is reverting to pasturage and the bill for imported bread continues to rise

Increase in Population

THE enormous increase in the population of Great Britain during the Victorian Age was a phenomenon unique in history. It came through industrial revolution and the development of new food-producing areas beyond the seas. The extraordinary increase in the population of England and Wales in the nineteenth century was the result of a high birth rate stimulated by cheap food and a poor law which encouraged irresponsible parentage. The conveyance of cheap overseas food to the British Isles, paid for by British goods, enabled human labor to subsist and multiply in great industrial centers. Coal, cotton and woolen textiles are the currency in which Britain pays for imported food. A severe drop in the export of cotton textiles finds its

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LOOKING THEM OVER

SHORT TURNS AND ENCORES

Adventures of Alice

"WELL," said the Red Knight cheerfully, as he entered his campaign headquarters and deposited his silk hat on the water cooler, "the campaign is in full swing."

"Whaddya mean, swing?" said Alice, who was acting as his private secretary, and was busily engaged in opening the mail.

"My Western agents report that I'll swing a big vote out there," said the Red Knight. "I'm leaving tomorrow night to swing round the circle, and my opponents have just issued a statement that my maternal great-great-granduncle was hanged."

"Aren't you going to reply to that canard?" Alice asked.

"Certainly not," said the candidate. "I'll treat it with the silent contempt that it deserves. I'll just issue a short statement that I scorn to indulge in personalities. And I'll add that my opponent is a crook and a liar and that his ancestors on both sides were pirates, horse thieves, second-story men and burglars. That's the way to treat a statement of that sort. I intend to wage a clean campaign."

"At-a-boy," said Alice, continuing to sort out the mail. "Here's one that looks like a nasty slam," she said, opening a newspaper. "What do they mean by saying that you're presidential timber?"

"Oh, that's all right! It means, of course, that I'm a chip of the old bloc," replied the Red Knight. "You see, when it comes to log rolling it's important to have a man of the right timber. It's useful when they start to manufacture the planks in the party platform."

"It sounds sort of like being a carpenter, doesn't it?" said Alice.

"That's just what it is," replied the Red Knight. "A successful candidate must be able to hammer away at his opponents so as to nail their campaign lies."

"I never thought of that," said Alice. "I suppose that in politics it's important to know how to use tools properly."

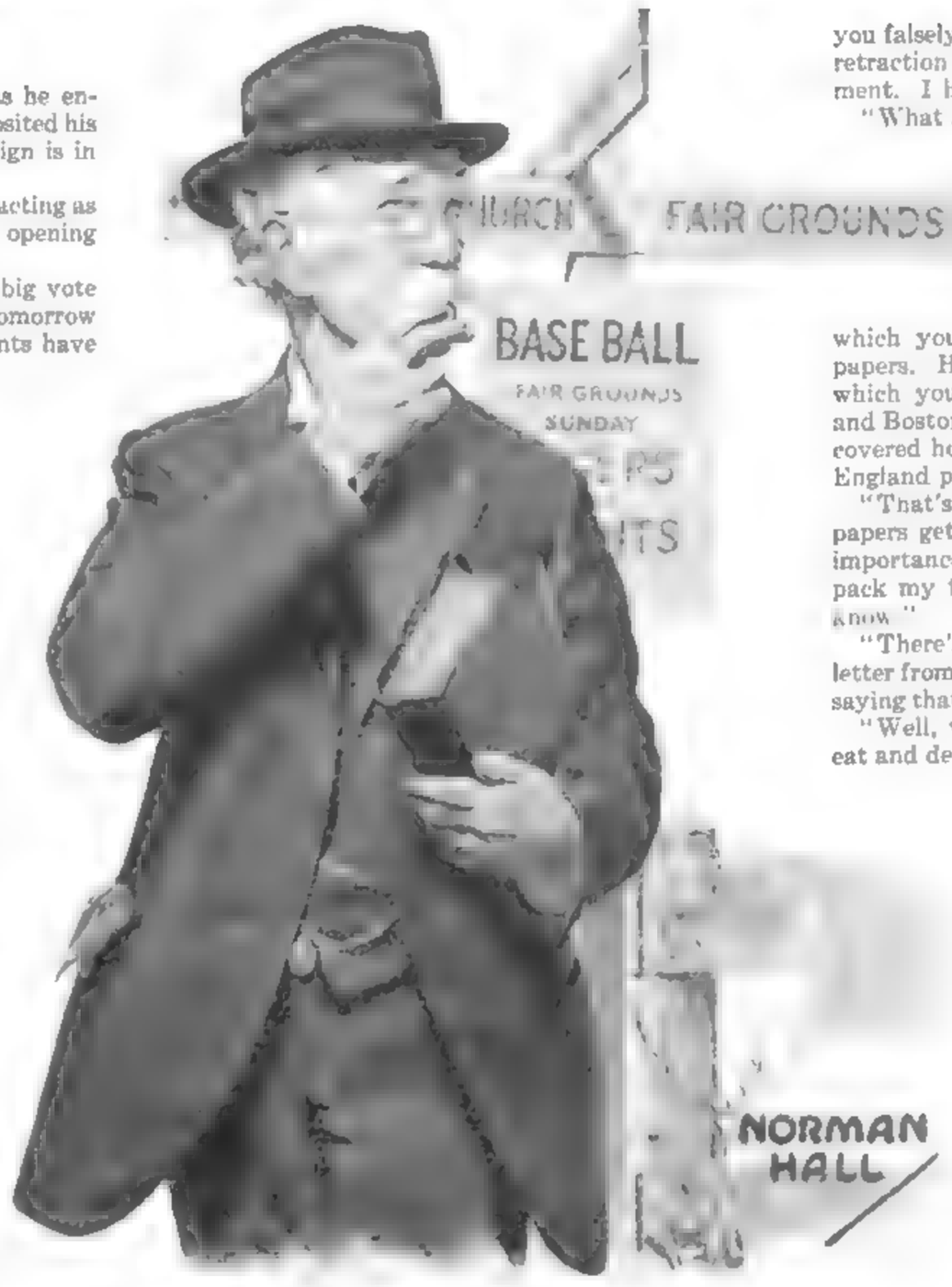
"Properly isn't the word," said the Red Knight. "But the important thing is to get men of the right timber. How else can they make a cabinet?"

"Here's a check from The International Gadget Trust for a million dollars," said Alice, opening another envelope. "They inclose a letter saying that they have sent a check for the same amount to the Opposition, and with best wishes for your success they are yours truly."

"Write them a letter," exclaimed the Red Knight indignantly, "and tell them that under no circumstances will I accept a contribution from any soulless corporation. Tell them that I am the people's candidate and my campaign will be financed by ten-cent contributions from the common people. And when you go out to lunch take the check over to the bank and deposit it"

"Here's a letter from the Maternity Hospital asking permission to name three new babies after you."

"Write them that they can go as far as they like. And give a statement to the newspapers saying that my candidacy has been indorsed by organized labor."



Detour

"Here's one that looks rather serious," said Alice as she tore the wrapper off a newspaper. "This article says that you were the lawyer for the Kerosene Trust."

"That's an outrageous falsehood," said the Red Knight. "Take this letter to the editor of that paper."

Alice poised her pencil, and the Red Knight dictated as follows:

"My attention has been called to a scurrilous article in your paper in which you state that I was attorney for the Kerosene Trust on an annual retainer of $100,000. I wish to brand that statement as an unqualified falsehood. In the first place I am not a lawyer. Secondly, I represented the Kerosene Trust as their attorney in one small case that did not involve kerosene in any way. Thirdly, supposing I did? Fourthly, my annual retainer was not $100,000, as you falsely state, but $250,000. I trust you will give this retraction the same publicity you gave your original statement. I have never been a tool of the vested interests."

"What are vested interests?" Alice asked.

"It's short for invested interests," said the Red Knight, "as distinguished from the rest of the country who constitute the divested interests. Now how about those photographs?"

"I have them all here," said Alice. "Here's a picture of the log cabin in which you were born, for the Southern and Western papers. Here's the picture of the East Side tenement in which you were born, for the New York, Philadelphia and Boston papers. And here's a picture of the white, ivy-covered house in which you were born, for the rural New England papers."

"That's fine," said the candidate. "See that the right papers get the right pictures. Is there anything else of importance? I want to run up to my little green house and pack my toothbrush. I'm leaving tomorrow night, you know."

"There's just one thing more," said Alice. "Here's a letter from Elphalet K. McGillicuddy, the Benzine King, saying that he's sending you six or four cows by telegraph."

"Well, when the cows arrive give them something to eat and deposit them in my personal account. Good-by."

—Newman Levy.

The Salome Sun

Gas—and a Little Oil

IT'S Lots of Fun Playing with Words and seeing What you Can Do with them—like building a Fire Place out of old Malapai Bowlders and having a Devil of a Time trying to Make Them Fit and Stay Put—and then Wondering if it's Going to Smoke or not.

Once in a while our Wheels Squeak—but Most Generally we Try to Keep them Greased.

Between this Greasewood Golf and that new Game called Ma Jones a Tourist left here we don't get Much Time for Work.

You can't always tell for sure if a Man is from Missouri or not, but you Don't Have to Tell if he is From Texas. I was there Once myself and got lost in Some Bodys Cow Pasture and I was a Day and a Half Looking for the Gate. Before I found it I commenced to think that Texas covered the Whole World.

It was a Lucky Day for Smoky Shaw when he got bit with a Rattlesnake Last Summer. Smoky got his Leg chewed Off with a Bear a good many Years ago and it was the Wooden One got Bit this time. Smoky says it didn't hurt much but it started to Swell Up on him and he Started to Whittling it Down and it kept a Swelling Up and he kept a Whittling it Down and he made enough Selling Kindling Off from it to keep him in Chewing Tobacco all Winter. Smoky's running around now looking for Another Snake

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Mr. and Mrs. Beans

"Oh, Beans, Dear! Buster is Growing Up So Fast We Ought to Begin to Think of His Future

"What Do You Think You Want to be, Darling, When You Grow Up?"

"Gee! I Want to be Just Like Daddy—

"Snooze Around the House All Day and Stay Out With a Bunch of Sporty Guys All Night"

Campbell's

for
good beans!

Slow-cooked Digestible

BILL THE CONQUEROR

CHAPTER IV

By P. G. Wodehouse

ILLUSTRATED BY MAY WILSON PRESTON

THERE is something about the manner in which spring comes to England that reminds one of the overtures of a diffident puppy trying to make friends. It takes a deprecating step forward, scuttles away in a panic, steals timorously back and finally, gaining confidence, makes a tumultuous and joyful rush. The pleasant afternoon that had lured Mr. Sinclair Hammond out to sit in his garden had been followed by a series of those discouraging April days when the sun shines feebly and spasmodically, easily discouraged by any blustering cloud that swaggers across its path, and chilly showers lie in wait for those who venture out without an umbrella. But now, two weeks later, a morning had arrived that might have belonged to June. A warm breeze blew languidly from the west and the sun shone royally on a grateful world; so that even Wimbledon Common, though still retaining something of that brooding air that never completely leaves large spaces of public ground on which the proletariat may at any moment scatter paper bags, achieved quite a cheerful aspect; and the garden of Holly House, across the road from the common, was practically a paradise.

So, at least, it seemed to Flick, strolling on the lawn. The trees that fringed the wall were a green mist of young leaves; a snow of apple blossoms covered the turf of the little orchard; daffodils nodded their golden heads on every side. There was a heartening smell of new-turned earth and the air was filled with mingled noises, ranging from the silver bubbling of a thrush in the shrubbery to the distant contralto of Mrs. Frances Hammond taking a singing lesson in the drawing-room. And such was the magic of the day that not even this last manifestation of spring fever could quell Flick's mood of ecstasy.

"Look! This Letter Came for My Uncle—it Came This Morning"

She was trying now to analyze her feelings. Why was every nerve in her body vibrating with a sort of rapturous excitement? Certainly not because at 4:30 that afternoon she was to call at Roderick's office in Tilbury House and be taken by him to tea at Claridge's. She was fond of Roderick; but whatever his merits, the thought of seeing him was not enough to intoxicate any girl, even though she and he might be engaged to be married. No, what was thrilling her, she decided, was just that vague feeling of something nice about to happen that comes to the young at this season of the year. We graybeards, who have been deceived so often by the whisper of spring, are proof against the wheedlings of an April morning. We know that there is nothing wonderful lurking round the corner and consequently decline to be lured into false anticipations of joy. But at twenty-one it is different, and Flick Sheridan had that feeling.

She paused in her walk to watch the goldfish in their cement-bottomed pool. The breeze was stronger now, and it ruffled the surface of the water, so that the goldfish had for the moment a sort of syncopated appearance. The breeze became stronger still, and shifted from west to east; and as if spring had repented of its effusiveness, the air grew chilly.

The white clouds that had been flitting across the face of the sun began to bank themselves. Flick turned toward the house to get a wrap; and as she did so there came through the open window of Mr. Hammond's study on the ground floor a cry suggestive of dismay and wrath, followed instantly by the appearance of papers, which took to themselves wings and fluttered sportively about Flick's head. Mr. Hammond came into sight, framed in the window, his hair ruffled and a splash of ink on his forehead.

"Ass of a maid opened the door and started a draft. Pick 'em up, there's a good girl."

Flick collected the papers. She handed them in through the window. Mr. Hammond vanished, and simultaneously the weather did another of its lightning changes. The wind dropped, the sun shone out stronger than ever; and Flick, abandoning all ideas of wraps, returned to her stroll. She had just reached the lawn again when she became aware of a derelict piece of paper, overlooked in her recent gleaning. It was gamboling over the turf in the direction of the pool, hotly pursued by Bob, the Sealyham terrier, who was obviously under the impression that he had before him one of the birds he spent his life in chasing.

The paper dodged and doubled like a live thing. It paused till Bob was almost on it, then playfully skipped away. Finally, finding that Bob stuck to the chase, it took the only way out and dived into the pool. Bob, hovering uncertainly on the brink, decided to let the matter rest. He turned and trotted off into the bushes. A last puff of wind from the expiring breeze attached the paper to a lily pad; and Flick, angling with a rake, was enabled to retrieve it. She was just reaching down to lift it ashore when her eyes fell on the opening words—"Sir: If you would save a human life ——"

Flick, who had nice views about the sanctity of other people's letters, read no further. But her heart was beating quickly as she raced across the lawn toward Mr. Hammond's study.

"Uncle Sinclair!"

There was an exclamation of patient anguish on the other side of the window, such as Prometheus might have uttered when his torment became almost too hard to bear. Mr. Hammond was having a little difficulty with his article for the Fortnightly on Crashaw and Francis Thompson, a Comparison and a Contrast; and this was the third time he had been interrupted.

"Well?" The window framed him once more, and his severity diminished. "Oh, it's you, Flick! Will you kindly get right out of here, young woman, and give a man a chance to work? Go and make daisy chains."

"But, Uncle Sinclair, it's frightfully important." She held up the letter. "I couldn't help reading the first line. It says something about saving a human life. I thought you ought to have it at once."

Mr. Hammond reached behind him cautiously. The next moment a flannel penwiper sailed through the air and hit Flick between her earnest eyes.

"Good shot!" crowed Mr. Hammond exultantly. "That'll teach you to come interrupting me about begging letters in the middle of my work!"

"But ——"

"I remember the letter. I get dozens of them. They all say that the bed will be sold from under some poor dying woman unless one pound seven shillings and threepence is sent by return of post, and they are all written by nasty, grubby men who need a shave. Incidentally, if you ever set up in the begging-letter business, Flick, never ask for any round sum like five pounds. Nobody ever gives five pounds; but the world is full of asses who will tumble over themselves to send one pound seven and three or two pounds eleven and fivepence."

"But, Uncle Sinclair, how do you know?" persisted Flick with the resolute perseverance of her sex.

"Because I've looked into the thing. When I have leisure—which, may I say politely but firmly, at the moment I have not—I will give you some statistics that prove that nine-tenths of the begging letters are written by professionals, who make an excellent living at it. Now leave me, child, first restoring to me that penwiper. If I hear from you again before lunch I will brain you with the poker."

"But this may be one of the really genuine ——"

"It isn't."

"How do you know?"

"Instinct. Away with you to your childish pastimes!"

"Do you mind if I read it?"

"Frame it if you like. And don't forget what I said about that poker. I am a desperate man."

Flick returned to the lawn. She read the letter as she walked; and the sun, though it was doing its honest best now to pretend that midsummer had arrived, seemed to fade out of the sky. A chill desolation stalked through the pleasant garden. It was all very well for Uncle Sinclair to talk like that, but how could he know? This was the first begging letter that had ever come Flick's way, and she drank it in with that agonized sinking of the heart that begging-letter writers hope for so earnestly in their clients and so rarely bring out. To Flick, every word of it rang true, and she shivered with sheer misery at the thought that such things could be on a planet which ten minutes before had seemed filled to overflowing with happiness.

The letter was not that of a stylist, but it told a story. Written by a Mrs. Matilda Pawle, of Number 9, Marmont Mansions, Battersea, it raised the curtain on a world of

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836

The Passing of the Western Range

An ominous note crept into the wild, romantic life of the Old West during the seventies and eighties.

The cowboy of the open ranges came face to face with a strange, quiet figure—the man with a plow. Settlers began to swarm in on the new railroads. The great ranches began to break up into smaller farms. Some were left, to be sure, and still exist. But the days of the old open grazing were numbered. Fences cut off waterholes.

At first this seemed to threaten the nation's meat supply.

For the chief source of beef at that time was the vast herds of half-wild cattle that grazed the western plains, and this source, it now appeared, was being destroyed.

But the problem, as problems so often have a way of doing, provided its own solution.

Ranchers soon found that, by raising crops and turning at least a part of them into meat, their land would pay them more than when the animals ran over it in the old free way.

Farmers in the corn belt learned they could make more money by selling part of their grain "on the hoof," and also could thereby maintain the fertility of the soil.

And the smaller farmer saw that, even with only a few animals, he could now compete with the larger stock raisers.

So what happened was that the vast herds of beef cattle were merely broken up into smaller but better cared-for herds. A more profitable use was made of the land.

* * *

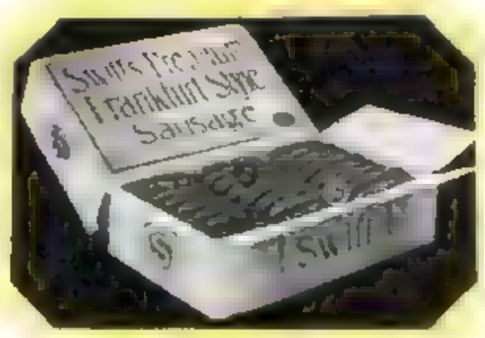
Swift & Company has developed with the changing conditions, and has provided stock raisers everywhere with conveniently located cash markets. Hundreds of branch houses and thousands of refrigerator cars make it possible to carry the farmers' meat economically from the packing plant to every large city in the country and to every small town and hamlet in the countryside. Swift & Company's service also goes beyond the seas, where foreign branches furnish a world market.

This service is performed at an average profit from all sources of only a fraction of a cent a pound.

Swift & Company

Founded 1868

A nation-wide organization owned by more than 46,000 shareholders



Continued from Page 38

whose very existence Flick had until now been but dimly aware a world of sickness and despair, of rent overdue, of wolves and landlords howling about the door. Flick, as she read it, sickened with sympathetic horror, and the gong for lunch, which reached her as she paced the lawn in agony of spirit, seemed like the cry of a mocking fiend. Lunch! Hot, well-cooked meats—toothsome salads—fruit—potatoes all the bread you wanted—and Mrs. Matilda Pawle, of No. 9, Marmont Mansions, Battersea, so reduced by fate that only three pounds sixteen and fourpence, sent promptly, could save her from the abyss!

Suddenly, as if a voice—that of Mrs. Pawle, possibly—had spoken in her ear, Flick remembered that in her bedroom upstairs she had certain gewgaws—rings, necklaces, a brooch ——

She walked to the house, and halfway there espied the corduroy trousers seat of John the gardener. He was bending over a flower bed, a worthy and amiable fellow with whom she had become almost chummy in February in connection with a matter of bulbs.

"Them tulips," observed John, not without a certain paternal pride, hoisting himself up at her approach, "'ll be out now before you know where you are, miss."

An hour ago Flick would have plunged light-heartedly into chatter about tulips. But not now. Tulips, once of absorbing interest to her, had ceased to grip. Mrs. Pawle's pneumonia had put them where they belonged, among the lesser things of life.

"John," said Flick, "have you ever pawned anything?"

John's manner took on a certain wariness. His story about that missing pair of shears back in July had been well received and he had assumed that the matter was closed. But you never knew in this world, for the world is full of scandalmongers who spread tales about honest men. To gain time he hitched up his corduroys and gazed woodenly at an aëroplane that purred in the blue like a distant cat. He was about to secure a further respite by stating that there had been none of them things when he was a boy, but Flick spared him the necessity.

"I was reading in a book about somebody pawning something, and I wondered how they did it."

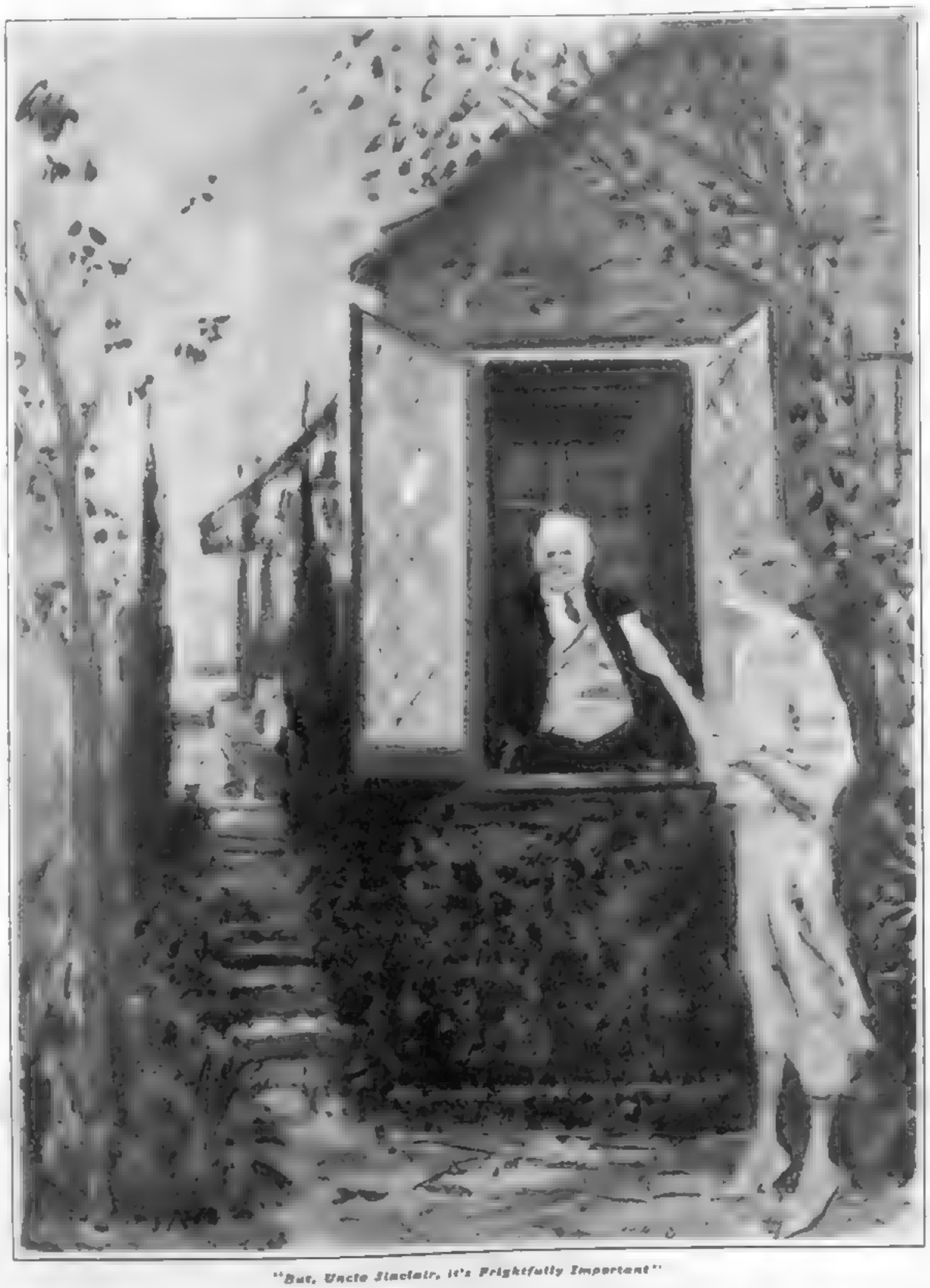
John was relieved. Now that he was assured that the subject was purely academic, he could approach it with an expert's ease. He proceeded to do so, and a few minutes later Flick was able to go in to lunch a mistress of the procedure of what Gardener John described as putting up the spout or, more briefly, popping.

The lunch was just as well cooked and appetizing as Flick had supposed it would be. But it did not turn to ashes in her mouth. She had found a way.

II

SOMETHING of the effervescing happiness that—until the intrusion of Mrs. Matilda Pawle—had animated Flick in her garden at Wimbledon was making life a thing of joy and hope for Bill West at the hour of one that same afternoon as he strode buoyantly along Piccadilly for who would ride in cabs or busses on such a day?—to keep a tryst at Mario's Restaurant with Mr. Wilfrid Slingsby, the London manager of the Paradene Pulp and Paper Company of New York. It was not only the weather that seemed to Bill to have lost its bleakness, but life itself. This morning, for the first time since their departure from America two weeks ago, Judson Coker had emerged from his black cloud of gloom and shown a disposition to amiability. And in a small furnished flat it is amazing what a difference a touch of cheerfulness can make in the atmosphere.

Judson, there is no disguising, had taken Bill's disciplinary measures hardly. From a point coinciding with the passing of the three-mile limit by the steamship Aquitania he had run through the gamut of the emotions, from blank incredulity to stunned despair. The negativing of his suggestion—made almost before the Aquitania had got her stern across that vital spot in the ocean that Bill and he should adjourn to the smoking room for a small one had struck him at first as rich comedy. Bill, he had felt, was ever a kidder. Whimsical of him to keep up with a perfectly straight face that farce of not letting a fellow have money or liquid nourishment. But toward the middle of the afternoon Judson's view began to be that, though a joke was a joke and he as fond of a laugh as anyone, there was such a thing as overdoing a jest, running it to death: and when Bill firmly declined to collaborate with him in that antedinner cocktail without which, as everybody knows, food can hardly be taken into the system, tragedy definitely reared its ugly head. From that moment shades of the prison house began to close about the growing boy, so to speak, and our gentle pen must decline to pursue the subject in detail. It is enough to say that Judson Coker had arrived in London a soured man, and it had required many a glance at Alice's photographs to console Bill for having to pass the days in the sufferer's society. Apart from anything else, Judson's piteous appeals for even the smallest sum of money would have wrung the toughest heart: and life had been but a dreary affair in the flat which Bill, after two days' experience of expensive hotels, had rented furnished for three months.



"But, Uncle Sinclair, it's Frightfully Important"

But today things seemed different. Whether it was the influence of spring, or whether Judson's abused liver had at last begun to pick up a bit, Bill could not say; but the fact remained that the teetotaler appeared noticeably more cheery. Twice Bill had caught him smiling to himself, and at breakfast that morning, for the first time in thirteen days, he had actually laughed. A short, sad, rasping laugh, to evoke which it had been necessary for the maid of all work to trip over the carpet and spill a pint of coffee down Bill's legs—but still a laugh. This, thought Bill, was encouraging; and he spurned the pavement of Piccadilly as buoyantly as one of Mr. Marlowe's satyrs treading the antic hay. Things, he felt, were looking up.

This lunch with Mr. Slingsby was the outcome of the visit to the office and two telephone conversations. Mr. Slingsby may have been letting the profits of the business fall off, but he certainly appeared to be no loafer. Time was money with him, and it was only now, five days after Bill had presented himself and announced his identity that he had been able to find leisure for a sustained conversation.

Even in their brief acquaintance, Mr. Slingsby had rather overpowered Bill. In the few moments the manager had been able to give over to casual chat his personality had made a deep impression on the young man. Wilfrid Slingsby was one of those shiny, breezy, forceful, nattily tailored men of any age from forty to fifty, who always look as if they had just had a shave and would be needing another in the next few hours. A dark jowl was Mr. Slingsby's, perfectly setting off his flashing smile.

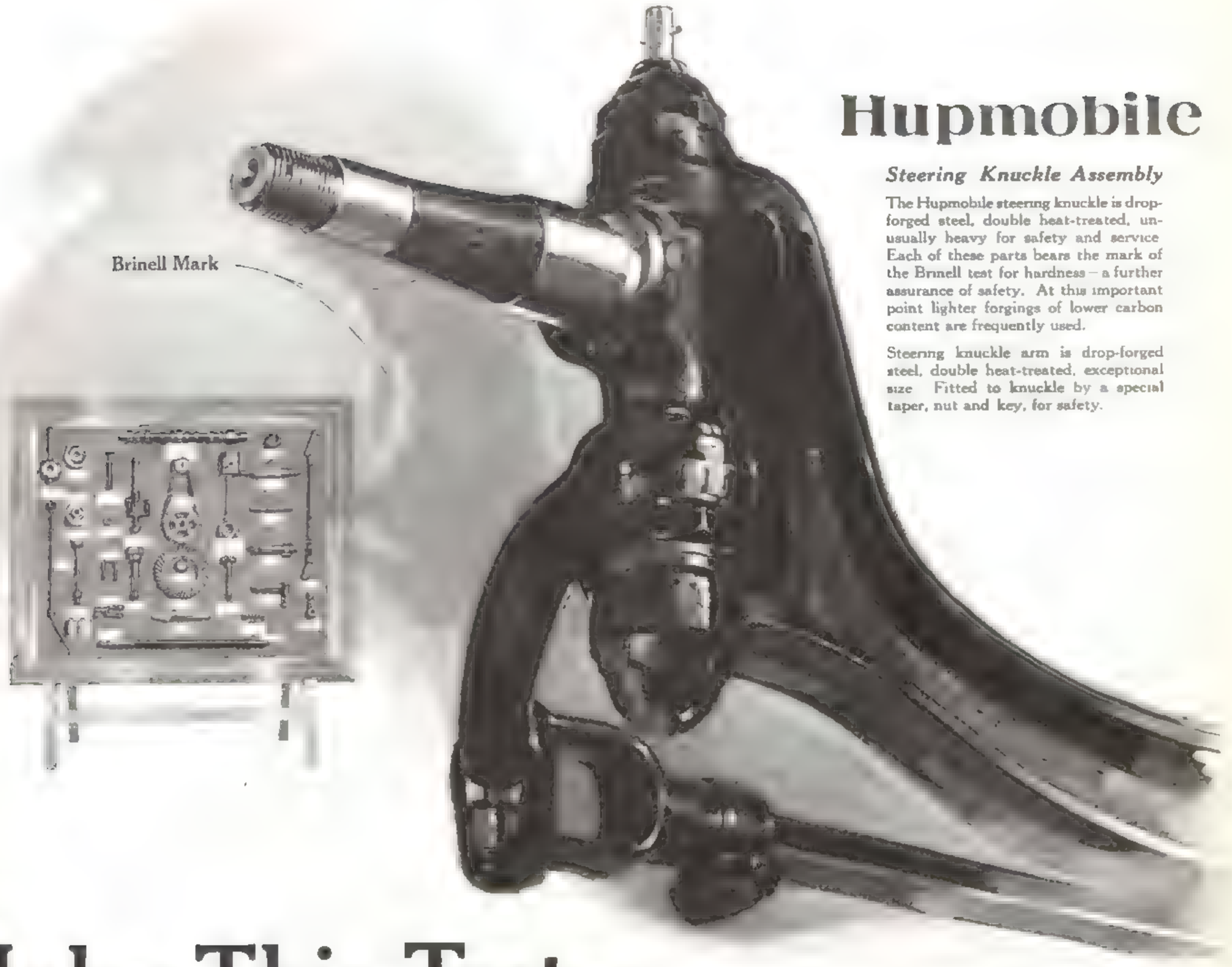
His smile flashed out as Bill entered the lobby of the restaurant. He came forward with outstretched hand, radiating efficiency and good will, and once more Bill had the feeling that this man's personality was something out of the common. He felt in his presence like a child—and what is more, like a child with flat feet and one lobe of its brain missing.

Mr. Slingsby led the way into the restaurant, sat down at his reserved table, urged Bill into another chair, straightened his tie and called for the waiter. And it then became apparent that he was one of those dominant men who have a short way with waiters. He addressed the waiter in a strong, carrying voice. He heckled the waiter. He bullied the waiter—until finally another waiter suddenly appeared and the first one flickered away and was seen no more. Next morning, one felt, a body in dress clothes with a spot on the shirt front would be taken out of the Thames. Banished from Mr. Slingsby's presence, the man had seemed to feel his disgrace acutely.

"Yes-sir?" said the second waiter briskly.

He had a pencil and a notebook, which the other had lacked. In fact the more one thinks the thing over the more convinced one becomes that the first waiter was—in the truer and deeper meaning of the word—no waiter at all, but merely one of those underlings whose bolt is shot when they have breathed down your neck and put a plate of rolls on the table. This new arrival was made of sterner stuff altogether; and Mr. Slingsby, seeming to recognize a kindred spirit, became more cordial. He even deigned to ask the newcomer's advice. In short, by the time the ordering was concluded and the hors d'œuvres on the table a delightful spirit of camaraderie prevailed, and Mr. Slingsby had so far relaxed from his early austerity as to tell a funny story about an Irishman. The fish having arrived, he embarked on genial conversation.

(Continued on Page 150



Hupmobile

Steering Knuckle Assembly

The Hupmobile steering knuckle is drop-forged steel, double heat-treated, unusually heavy for safety and service Each of these parts bears the mark of the Brinell test for hardness – a further assurance of safety. At this important point lighter forgings of lower carbon content are frequently used.

Steering knuckle arm is drop-forged steel, double heat-treated, exceptional size Fitted to knuckle by a special taper, nut and key, for safety.

Make This Test— It Proves That the Hupmobile Is the Car for You to Buy

Regardless of how you personally feel, or what you know about the Hupmobile, it is the one car you owe it to yourself to investigate before you spend your money. More, it is the car you ought to buy.

For the simple but important reason that no man who earns his income is justified in buying a car till he knows that it matches the Hupmobile in quality and value.

The New Way to Be Sure

How are you going to tell, you ask, when practically the same claims are made for cars of widely different characteristics and varying prices.

That's true enough—and the answer is not there. But the answer is in this, and it is definite and concrete:-

There is nothing hazy or misleading about the mechanical units and parts of a car. And Hupmobile gives you now the only hard-headed, practical way to get the truth about a car.

Go to the Hupmobile dealer and check the Hupmobile parts displays. They show the finished parts and units that Hupmobile uses. The Hupmobile specifications are printed in black.

In red, significantly enough, are printed the lesser and poorer specifications and materials that are often used.

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There's no mystery in a car—only good or bad design; careful or careless workmanship; costly or cheap material—and the sum total of these means a poor buy or a splendid buy.

You know the extra value that Hupmobile has always had; its unfailing performance over long periods; its high re-sale value.

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Make your own comparison—or ask the dealer to show you —but do it.

It is the only way we know of to get at the truth and prove conclusively that you should buy a Hupmobile.

Hupp Motor Car Corporation
Detroit, Michigan

THE CHILD IN THEIR MIDST

IX

By May Edginton

ILLUSTRATED BY JAMES M. PRESTON

THE duke did something unexampled in his checkered annals within the next few days. He borrowed his valet's bicycle and rode upon it out of London. The duke enjoyed the ride. He insinuated himself like a snake into all possible openings among the roaring traffic, and he dashed for any inch of open space; and at last he was skidding on the last yard of tram line, and rode out upon the country road which would bring him to the stile and the footpath leading straight to the lost cottage—or as Elena had called it, the lost heaven.

William wore his oldest gray flannels and a cap. He had asked his valet to give him back his last abandoned pair of shoes, and he felt every inch a cyclist. As he pedaled he sang softly, and he noticed for the first time in years how blue an English sky can be, and he heard every chirp of every cricket and the twitter of every little bird that twittered in the hedges. There were time and silence, to see and to hear.

"Cyclists," he thought, "have fun."

And he came to the stile that barred the footpath through the cornfield, and lifting the bicycle over the stile, he went on between the corn and the honeysuckle hedge. And he did not even wonder whether it were the silly joyfulness of such a masquerade that entranced him so strangely, or if it were the love that had made him so young again, so strong again, so glad again. He let his heart go where it would, and upon the valet's bicycle he followed it.

So soon he came to the little inclosed patch of orchard and passed through that; then between the lavender borders and the hollyhocks; and he drew closer to the cottage. He saw old Grace sitting on her porch knitting; and a basket of unshelled peas was beside her, when she should wish to change her task. He leaned the bicycle upright upon its stand—the valet had equipped the bicycle excellently—and bowed. He took off his cap.

"Good day, madam."

Old Grace rose in a flurry.

"Oh, sir!" she said. She looked at him from young Grace's eyes, faded and wise and aged. "Oh, sir, were you wanting tea?"

"Thank you, madam," replied the duke. "I hope to have tea elsewhere shortly. But I—er—I ventured to call, hoping for the privilege of a little chat with you."

"Indeed, sir," said old Grace, offering her chair.

"If you will permit me to sit here," said William; and he sat on the ground at her feet.

"Oh, dear me, sir, but I have other chairs!" she cried.

"This is all I want, just a little rest for me and for the bicycle," said William, looking at the machine affectionately.

So, after protests and apologies and that miraculous blush of hers, old Grace reseated herself and the duke remained at her feet. He laid his cap on the ground beside him.

Grace Was From One Side of the Kitchen to the Other and Back Again Without a Sound of Feet, Like a Leaf Blown by the Wind

"You remember me possibly, madam?"

Old Grace smiled.

"Oh, yes, sir, you came to tea last Sunday with a party of ladies and gentlemen. The elderly lady was here again yesterday."

"What?" said the duke, startled.

"My poor old Sarah!" he thought. Aloud he said, "I came in the hope of seeing your daughter, as well as for the honor of a talk with you." And he put up his hand and closed it over hers so that the knitting needles stopped. It was so mischievous and boyish that it made old Grace smile.

"My daughter is at her place, sir."

"Quite near?"

Old Grace looked across the hedge of the orchard and the duke's eyes followed hers. He saw the roof of a little house with a faint curl of smoke arising from it.

"Over there?"

"There, sir—Miss Thompson's."

"Tell me," said the duke very softly and wheedlingly, "who is Miss Thompson?"

"Miss Thompson, sir, is the last of the old family at the rectory that I worked for when I was a girl. One of my family has always worked for a Thompson, sir. And when the old rector died and the family had to leave the rectory and strangers came, sir, Miss Thompson moved to the little white house, and she took and trained Grace."

"Is Miss Thompson nice?" the duke asked.

"A very nice lady, sir," attested old Grace loyally, "though strict, of course. Very, very strict, is Miss Thompson."

"Is she? Damn her eyes!" said the duke to himself; but aloud he inquired meekly, "Do you think she would allow me to call on Grace?"

"You don't mean this afternoon, sir?"

"This very afternoon."

"This is silver afternoon," said old Grace, shaking her head and pursing her lips dubiously.

"What's that?" said the duke.

"When Grace cleans the silver, sir, and a deal of the Thompson silver there is, I cleaned it before Grace was born or thought of."

The duke was so engrossed with the fantastic notion of so bleak, so barren a time as that when Grace was neither born nor thought of that he only replied when he felt old Grace's eyes fixed widely upon him.

"Yes, but I could help; not hinder."

"With the silver, sir?"

"With the Thompson silver." He had never thought of it before. "I suppose, indeed," William mused, "that there are plenty of wretched people who devote whole summer afternoons to the cleaning of silver. But Grace and I—it's not right that Grace and I ——" And his look wandered far into the blue, over the bicycle transfixed on its stand, and the roof of the tyrannical little white house, and he saw Grace and himself in his big car, alighting to picnic in some sylvan glade, with nothing to do but eat and drink and kiss and go home to change sleek clothes for sleek clothes, and kiss again. But he recalled himself to his rôle.

"I will help with the silver," he affirmed.

He saw old Grace smiling at him very delightfully; it was the smile of all lovely old women for all handsome men; and again he closed his hand over hers, and the smile was the smile of all mothers for all sons; and then her blue eyes, her faded eyes, grew clear and wide, and he feared her smile was the smile of all saints for the unregenerate.

She asked very respectfully, "What do you want with my Grace, sir?"

He answered more respectfully still, "I want to marry her, madam."

There was a long silence, quick with thoughts.

Then old Grace whispered, "But you are a gentleman!"

"Am I?" said the duke rather cynically.

"My Grace cannot marry a gentleman, sir."

"I am only," said William, searching for words—"I am only—only ——"

A delightful lie had occurred to him on the way down; he had thought of it in jest; now he told it in earnest, only he did not look at old Grace when he told it; for, whatever good purpose a lie had, somehow her eyes made it difficult to tell. "I am only an employe of Mr. Macpherson's, like your daughter—but less. Less! I cannot even dance."

(Continued on Page 44)

Six-Cylinder Seven-Passenger Sedan

Having had ample opportunity to try out my new 1924 Buick, I desire voluntarily to state my experience. The section of country in which I live is mountainous, with but very few stretches of level road. As a hill-climber the 1924 model has many points of superiority over its predecessors. Its ease of operation at the wheel, smooth-running engine, economy in consumption of gas and oil, and comfort in riding are sufficient in themselves to satisfy the most exacting motorist. On account of the numerous sharp curves and steep inclines, involving constant danger from skidding, I have found the four-wheel brake to be the one great forward step in motor car construction, for use under all conditions of roads and weather.

R. T. Burnett,
Hagerstown, Md.

THE high regard which the public holds for Buick is manifested by the fact that since the introduction of the 1924 models, Buick has broken all production records, including its own, for the manufacture of fine motor cars. This public approval is a significant endorsement of four-wheel brakes which are standard on all Buick models.

WHEN BETTER AUTOMOBILES ARE BUILT, BUICK WILL BUILD THEM

BUICK MOTOR COMPANY, FLINT, MICH.
Division of General Motors Corporation

Pioneer Builders of Valve-in-Head Motor Cars

Branches in All Principal Cities—Dealers Everywhere

Canadian Factories: McLAUGHLIN-BUICK, Oshawa, Ont.

(Continued from Page 42

Old Grace searched him intently with her eyes. They were quiet and innocent and helpless, and brave as a lion's.

"But what do you do, sir?"

"I write letters," said the duke. "I—I answer letters. I—er—add up accounts. In short, I am a clerk," he added. He looked at the bicycle, so mute, so endearing. "On Sundays I cycle."

"All the same, you are a gentleman, sir. I know quality when I see it."

"I—I have come down in the world," said the duke; adding to himself, "And I'm damned if I know many who haven't."

"I will tell you the truth, sir," said old Grace. "My daughter had a follower ——"

The duke sat very still at her feet, and he astonished himself by literally seeing red. The quiet garden of blue and lavender misted over with a crimson film.

"A young man down in the village," old Grace pursued; "our baker. A young man that has risen to his own little bakery through his own industry, sir. A decent, good, straight boy, that a girl could trust."

"A girl could trust me," said the duke.

But he knew the moment the words were out of his mouth that there were many girls who were sorry they had trusted him. Only Grace was different; Grace, the virgin child, who made all things young again. He knelt up.

"Mayn't I marry Grace?" he asked.

There was a long silence again before old Grace answered, "Do you love her, sir?"

"I love her," said the duke huskily. "But, you see, Grace would never, never hurt you ——"

"No! Oh, she is a good girl, my Grace!"

"Mayn't I marry her?"

"You will pardon me, sir—if you are worthy."

The duke looked up.

"I suppose if I had a large fortune, madam ——"

"That," said old Grace, "would not make you worthy."

"Or a—a great title "

"Nor that, sir—if you will pardon me."

"What standard do you require?" said the duke slowly.

"If you will pardon me, sir, I would like my Grace to marry a man that knew what marriage meant and intended to hold to it, sir. I would like her to marry a straight man and an industrious man, with a good record, sir. I would like her to marry a man that had a proper high standard of how to live, sir, and that had been a good son and would be a good father. I wish my Grace, sir, a man like mine."

The duke looked and saw the widow smile. Just for a moment her secrets were open to him; just for a moment he saw the hopes of all brides and the faith of all wives and the sufferings of all mothers and the innocence of all children written on one worn page. And he felt forlorn for he knew! "Money is no good; a great title is no good. She wants something that no money can buy. She wants something that only little children know how to find and that only little children believe in."

And aloud he said with passion, "Madam, I must make you like me. I must make you trust me. Then—then perhaps you will give me Grace." And he kissed her hand, while she blushed pink and protested.

"I will go to call on Grace."

"Oh, sir, I am not sure "

"My one free afternoon, madam!" he cried with guile.

"You could explain that to Miss Thompson, sir," she cried back sympathetically.

"One thing more," he said, rising to his feet: "Don't you ever want"—he looked around him—"any help with the garden?"

"Thank you, sir, but James ——"

"That baker!"

"The young baker, sir, is very kind."

"I can be kind, too!" said the duke hotly. "The day after tomorrow I will try to get some time off, and I—I will"—he looked around—"come and stick those sweet peas for you. And I will—I will"—he looked around—"I will tie up all those lettuce. And I will—I shall weed the path and hoe the—er—potatoes."

Before old Grace could reply, the duke had bowed, kicked away the support from the back wheel of the bicycle and wheeled it away. But at the garden gate he ran into the Lady Angel simplicity itself in a blue hat over her blue eyes, and a white frock with a blue waist belt—and Mr. Macphersson.

"William!" murmured the Lady Angel faintly.

"Duke!" Mr. Macphersson uttered, merely by means of a raised eyebrow.

"What are you doing down here?" said the duke, and really the pair looked so guilty that he felt he had the best of it.

They gazed at the bicycle.

"I persuaded Mr. Macphersson," said the Lady Angel, "to bring me down to see that dear old thing."

"I like the atmosphere about the place," added Mr. Macphersson.

"It makes me feel—er—feel—er ——"

"—— good," said the Lady Angel.

"Besides," said Mr. Macphersson, "I really have got to have that talk somehow with the old lady." The duke shook his head. "Besides," said Mr. Macphersson, recovering his business abilities, "I think of having a set made like this little place, and having a new dance arranged for Grace. I want to get the details."

"There she is!" cried the Lady Angel. "The old love!" she cried, and she ran down the garden path to old Grace.

Old Grace had laid aside the knitting and picked up the basket of peas. She began to shell them. The Lady Angel sat on the floor beside her, making a wide lap to receive the peas, and began on the business too.

The duke stood holding the bicycle and gazing upon Mr. Macphersson.

"Pretty," said Mr. Macphersson, peering round an apple tree at the scene in the porch. "Pretty, isn't it?"

The duke gazed upon him.

"She is one of the prettiest, sweetest things," said Mr. Macphersson. "People misjudge her terribly. Under that pose of lightness, she is just a beautiful innocent baby ——"

"Old Grace?" said the duke.

"—— for all her sophistication, which, believe me, is more faked than real," pursued Mr. Macphersson. "Look at her now! Look at her! I ask ye, did ye ever see anything more innocent and delightful?"

"Than old Grace?" said the duke.

"Look at her shelling the peas!" cried Mr. Macphersson.

"She's had long years to acquire the dexterity," said the duke.

"Long years!" said Mr. Macphersson. "The child's but twenty-two, duke!"

The duke understood that Mr. Macphersson referred to the Lady Angel.

"I'm forty," said Mr. Macphersson.

"I'm thirty-nine," said the duke.

"Grace is barely twenty," said Mr. Macphersson. "D'you think these young things just think of you and me as two old roués, eh, duke?"

"I'm not old," said the duke. "I feel as if I were born yesterday and looking over the edge of a wonderful world for the first time."

"Me, too," said Mr. Macphersson, regarding the scene on the porch and sighing heavily.

The duke sighed also, and he saw the roof of the little white house with the beckoning curl of smoke.

"I must be getting along," said he.

"On ye go then," replied Mr. Macphersson absently.

"Macphersson," said the duke, calling him back after a pace, "have you come to persuade the old lady?"

"Partly; partly," said Mr. Macphersson. "And partly——"

His eyes fixed themselves seriously yet rapturously upon the Lady Angel.

"I have tried and am found wanting," said the duke.

Mr. Macphersson queried absently, his eyes on the Lady Angel, seeming so infantile in her white frock and blue waist band, "You mean?"

"I want to marry Grace."

Mr. Macphersson abruptly roused himself.

"MarryGrace!" said he almost passionately. "Marry her! No, ye do not marry her, my boy, duke or no duke. That girl is going to be such a star in the sky that ——"

"Well," said the duke, "I am turned down, and you will be turned down.

Continued on Page 60

"All the Same, You are a Gentleman, Sir. I Know Quality When I See It"

Illustration shows how an old floor is transformed by laying Congoleum Rug-Border around the sides of the room, flush against the baseboards.

The pattern in the living room is No. 150—Golden Oak, wide plank. The pattern in the adjoining room is No. 180—Parquet, [illegible] Gold-Seal Congoleum Art Rug No. 538

GOLD SEAL CONGOLEUM GUARANTEE

SATISFACTION GUARANTEED OR YOUR MONEY BACK

"Think how little it cost—and it's as handsome as a real hardwood floor!"

Why deprive yourself of the beauty of hardwood floors when they can be had so easily—and at such small cost?

Gold-Seal Congoleum Rug-Borders or "rug surrounds" are remarkable reproductions of genuine oak. Laid around the sides of a room with your rug overlapping, they give the appearance of hardwood of fine grain and high polish. No tacking, pasting or fastening of any kind is ever necessary—they hug the floor of their own accord.

And they're so very easy to clean, too. Just wipe them off with a few strokes of a damp mop, and they are as fresh and spotless as the day you bought them.

You can get these money-saving rug borders in two finishes—gloss and dull; and in five designs, Golden Oak narrow plank, Light Oak narrow plank, Golden Oak wide plank, Parquet with border and Parquet without border.

Like all other Congoleum products they're guaranteed by the famous Gold Seal pledge of "Satisfaction or Your Money Back."

Gold-Seal Congoleum Rug-Borders are made in two widths—24 inches, which retails at 60c per running yard, and 36 inches, which retails at 75c per running yard.

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Congoleum Gold Seal Art-Rugs

Don't overlook our famous Art-Rugs, [illegible] this season. [illegible] durable, sanitary, [illegible]

[illegible]	[illegible]	$ .60	[illegible]	[illegible]	$ [illegible]
[illegible]	[illegible]	1.50	[illegible]	[illegible]	1 [illegible]
[illegible]	[illegible]	1.95	[illegible]	[illegible]	13 [illegible]
[illegible]	[illegible]	2.50	[illegible]	[illegible]	15 [illegible]
[illegible]	[illegible]	2.50	[illegible]	[illegible]	18.00

[illegible] the South and [illegible]

Gold Seal CONGOLEUM RUG-BORDERS

Gold-Seal Congoleum Rug-Border No. 170
Light Oak Narrow Plank
24 and 36-inch widths

Gold-Seal Congoleum Rug-Border No. 8036
Parquet without border
24 and 36-inch widths

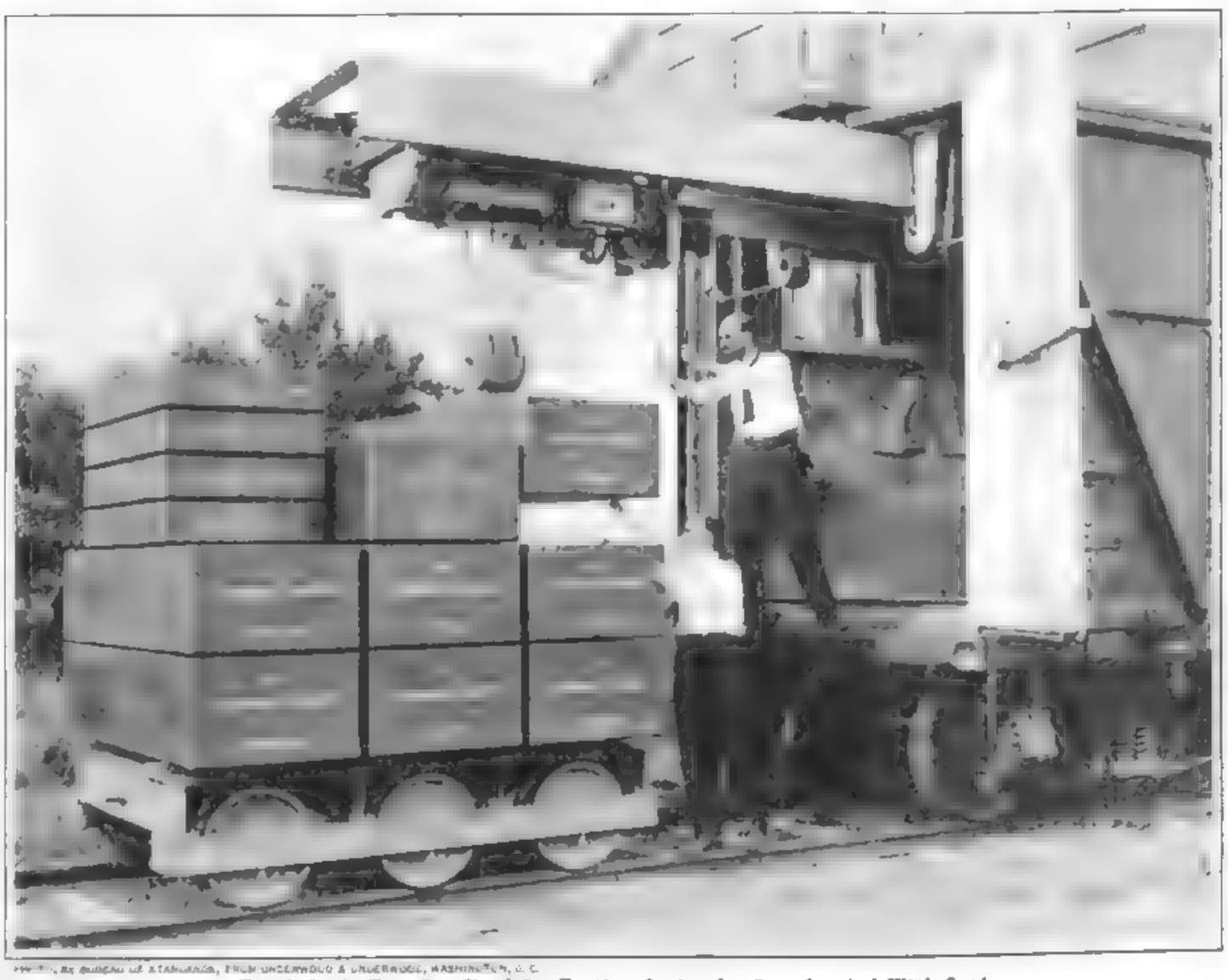
Gold-Seal Congoleum Rug-Border No. 163
Golden Oak Narrow Plank
24 and 36-inch widths

Glimpses of Our Government

Before the War—By William C. Redfield

ONCE when speaking to the Chamber of Commerce of the United States President Wilson said, "I agreed with a colleague of mine in the cabinet the other day that we had never attended in our lives before, a school to compare with that we are now attending for the purpose of gaining a liberal education. Of course," he went on, "I learn a great many things that are not so. But the interesting thing about it is this: Things that are not so do not match. If you hear enough of them you see there is no pattern whatever; it is a crazyquilt, whereas the truth always matches piece for piece with other parts of the truth."

In those piping tariff days a stream of "best minds" flowed toward Washington, intent to arrest the cruel fate which they prophesied was about to befall them, or determined at the least to bemoan it where all—Congress included—might hear. The capital became a sort of wailing place for these mourners. Those who in Palestine lament the lost glories of Jerusalem have genuine past griefs for which they sorrow; the wailers of America wept in advance over imagined future woes. There were exceptions; at least one industry accepted willingly a reduction of duty. Years later others took the same fearless attitude, only, one hears, to be asked by Mr. Fordney if they were crazy.



Track Scale Test Car Used for Testing Scales for Cars Loaded With Coal

It so befell that the National Association of Employing Lithographers chose this as the time and Washington as the place for a convention, and invited me to address them. Before there was time to select my subject a friend sent me a circular issued under the auspices of the association and apparently intended only for its members. It decided the subject matter for my talk to them. The circular referred to a proposed tariff reduction on lithographed goods, and said in part: "This means workmen thrown out of jobs. It means that wages must go down in order to compete. It may mean longer hours than forty-eight hours a week."

Stirring Up the Editors

THIS sort of argument was not new. Examples of it in the press were common, but here was a specific threat occurring when it could have no purpose except to influence political action. Experience had taught me that such an attitude was usually the hall-mark of weak industrial management, and I was aware that comparatively few manufacturers then knew what their own goods cost to produce. A little reading of the lithographic trade press revealed facts which justified any doubts I might have had of the merits of the case before me. It was easy to show to the convention from their own trade papers that costs were ill kept in their industry, that estimates for the same work varied by one-half, and that in eleven factories the costs in a series of similar operations varied from lowest to highest by 50 to 300 per cent. I suggested to them that when they were thus running by rule of thumb public opinion would hardly approve cutting of wages. These words were quoted from one of their own journals: "Lithographing has been sick for lack of system, business methods, proper knowledge, and application of knowledge. . . . There has been no thorough shop management or the use of proper efficiency and up-to-date appliances." These statements from their own craft, I told them, were a strange offset to the words, "Wages must go down in order to compete." Then I said that if the threats in their circular were put into effect "in a substantial degree, it may become the duty of the Department of Commerce to inquire into your business methods." If this were done it would be in "a kindly and considerate spirit—with the wish to help."

After the address the head of one of the largest concerns represented asked me to luncheon the following day, and since that time we have been fast friends. The next morning the storm burst. From all over the country abuse came thick, frequent and heavy. Adjectives filled the columns of editorial pages which knew nothing of industry but much of politics. I do not recall that any of them so much as referred to the statements that were quoted from the trade press. That seemed forgotten. The storm lasted a month or more with distant mutterings thereafter. It had almost ceased when the vice president of the largest concern in the trade called at my office on his way to New York from Chicago. He brought a fine colored proof of a lithographed picture of the Grand Cañon of the Colorado, made for the Atchison, Topeka and Santa Fe Railroad, which he presented to me, saying that it was his way of expressing his views about the row that had been made. The picture was hung in my office, where it remained through my term as a pleasant reminder of an enlivening experience. The tariff on the goods concerned in the fracas was moderately reduced, and there was no general reduction in wages.

While the row was at its height I received the following letter from the governor of Kansas:

MAY 20, 1913.

HON. WM. C. REDFIELD, Secretary of Commerce,
Washington, D. C.

My dear Mr. Redfield: You gentlemen are having a fight and I want you to know that the administration of this state is with you, and if there is any manner in which we can assist you, you have but to command us.

If reductions in wages are made or factories closed by reason of the tariff propaganda that you gentlemen are waging, then there should be a governmental investigation immediately, to the end that the contemplated miscarriage of justice would be known throughout the land.

The people of the Middle West are expecting free sugar, lumber, wool and iron—the fulfillment of the Democratic platform pledges—and individually, I would like to see these necessities placed upon the free list at once. The public is looking to our party to live up to its every obligation. You gentlemen are pursuing the right course. I congratulate you, and thought perhaps that a word of encouragement would not be amiss at this time. Believe me, I am

Sincerely yours,
GEO. H. HODGES, Governor.

However amusing or annoying the antics of partisan editors might be, there were more serious matters at hand. The problem of ways and means was always with us. Adequate and timely funds meant life and work; insufficient or delayed appropriations meant waste or worse. The practical problems were always there; the vagaries of Congress did not alter them. Nature, whether physical or human, had effective ways of enforcing penalties for legislative neglect. Men would not stay where the future held no hope; ships would strike rocks that were in their courses without regard to a Congress which delayed supplying the funds for surveys, charts and buoys.

For the time let us consider not so much the results of ineptitude and partisan maneuvers as the actual processes—some of them secret—whereby funds are obtained to keep government work moving. When so doing it is important to note that the conditions applied to all departments and services alike. None were exempt. This official or that service might draw its financial breath more easily than another for either personal or public or political reasons, but on the whole there was little partiality. The trail of the serpent was over them all. We are about to consider an important phase of the vaunted separation of functions so lauded by some, who are usually without experience with it, as the keystone of our government arch. But there are degrees of separation, and when it goes too far, as it often does in Washington, it loses any value it may have, and becomes at the best an expensive inconvenience and at the worst a costly curse.

Let us begin to examine the way in which appropriation bills are made, by pointing out that they are always introduced in Congress by men who have no first-hand knowledge of the facts involved, and they are always enacted by men few of whom are informed about the matters on which they vote.

The Blind Leading the Blinder

WE CAREFULLY offset our national legislators from government life. We provide hearings galore at which talk goes on without end, but those who finally act do so in more or less complete darkness. Watch the dignified member of the Appropriations Committee steer a bill through the House. He does it ably; he has given close attention at the hearings which his committee has conducted, but he has no personal knowledge of that of which he speaks. His safety lies in the fact that little as he knows, all the others know less. He can afford to be fearless, for, as the Spaniards say, "In the land of the blind the one-eyed man is king." But do not be severe upon him; he is doing his best. It is the system rather than the man that is at fault. Our member has conscientiously striven to make a bad system give good results, and to his credit and that of others be it said that the results are usually surprisingly good. There are lapses in almost every large appropriation measure, but there are nothing like so many as one would expect who studied the system apart from the hard-working men who operate it. Nor in what is to be said is it meant to throw doubt upon the character or the self-sacrificing laborious work of the members of the Appropriations Committees. They are usually picked men and do their work as well as they can.

With the coming of the budget not long ago, the old complicated committee organization within the House of Representatives was simplified. One large committee dealing with all appropriations took the place of numerous committees each working separately in a portion of the broad field covered by the annual appropriations. So far so good. This was well as far as it went, but it did not go far. The root of the evil was untouched.

The methods were changed by which the bad system worked, but the system itself was unchanged. The budget has caused one additional grueling—as one official puts it—but it has not altered the House system of making appropriations. Still the Appropriations Committee works without first-hand knowledge of the facts, and still Congress usually makes appropriations by following the committee

(Continued on Page 54)

Let the builders of your machinery speak

Do the builders of engines and machines concern themselves about the lubrication of those engines and machines in operation?

They do. The great majority of engine builders in this country take definite steps to insure the use of correct oils on their equipment after the purchasers have put it in operation.

Why do the engine builders take this interest?

Naturally they are interested in having their machinery give satisfactory service. And their own scientific experiments and tests have convinced them that the most important single factor in securing satisfactory service is lubrication.

What oil do these engine builders recommend?

Over 200 of the leading engine and machine builders of this country specifically recommend or approve the use of Gargoyle Lubricating Oils on the units which they manufacture and sell. They send specific instructions to the purchasers of their equipment recommending the use of these oils and in some cases go so far as to send samples of the oil which they recommend.

Why do they recommend Gargoyle Lubricating Oils?

Because they have individually become convinced of the expertness of the Vacuum Oil Company in matters of lubrication, and have found their greatest insurance in accepting the lubrication recommendations made by this company.

What does the engine builder's carefulness suggest to the plant executive?

It suggests the advisability of learning if all the engines and machines in your plant are now being lubricated as scientifically as they should be. To help you secure that information the Vacuum Oil Company will gladly send an experienced representative to your plant. You will find this representative well informed on machinery operation and lubrication. If it seems advisable we will have our engineer make a careful survey of your equipment, in cooperation with your plant engineer. This visit will be followed by the Vacuum Oil Company's recommendations which will insure smoother running machinery, less wear, fewer repairs and shutdowns, and as a result, more continuous operation and improved production profits.

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In thousands of plants in all lines of industry the Vacuum Oil Company is today solving lubricating problems and bringing about improved operating results.

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DISRUPTED CENTRAL EUROPE

By Lothrop Stoddard

BETWEEN the open plains of Northern Europe and the broken mountain country of the Balkan Peninsula lies the great inland basin of the Danube. The Danube River basin is the heart of Central Europe. It is a well-defined geographical area. Bounded on every side by highlands or mountain ranges, it possesses a distinct general unity Internally, however, the Danube basin is divided into two portions of unequal size. The smaller western portion is mainly hilly or mountainous country; the larger eastern portion is a vast plain.

Nature thus seems to have designed the Danube basin to be politically either one nation or two nations in more or less intimate association. That has in fact been the tendency during much of its history a tendency which was fairly well realized in the Dual Empire of Austria-Hungary. But the break-up of that empire at the close of the late war reveals dramatically the presence of other factors hostile to the geographical trend. If the Danube basin had been isolated by more inaccessible barriers, political unity would probably have been certain.

The Danube basin, however, lies in the heart of Europe, and its natural boundaries, though well defined, have not been sharp enough to keep out penetration from all sides. The result has been a confused series of invasions, conquests and settlements, which have overlaid natural unity with human diversity. Instead of being inhabited by one or at most two races building up a homemade culture and political organization, the Danube basin has been a battleground of diverse stocks, streaming in from different directions and seeking either to conquer their rivals or to annex their particular part of the Danube basin to their homelands, lying beyond its natural frontiers.

These conflicts of race, language and nationality have disrupted the half-formed political unity of the Danube basin more than once in the past, and they have just done it again. The peace treaties which closed the late war shattered the Dual Empire of Austria-Hungary and remade the Danube basin into a political crazy quilt, with frontiers running in defiance of geography and economics, and only imperfectly corresponding even to those divisions of language and nationality which were the excuse for making the new borders.

Natives of the Lavant Valley, Carinthia, Austria, Featuring the Latest Style in Millinery. At the Right—A Tyrolese Guide Wearing His Mountain-Climbing Costume

The Dismemberment of Austria

OF THE Dual Empire two diminished remnants are left—the Republic of Austria and the Kingdom of Hungary The Dual Empire was one of the largest and most populous states in Europe. It had a total area of 261,000 square miles and a population of 52,000,000. Of this total, Austria possessed about 116,000 square miles of territory, with 29,000,000 population, while Hungary had 125,000 square miles with 21,000,000 people. In addition, there was the dependency of Bosnia-Herzegovina, a federal territory held in common by the two halves of the empire, with an area of 20,000 square miles and about 2,000,000 population

Contrast these figures with the present situation. The Republic of Austria has an area of 32,000 square miles and a population of 6,500,000, while the present Kingdom of Hungary has an area of 35,000 square miles and a population slightly under 8,000,000. In other words, as a result of the late war, Austria has lost three-quarters of her territory and four-fifths of her population, while Hungary has lost more than two-thirds of her territory and almost two-thirds of her population. These lost lands and peoples have gone chiefly to Czecho-Slovakia, Jugo-Slavia, Poland and Rumania—states which we will discuss in subsequent articles, since they are linked with Eastern Europe or with the Balkan Peninsula, as well as with the Danube basin. In the present article we will limit our survey to Austria and Hungary, which are distinctly Danubian states.

The foundations of Austria and Hungary were laid in the period following the fall of the Roman Empire. In that same period likewise originated the germs of their present misfortunes. The fall of Rome was followed by centuries of turmoil. All over Europe mighty movements of population took place, and nowhere were these movements more violent than in the Danube basin. Wave after wave of conquest and migration swept across its broad surface, causing endless complications. Race, speech and culture became overlaid and confused.

The racial changes were especially sweeping. In very ancient times the Danube basin and the adjacent mountainous regions were alike occupied by populations belonging to the round-skulled Alpine stock. Later on, blond Nordic tribes seem to have expelled the Alpines from most of the Danube basin, though the surrounding highlands appear to have remained largely in Alpine hands. This was particularly true of the mountainous regions to the northeast—the region known as the Carpathians. In the Carpathian highlands the Alpines steadily amassed strength and numbers until, in the period following the fall of Rome, they burst out in all directions as the Slav-speaking peoples

In a previous article we saw how the Slavs overran the lands now known as Eastern Germany, Poland and Western Russia. But while this was going on another great Slav tide surged from the Carpathians over the Danube basin and into the Balkan Peninsula, which was thereby transformed into the predominantly Slav land that it has ever since remained. For a time the whole of Central and Eastern Europe became one vast Slavdom, stretching unbroken from the Baltic to the Adriatic Sea.

This Slav supremacy was, however, of short duration. From east and west two streams of conquest set in which soon deprived the Danube basin of its Slav character. Out of the remote East came a series of Asiatic nomad hordes, of Finnish, Turkish and Mongolian blood. These wild horsemen, ranging far and wide on their shaggy ponies in quest of plunder, found the Hungarian plains—so like their Asiatic homelands—particularly attractive. Slaughtering or enslaving the Slavs, they settled down as masters. The last of these Asiatic invaders were the Magyars, or Hungarians, who absorbed their nomad predecessors and built up a powerful state which was to endure. Such was the origin of modern Hungary.

A Dual Conquest

WHILE the Asiatic nomads were overrunning the Hungarian plains from the east, the other stream of conquest already referred to was flowing from the west down the valley of the Danube. These western conquerors were the Germans. Having occupied Western Europe after the fall of Rome, the Teutonic Nordics turned their arms eastward, and the conquest of the Danube valley was merely part of the great eastward movement which was redeeming their old German homelands from the Slav invaders. The Germans and the Magyars presently collided with each other. After much fierce fighting they divided the Danube basin between them, the boundary being practically that which exists between Austria and Hungary today. This frontier is clearly traced by Nature, being the place where the River Danube leaves the hilly country and enters the great Hungarian plain. Thus the Danube basin was partitioned between two conquering stocks—the Nordic Teutons and the Asiatic Magyars.

This dual conquest of the Danube basin had important consequences. In the first place, it dealt a terrible blow to the Slavs. The Slav world was thereby cut in twain, the Slav peoples of the Balkans being thereby sundered from the main body of their kinsmen by a broad band of Germans and Magyars.

Politically and culturally, the cleft remained absolute. Racially, however, the situation was not so definite.

(Continued on Page 126)

FISHER BODIES

Experience has taught the discriminating buyer that only in a motor car body which bears the emblem—Body by Fisher—can he secure so complete a combination of enduring quality, genuine beauty, and luxurious appointment.

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BODY BY FISHER

Watch This Column

JACK DEMPSEY
as an actor

"Each man in his time plays many parts."—SHAKESPEARE.

JACK DEMPSEY, world's champion heavyweight, has taken off his gloves, rolled up his sleeves, and gone to work—for UNIVERSAL. Studio work has already begun on a series of ten special pictures to be known as the "Fight and Win" Series, which UNIVERSAL will produce with DEMPSEY as the star.

Jesse Robbins and Erle C. Kenton are the directors assigned to the Dempsey-unit. ESTHER RALSTON, one of UNIVERSAL'S prettiest blondes, has been chosen as Jack's leading woman—CHUCK REISNER has been borrowed from Charlie Chaplin to play the villain, and HAYDEN STEVENSON, who made a hit as the fight-manager in *"The Leather Pushers,"* will play a similar role in this series.

The stories were written by Gerald Beaumont, one of the best known writers of sporting fiction in the country. He wrote *"The Information Kid series,"* which ran in the Red Book Magazine. Champion Jack plays a role that fits him like a glove, and I predict that you are going to be surprised when you see him in action. Watch for the pictures, and tell your favorite theatre to be on the lookout.

I want you to know that I am constantly seeking new ideas for pictures—original ideas, new twists, clever plots and unusual situations. And I will pay well for any ideas submitted which I can make use of. There may have been something striking in your own life-history which can be made into a picture. Think it over. Write to me.

Carl Laemmle
President

UNIVERSAL PICTURES

1600 Broadway, New York City

SHORT TURNS AND ENCORES

Continued from Page 36

so as he won't have to Work Next Winter. Some Folks seems to have All the Luck.

That fellow back in Long Island that wrote out asking about our Greasewood Golf Course and wanting to know what Par was, stirred up a lot of Trouble for us. It's been nothing but Fighting ever since. Some wants to make it 10c and Others think it ought to be $1; and some that thinks it ought to be Free has started up another Course, so now we've got Two, with 27 Holes all told and Only 19 Folks to Play.

So many say they would rather Die than have to live in Little Towns like Salome, where everybody Knows Everybody Else, because it is So Lonesome Here. They would rather live in Los Angeles or New York or Pittsburgh, where they can live 7 Years in 1 Place and never know their Neighbor and have to Ride 7 Miles on a Street Car to Find Some One they Know to say Hello to. Civilization is getting so Complicated Now Days that hardly Nobody raises any Cabbages and Green Onions in their Back Yards No More. I'd rather live Out Here Laying on the Soft Side of a Big Granite Rock Soaking up Sunshine and Satisfaction Away from the Wind and Worries of the Outside World, where so Many Folks Work So Hard Getting No Where. I can get to the Same Place out here so Much Easier without Working So Hard. *Dirk Wick Hall,*
Editor and Garage Owner.

A Lesson in Poetic Method

TWO men, one young, the other old, faced each other in a dining car.

"I perceive," said the young man, "from your brisk and aggressive manner and irreproachable correctness of your dress, that you are not one of these business dreamers; are you not an artist?"

"I am," said the elder man.

"I perceive further, from the gnawed pencil end protruding from your waistcoat pocket, that you are a writer."

"A poet."

"A poet! This is indeed a pleasure! I, too, would fain be a poet. I long to sing in melting numbers, to interpret the world and the spirit, to wring the heart of mankind with my passion and my pain. But there looms before me an obstacle."

"Obstacle?"

"I cannot think of anything to write about. Do you not find that modern life is so crass, ugly, commercialized, standardized, that there is no longer any subject for poetry?"

"On the contrary," returned the old poet. "I belong to the school which sees all life as poetic. We versify the everyday facts of human experience. A day in the life of a certified public accountant would supply us material for an epic. We are of the school known as the Remorseless Realists. Remorseless toward our readers, say our critics, whimsically enough. I have only to look about me to see a dozen subjects for poetry. See."

He pulled out of his pocket a timetable. It fell open to the Equipment of Trains.

"I take, for the purpose of demonstration, Train No. 6—The Lehigh Limited. Coaches, Philadelphia to Bethlehem, Bethlehem to Buffalo. There is subject enough; what a beautiful phrase: Bethlehem to Buffalo!

"Nightly the crowded coaches go
From Bethlehem to Buffalo;
After the weary night of riding
They stand all day upon a siding,
And Number Six returns with them
From Buffalo to Bethlehem.
Again they brave the sleet and snow
From Bethlehem to Buffalo;
They glide in gentle swanlike guise
On creosoted hardwood ties.
They leave again at eight P.M.
From Buffalo for Bethlehem;
And so they shuttle to and fro ——"

"I think I get the idea," interrupted the young poet. "And yet it doesn't quite satisfy me. There is beauty in the thought of the coaches weaving back and forth upon the loom of Time from Bethlehem to Buffalo. But there is no passion. It is not like Romeo and Juliet, for instance."

"Ah, but remember that the meaning of Romeo and Juliet is Doom; Shakspere sang of the Doom that lowered over Verona; let your duty be to sing of the Doom that moves its puppets in, let us say, Chicago!"

"Nothing rimes with Chicago."

"You are indeed a young poet." The old poet, catching his inspiration from a passing freight, lifted up his voice:

"As Juliet and Romeo
Went to their doom long, long ago,
So now do many a sheep and hog go
Doomward, Owego to Chicago!"

"It is impressive; it is, in its way, beautiful," admitted the younger poet. "But it is impersonal. Give me a theme from life, the struggle of the human soul."

"Look about you!" commanded the elder poet. "This dining car throbs with the struggle of human souls. Nay, look no further than across the aisle." He lowered his voice. "You perceive that couple? Notice how sullenly they face each other; he saws at his baked apple almost savagely, as one in whom are pent great storms of emotion. She trifles with an éclair daintily, with an elaborate pretense of calm. He asks for the sugar; she pushes it toward him, as if grudgingly. He is about to address her; no, he thinks better of it; he glowers fiercely at his plate. There is your theme; mark my words, there is a young couple who have suffered bitterly together. She married him no doubt for his money; now his fierce, narrow, self-contained spirit sets her teeth on edge; she hungers for freedom, but in public she must betray none of her misery. He is racked and lacerated by her scorn; he is consumed by his passion to recapture the bird that flutters out of his hand; it is too late, too late!"

At this moment the lady paid her check and retired rearward to the Pullman cars; the young man, still scowling, paid his own and walked forward to the day coaches.

"I think I could use that theme," said the young poet reflectively.

"A fat chance!" cried the old poet, using a colloquialism. "I'm going to use it myself!"

Which, as you perceive, he did.

—*Morris Bishop.*

Shoes

YOUR French-heeled shoes are ultra neat,
They do become you charmingly,
Although I think they pinch your feet
And cramp your toes alarmingly.
But what of that? You dance and smile
And smile and dance in spite of it.
The style's a most befitting style;
The pain—you can make light of it.

Your French-heeled shoes—in various tints—
Are bound to win some fella like
The well-known fairy-story prince;
Your feet are Cinderella-like.
For though men talk of sense in dress
With manner grave, meticulous,
They fall for fashions more or less
Exquisitely ridiculous.

Your French-heeled shoes I love to see
In all their gay fragility;
No shoes much daintier could be
Or of less durability.
I've told you time and time again
That you look sweet and smart in them;
But oh, how sharp those heels are when
You walk upon my heart in them!
—Berton Braley.

"Eph, Don't You Ever Think of Goin' to Work?" "I'm Thinkin' About It Now. I'm Tryin' to Figger Out a Way to Git My Dog a Job in the Movies"

The Fox Who Jumped

ON White Face dwelt a youthful fox—
In other matters orthodox—
Who moved his clan to tears or laughter
By jumping first and thinking after.
He jumped for grouse, and bulled trunks;
He jumped for 'chucks, and captured skunks;
In short, this fox was always bumping
His head by injudicious jumping.
One day he met a porcupine
On whom he vainly hoped to dine;
He jumped without premeditation
To seize its caudal termination—
Which means, I trust you comprehend,
To grab the quill pig's latter end;
But tails of porcupines are prickly:
The wounded foxling perished quickly.
His friends interred his mortal half
And wrote above as epitaph:
A Fox Who Died of Lost Illusions
And Rashly Jumping at Conclusions.
—A. Guiterman.

Power To Pull Out— Speed on the Road!

Watch for the GMC trucks on the next excavating job!

Notice how easily they haul their full load of earth up the steep incline to the street—unaided by cable or team.

Then check up with the driver on the number of loads they haul each day. You will find them as speedy as they are powerful.

For, equipped with the famous GMC Two Range Transmission, GMC Trucks multiply the power of an engine, of economical size, into pull at the wheels that will take them up any grade or out of any mud where wheels can get traction. And, by a shift of a lever, also provide as fast a road speed as safety permits.

This combination of speed and pulling power —built into GMC Trucks—their rugged dependability and their operating economy, all make them money-makers for haulers everywhere.

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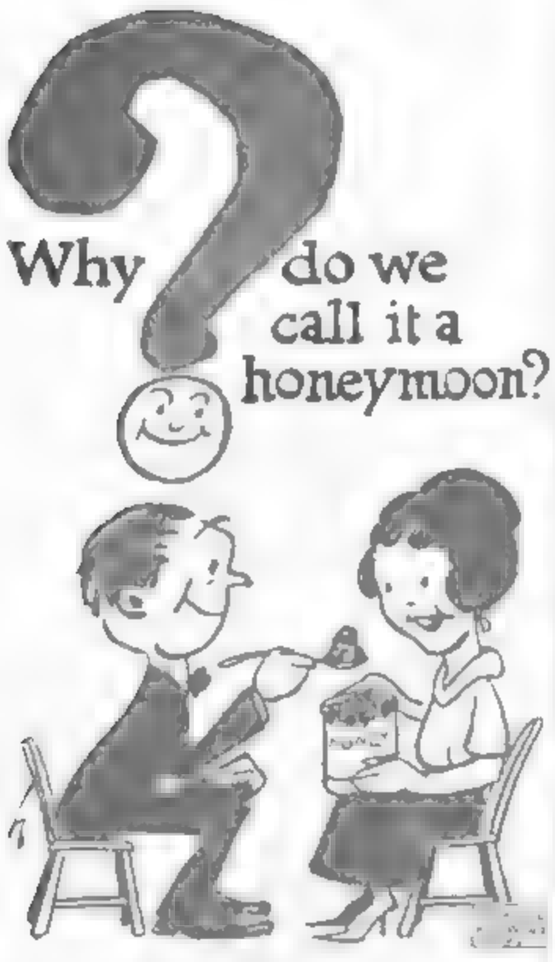

—because it was once a custom in Northern Europe that newly wedded couples should drink mead (wine made from honey) for a "moon," or 27 days. In the new home, or any home,

Puretest Iodine

is one of the first requirements for wounds, burns and sprains.

Puretest Iodine is made for the most exacting uses of the medical profession. It ranks among the strongest germ-killers known to science.

Whenever you suffer a cut or scratch, paint it freely with Puretest Iodine to prevent infection and quicken healing.

Puretest Iodine is excellent also for taking the soreness out of insect bites and deep-seated inflammation.

One of 200 Puretest preparations for health and hygiene. Every item the best that skill and conscience can produce.

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Rexall Drug Stores

There is one in your town.

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SOUSE-WEST

(Continued from Page 7)

paint that was being served in that particular emporium was 1914 Cedarbrook or 1914 anything else, then Abraham Lincoln was a Turk.

The average price of the good old prewar stuff that one gets in Tijuana vacillates between fifty and seventy-five cents a drink. A cocktail usually costs seventy-five cents, especially in the more respectable saloons where gentlemen are expected to refrain from expectorating on the floor; and the conventional-sized bottle of beer nicks the bank roll for the same amount.

Persons who are familiar with the ingredients of Tijuana gins and whiskies frequently restrict their steady drinking to the powerful Mexican drink known as tequila, on the grounds that it is cheaper than whisky and gin; and that when one buys tequila he gets tequila. This argument is a reasonable one if a person likes tequila; but those who have just had the pleasure of sampling it for the first time have frequently been heard to express the wish that the bartender had substituted hydrochloric acid or hair tonic in its place.

All this sort of conversation is a base canard; for tequila is not a noticeably unpleasant drink when consumed in the manner that has been adopted by those who know it best; while its effect on those who drink it is about that which is expected by those who make its manufacture profitable.

How to Drink Tequila

Tequila is usually served with a saucer of sliced lemon and a salt shaker. One picks up a slice of lemon, salts it generously, pops it into his mouth and chews it vigorously. While the mouth and eyes are still puckered from the effects of the lemon, one picks up his glass and hastily empties his tequila into himself, after which he gasps a little, blinks his eyes three or four times and indulges in a convulsive shiver.

This is the Mexican method of drinking tequila, and although Americans have experimented industriously with other methods they have never discovered one that would cloak the slightly sour taste of the tequila so effectively as lemon sprinkled with salt. It is possible that the taste could be killed by burning feathers in the mouth before and after each drink; but this would probably fail to be as popular with the bystanders, and it would also be messier.

The Mexicans say that tequila is an excellent remedy for insomnia, and this is corroborated by the statements of the leading Tijuana bartenders, who readily admit that five or six stiff jolts of tequila will put a person to sleep so effectively that it takes a physician to know whether he is asleep or dead.

Tequila is made by distilling the Mexican wine known as mescal, while mescal in turn is made from cactus leaves. It is perhaps fortunate that barbed-wire fences are not common in Mexico, for if the Mexicans can accomplish such surprising results with cactus, it is highly probable that they could chop up the barbed wire, make it into a wine, and distill from it an even more powerful drink than tequila.

Tijuana's business activities may be said to start around noon each day, although each day's business technically starts at the end of the night before. Just when the night ends is a cause for heated controversy, however; for the gentleman who wabbles out of Tijuana in the general direction of the United States at two o'clock in the morning under the impression that he has made a highly successful night of it is frequently jeered heartlessly for a piker and a quitter by other gentlemen who at seven o'clock in the morning will still be clinging affectionately to the bar and telling each other earnestly that this cer'nly is a fine large night.

So far as can be discovered, no Tijuana saloon has ever bothered to install a front door; so they stay open with as much energy and persistence as the Hoosac Tunnel. But from six in the morning until shortly before noon there is little activity on Tijuana's main thoroughfare. Occasionally a gentleman who has fallen down between two of the saloons during the preceding evening staggers out into the sunlight, hunts fruitlessly through his pockets and drags himself away dejectedly. And occasionally, too, a bleary-eyed person may be seen peering incredulously into saloon after saloon, as though unable to convince himself that he hadn't consumed all the liquor in the world on the preceding evening. Down one of the town's five side streets a cow scratches her back contemplatively against the front elevation of a particularly evil dance hall, and a few Yaqui Indian soldiers lean against the front of the so-called fort on another side street and drowsily observe the convulsive twitchings of the dogs that sleep in the dust in the fort's front yard.

The fort, incidentally, is the one thing in Tijuana that in any way curtails the complete freedom of Americans who have come to the town to do exactly as they durn please. The Mexicans wish it distinctly understood that they don't care to have any visiting Americans take photographs of it. Just why this should be is not definitely known. It is not a particularly impressive fort; and one three-inch shell properly placed should make it look like a pile of road-building material. But in deference to the wishes of the Mexicans, no cameras are unlimbered in its vicinity. The effect that this restriction might have on liberty-loving Americans under certain conditions is not known. Fortunately one can purchase postcard photographs of the fort in nearly every Tijuana saloon, so that visitors have so far failed to take umbrage at this infringement on their personal liberties.

Around noontime the visiting suckers begin to trickle into town; and simultaneously small Mexican boys appear in front of the saloons with trays full of a Mexican delicacy known as tostados. The tostado is a thin cake or tortilla on which has been placed a lettuce leaf, some red beans, a few sliced radishes, a few bits of onion and one or two vegetable fragments. Over this is sprinkled a liberal amount of grated cheese made from goats' milk; and over everything is poured chili sauce. The new arrivals buy heavily of these, poise them delicately in their left hands and walk in and out of saloons, dripping bits of them all over themselves, and occasionally blowing fragments of goats'-milk cheese flavored with onion onto innocent bystanders. The tostado is an excellent confection for working up a raging thirst; so as soon as a few trays of tostados have been wolfed down, the day's drinking begins in earnest.

It should be understood that Tijuana is not by any means a resort that is visited solely by great coarse men. In many cases father and mother and Baby Clara roll down from the ranch in the good old flivver; and when father and mother drift into the San Francisco Bar for a shot of red-eye, Baby Clara is lifted up and seated on the bar, so that she can get an eyeful of the proceedings and be out of harm's way.

At the Race Track

All the other drinkers express themselves freely to the effect that Baby Clara is the cutest little blankety-blanked rascal that they ever saw, and they make a point of coming up and poking their fingers into her cheeks and breathing tequila fumes into her face, all of which is enough to create a cozy, homy atmosphere in any barroom.

The morning drinking at Tijuana is of a comparatively mild and introspective nature. The drinkers slowly make the rounds, or as much of the rounds as press of duties will permit, starting at the Last Chance Saloon at one end of Main Street, and proceeding through the Cantina Vernon, the Savoy Café, the Log Cabin Bar, the Nuevo Palacio, the Tivoli Bar, the Anchor Bar, Booze's Place, the Red Mill, the Office Bar, and so on, pausing ever and anon to lay a small wager on a crap table or to take a whirl at a gambling machine.

Early in the afternoon there is a general exodus from the exotic and alcoholic atmosphere of Old Town to the airier purlieus of the race track; but by five o'clock in the afternoon an eager crowd has again returned to the bright lights and the fragrant odors of Saloon Row, and there is wassail in every establishment, both great and small.

From every saloon on Main Street come the hectic strains of a jazz orchestra or a jazz piano. In the doorways of the dingier and smellier saloons on the side streets stand little clumps of somewhat underdressed ladies who lure the passer-by with honeyed words delivered in the same mellifluous timbre that characterizes the vocal efforts of the Marseilles ladies who devote their days to shouting the excellencies of nice fresh sea urchins, snails, mussels and other low-life sea food.

Though one is naturally loath to speak slightingly of any member of the gentler sex, it should be remarked in the interests of science and truth that if one needed to split himself a mess of kindling wood and lacked the conventional hatchet, he might easily accomplish his purpose by substituting the faces of any of these hoarse-voiced inhabitants of Tijuana's side streets.

Probably one of the greatest contrasts in the world is furnished by Tijuana's side streets at sunset; for as one stands at the end of a street he has on one side of him the broad and silent expanses of the desert fading away into a lavender dusk, and on the other side the glaring lights and the wild yells and the blaring jazz bedlam from a jumble of alcohol palaces that wouldn't have been out of place in Dante's Inferno.

There are hula dancers to divert the eye in many of the Main Street retreats; but other forms of entertainment, aside from liquid refreshment, gambling machines and the débutantes who receive a percentage on every sucker they lead to the bar, are few and far between.

A Profitable Enterprise

No matter how great the activities in Old Town may be, the activities in the exclusive little clump of buildings near the border—the race track, Monte Carlo and Sunset Inn—are always equally great.

The Tijuana race track is said to have the distinction of employing more broken-down gamblers, prize fighters and has-beens of the sporting fraternity than any other organization known to man. Most of these has-beens appear to earn their money by merely standing around; and a few confess to being in the position of the old darky who walked up and down the railroad trains in a certain station, rapping on the car wheels with a little hammer. He was approached one day by an official of the company, and stated, in answer to a question, that he had been engaged in this particular form of labor for fourteen years. "And what is the idea of tapping the wheels that way?" asked the official. "Boss," replied the wheel tapper frankly, "danged if I know!"

That it is a profitable race track seems to be demonstrated by the fact that it pays two thousand dollars a day for the racing privileges; and that it builds a new schoolhouse each year for one of the towns in Lower California.

Many of the sporting gentry that frequent Tijuana view the future of the Tijuana track with some pessimism; for it is their belief that the elaborate new track that opens in Miami next winter will draw all the horses from the big Eastern racing stables, and leave nothing for the Tijuana track except sand.

Several trains a day carry the racing and drinking enthusiasts from San Diego to Tijuana and back again—for nobody lingers in Tijuana after he has completed his day's gambling and alcohol consumption. The trains are patrolled by gentlemen who claim to receive information straight from the feed bag, and to hold daily converse with the horses as to their condition; and for sums ranging from half a dollar to a dollar they will impart this valuable information to anybody at all.

At the race track itself nobody need endure a dull moment; for in addition to betting on the six or eight races, one may bulge up to a so-called glistening bar and imbibe freely, or secure extra action between races by betting on a wheel of fortune that is located beneath the grand stand.

Those persons who have been sufficiently unfortunate as to lose their entire capital at the race track usually depart for San Diego immediately after the races, unless their physical condition is such that they are obliged to wander out on the desert in order to sleep it off. Those who have won at the races, however, usually repair at once to the long low building that houses Sunset Inn and Monte Carlo, and lose all their winnings as well as all their other resources with the utmost expedition.

Sunset Inn occupies one half of the building and Monte Carlo occupies the other half; but a large portion of Sunset Inn is

(Continued on Page 54)

IN ALL THE WORLD NO CAR LIKE THIS

"Look, Mike—and Daddy says it'll still be shiny when I'm a big girl"

5-Passenger BROUGHAM

$1325

Baked Enamel Finish—Jewett Quality *and* Power

IT'S a flashing beauty. The clear, black brilliance all over this Jewett Brougham arrests attention everywhere. And this high-temperature baked enamel finish, perfected for this Jewett Brougham, lasts for years. Re-painting days can be forgotten.

This finish is superior to weather. Wintry blasts and summer suns have no appreciable effect upon its hard baked surface All it needs is an occasional wash to make it shine like new. It is a 50,000-mile body finish, commensurate with Jewett's rugged chassis endurance

Think of such a smart enclosed car—a Jewett Six through and through—for only $1325. A manufacturing triumph, indeed!

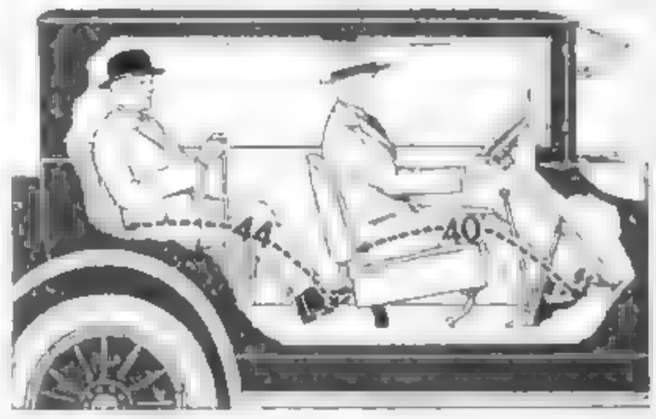
Here's the unusual feature of this Brougham body construction. Each of the several steel body panels is dipped three times in finest black enamel, and baked three times at high temperature—with a rub after each coat—then fastened to the staunch hardwood body frame. Wood, because wood absorbs vibration, reduces noise to nil.

Both front seats fold forward. Easy entrance and exit, either side. Rear seat is generously wide for three adults. Lots of leg room for the tallest. Interior is tastefully done in fawn-colored velour.

A beautiful closed car in appearance—a beauty in performance, for it is a thoroughbred Jewett with full 50-horsepower Paige-built motor. Jewetts go from 2 to 60 miles an hour, or more, in high. Pick up from 5 to 25 miles an hour in 7 seconds, in high. Take most every hill in high. Rarely do you change gears, and then it is simple Even change from high to second at 30 miles an hour—quietly! Women say it is "a dream to drive" and Jewett's rugged strength gives them every confidence

Truly, this Jewett Brougham is unusual. A quality car in ruggedness, looks and performance, for only $1325. It is the enthusiastic choice of buyers who delight in distinctive power and proven dependability, and next want smart style and lasting good looks—a brilliant, lasting finish that endures beyond all expectation

Drive this beautiful Brougham yourself Let your wife drive it. It's a smart setting for any family—a big six performer at the price of cars having less power and strength.



Roomy Comfort

	FRONT SEAT		REAR SEAT	
	Leg room inches	Width inches	Leg room inches	Width inches
Coupe	40	45	—	—
Brougham	40	*Two*—18½	44	46½
Sedan	40	46	46	46½
Touring	42	44	46	46½

All Jewett models are as roomy as larger, cumbersome cars. Sit in them. Drive them. Ride in them.

JEWETT SIX

PAIGE BUILT

Touring $1065 Brougham $1325
Sedan $1495 Coupe $1350
De Luxe Touring $1220
De Luxe Sedan $1695
Prices at Detroit Tax extra

(Continued from Page 52)

devoted to a restaurant in which the eye is soothed by spotless napery and glittering crystal, whereas Monte Carlo is devoted exclusively to rough-and-tumble gambling devoid of any little niceties and refinements.

The gambling room at Sunset Inn adjoins the restaurant. It caters to the more refined elements that visit Tijuana - movie actors from Hollywood, real-estate dealers from all parts of Southern California, bootleggers, confidence men, tourists out on slumming expeditions, and so on. There is a carpet on the floor, and the walls are devoid of reminders that no checks will be cashed, and there are several gambling tables for roulette, crap and twenty-one.

It is a long time between courses at Sunset Inn; and after the patrons have slid three or four cocktails into themselves and followed them with half a bottle of sauterne on top of nothing more filling than half a dozen oysters, it is no more than reasonable for them to suppose that they should easily be able to make the price of the dinner by dropping a few berries on red or black. By the time the third course has arrived, everyone who plays on this basis is looking for someone to cash a check.

Instead of using counters at the gambling tables, as do the ordinary gambling resorts, the Sunset Inn tables use nothing but silver dollars. A casual glance at the Tijuana tables is enough to convince anyone that at least two-thirds of the available supply of American cartwheels has been concentrated at Tijuana. The idea of using silver dollars as a gambling basis is an excellent one for the three czars of gambling; for so long as anybody finds himself in the vicinity of a gambling table with a silver dollar in his pocket the impulse to make it into two or four dollars must be obeyed. The silver dollar seems to have more of a hypnotic effect on gamblers than does a dollar chip.

Odds in Favor of the Bank

Business in Sunset Inn is usually rather dull by comparison with that which goes on at Monte Carlo. Monte Carlo is, of course, named after the celebrated European gambling resort of that name; and to do so is about as reasonable as would have been the naming of Teapot Dome after Mont Blanc. In place of the mural paintings of naked women that decorate the walls and ceilings of the true Monte Carlo, the Tijuana Monte Carlo uses signs reading "Exchange Your Silver for Currency at Office"; "Warning: Do Not Attempt to Carry Liquor Into the United States: Penalty, Arrest and Confiscation of Auto"; "No Cheques Cashed"; and so on. But what the Tijuana Monte Carlo lacks in aesthetic touches it more than makes up in gambling facilities.

Early in March, 1924, the opportunities that it offered to the eager gambler consisted of two large poker games, two wheels of fortune, three chuck-a-luck layouts, eight roulette wheels, eight crap tables and twelve games of twenty-one.

A day or two later, at high noon on a hot March Sunday, the mob of people that was struggling to bet its money on the available tables was so large that the management was preparing to put into commission three more roulette wheels, two more crap tables, two more twenty-one games and another chuck-a-luck outfit. There were more than a thousand people in the room; and it was a tough-looking crowd, made up of fat ladies, slim ladies, painted ladies, old ladies, bums, touts, moochers, laborers, movie actors, jockeys, detectives, ranchers and most of the dregs of Southern California, with a few children thrown in for good measure. Many were drunk and most were gambling or struggling to get near enough to the tables to gamble.

Of the thousand or more that were in that room at noon on Sunday, probably eight hundred lost every cent they had within two hours' time. The crowds kept pouring across the border into Tijuana all through the day and early evening; and most of them went back across the border broke.

The enormous amount of money left each year in Tijuana and its sister sporting town of Mexicali by the ranchers and workmen of the Imperial Valley and the coast district between San Diego and Los Angeles has caused the business men and bankers of Southern California to emit wild howls of rage. At a conservative estimate the resident suckers of Southern California leave more than fifteen million dollars a year with the gamblers and dive keepers of Mexicali and Tijuana; and these figures do not take into account the large amounts that are left by tourists.

Many people are fond of saying that all the gambling games at Tijuana are crooked. There is little reason to think that this is so. The percentage in favor of the house is so large that there is no necessity for crooked games. Nobody who plays them for any length of time has a chance of departing with anything more substantial in his pockets than a few flecks of lint and some scattered flakes of cigarette tobacco.

The Casino at the French Monte Carlo is supposed to have gaming tables whose accuracy and honesty are above suspicion. The chief stand-by of the French Monte Carlo is roulette; and the French roulette wheels have thirty-six numbers and one zero. When the zero turns up, practically all bets on the board go to the house. On this percentage the Casino at the French Monte Carlo maintains all the schools, churches, roads, government, army, police force and what not of the entire principality of Monaco. The Tijuana Monte Carlo uses roulette wheels which have not only a zero but a double zero as well; and whenever either of them turns up, the house rakes in practically every bet.

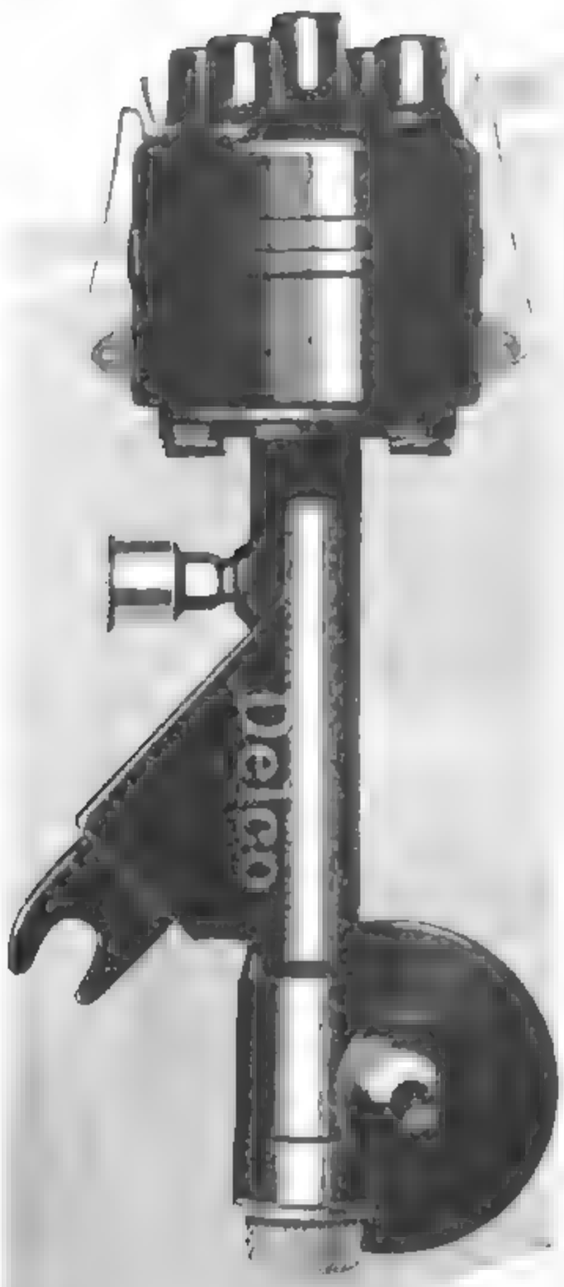
The percentage in favor of the house is even higher in twenty-one, chuck-a-luck and crap than in the Tijuana roulette with its zero and double zero. Chuck-a-luck, which is played with three dice in a cage, is the worst of all. The cage is revolved for the purpose of shaking the dice, during which one bets on any or all of six numbers, ranging from one to six to correspond with the dots on the faces of the dice. If the number on which one bets turns up on any one of the three dice, the better wins. It looks like an easy game to beat, and one can prove by simple arithmetic that the person who bets carefully on it can certainly win. If, after figuring heavily, one plays he discovers that there must have been something wrong with his figures, since the house has won all his money.

The Fate of System Players

Nearly everyone who plays at the French Monte Carlo plays a system based on the even chances. In the long run nobody ever wins at these systems; but it is the method of play at which one has the greatest chance of keeping in the game for a long time. At Tijuana, however, systems are as rare as mastodon steaks. Everyone plays his hunches; and Tijuana hunches always result in the huncher rushing around wildly in search of someone who will cash a check, or going home broke.

Last March two young men showed up in Tijuana with a roulette system that had been figured out by the captain of a sailing vessel during the long and inactive days of an ocean voyage. According to the two young men, this system couldn't lose — which is the belief that is held by upwards of 197,000 system players at the French Monte Carlo; and they proposed to organize a stock company to operate it on a large scale—which is the idea that comes each year to a flock of system hounds who raise money in London and Paris and lose it all at Monte Carlo a little later in the course of demonstrating the infallibility of their systems. So the two young men started to play their system at the Tijuana Monte Carlo, and instantly every detective and bouncer in the place prowled around them and watched them and glowered at them, and generally behaved as though the two young men were carrying out a dark and nefarious plot to ruin all three of the czars of Tijuana gambling, as well as all their employes. Yet, if these young men succeeded in leaving Tijuana with money in their pockets—and the betting would normally be about five to one against any such possibility—they are among the first who have ever done so.

If Barnum could only stand on the international border around closing time and watch the suckers coming home from Tijuana with empty pockets and wabbly legs, he might even go so far as to say that there are ten born every fifth of a second, instead of one every minute.



Added vim and pep—for your Ford With Delco

IGNITION SYSTEM for FORDS

[illegible] that makes the engine run [illegible] low speeds in traffic and at [illegible] the road

This Ignition Distributor is of Standard Delco type and quality—the same quality that makes Delco electrical equipment the choice of the majority of the builders of America's finest motor cars.

The Delco Ignition Distributor [illegible] possible to start your Ford [illegible] snow or cold.

It provides an automatic spark advance.

It has a quickly accessible and easily operated timing adjustment.

It permits carrying all ignition wiring overhead.

It reduces repair costs.

It is quickly and easily installed in place of the present Ford unit.

Its cost is $13—with Delco Ford Coil $5.50 extra. Both prices include tax.

The added vim and pep that this new Delco Ignition System will provide your Ford will surprise and delight you.

For full information see your nearest dealer or write direct to United Motors Service, Detroit, national service representatives for

The Dayton Engineering Laboratories Co.
Dayton, Ohio, U. S. A.

GLIMPSES OF OUR GOVERNMENT

(Continued from Page 46)

almost blindly. Questions and answers are freely used in hearings, and much is gained by them, but thus far our Congress refuses to avail itself directly of experience. The men who know are never present when appropriation bills are on passage. Furthermore, many appropriation laws are enacted with a small minority of the House present. It takes a navy bill or some special subject to bring out a quorum to vote on appropriations.

In the fall of each year every government service makes up its estimates of the funds it will need in the coming fiscal year. That is to say, it estimates in October what it will require during the year which is to begin on the first day of the following July. It is thus making a project for its financial future to cover a period ending twenty months ahead. No part of the money included in these estimates will be available for eight months unless a special provision "to be immediately available" is inserted in the appropriations act, and that occurs rarely.

These estimates, so far as my own experience forms a guide, were very carefully worked out in the several bureaus and were thoroughly reviewed with me by the chief of each service. I made changes in them, both additions and subtractions, as seemed wise, signed them, and so became responsible for them. They were sent to the President, who also approved them—usually a formal matter—and caused them to be forwarded through the Secretary of the Treasury to the Appropriations Committee of the House of Representatives.

In the cabinet both the President and the Secretary of the Treasury would often urge that great care be given to keeping the estimates down to the lowest limit consistent with the good of the public service, and these cautions were heeded. On two occasions the President definitely asked that increases of salaries be omitted from our current estimates. This was far from pleasant to me, for some of my men were sadly underpaid. Frequently one of the cabinet would at such times speak of something he deemed important or of some demand from the public for increased outlay, and it would be discussed freely from the point of view of all the departments. Of course none of the independent services got the benefit of such discussions. Whether for better or worse they never had or could have part in any cabinet conferences, unless it were indirectly through the President himself. Usually they were quite left out of the running so far as consideration of government affairs by the cabinet was concerned. This was natural and inevitable. No one was responsible for them. No one was their spokesman. In all cabinet councils their voice was silent.

But let us follow the estimates after they reach the Capitol. They came into the care of the clerk of the Appropriations Committee unless, indeed, they covered subjects within the scope of the numerous other committees that then functioned independently. In such cases, of course, they went to the clerk of the committee in charge.

But as in connection with my own work they always went to the Appropriations Committee, let us follow their fortunes there, remembering that the office of that committee was working whether Congress was or was not in session.

The clerk of that committee is an important functionary who holds a position of great delicacy and influence. The details of committee procedure are largely in his hands and it is in his power to do much to help or hinder. It was wise to keep on the best of terms with him. I hasten to say, however, lest this be misunderstood, that these officials, one after another of both parties, were uniformly discreet, loyal and fair.

I have never heard the least impropriety laid at their door. Frequently they could adjust matters of routine, fix times for hearings, correct oversights, note explanations and arrange similar things that were important.

(Continued on Page 58)

CONSTANTLY IMPROVED
BUT NO YEARLY MODELS

Dodge Brothers Motor Car retains its basic design year after year.

Improvements are made constantly, but there are no radical, annual changes.

This policy protects owners from the rapid depreciation-loss which invariably attends the periodic announcement of new types.

It also enables Dodge Brothers to effect an appreciable saving in manufacture; and this saving is faithfully returned to the buyer in the form of surplus value.

DODGE BROTHERS DETROIT
DODGE BROTHERS MOTOR COMPANY LIMITED
WALKERVILLE ONTARIO

Endless testing

-but he got it!

Over and over and again—it seemed as if his task were endless. For Peter was after just one thing—a blend of milk chocolate that was *perfect*.

And finally he got it!

From scores of varieties of cocoa beans, only six go into *Peter's*—and only the finest grades of these. And the milk is fresh and pure daily—blended into the rich chocolate within 24 hours.

A perfect blend—smooth and rich—a fine, rare flavor that only *Peter's* has.

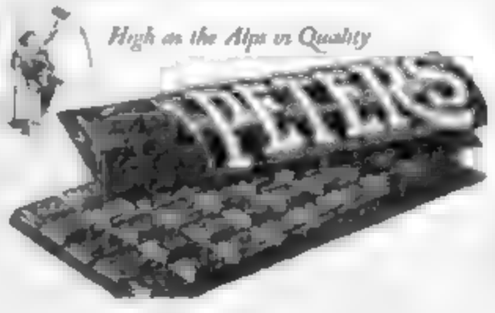
It's a secret process—this *Peter's* blend. Only experienced foremen thoroughly trained in Swiss methods have charge of the work.

Peter's is different—distinctive—*good*. You'll like the fine rare flavor of it.

Send 20 cents for the famous PETER'S assortment package—plain — almond — croquettes. Lamont, Corliss and Company, 129 Hudson St., New York, N.Y.

Peter's
MILK CHOCOLATE

High as the Alps in Quality



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Today the estimates go to the Budget Bureau first and there are discussed and revised. From there they go to the Appropriations Committee. But it should be noted carefully that the budget system, as we now have it, has no faintest control over Congress. Either the House or the Senate can ignore it, and in fact each does ignore it when it chooses. Nor can the Budget Bureau restrain in the least degree the free action of Congress in originating appropriations independently. Such appropriations have been made more than once. Our budget, therefore, is not a controlling factor but an advisory one. In the strict sense of the word as it is used in other lands, our budget is not a true budget, but merely a carefully revised estimate. It is good within a limited field, but its power has been overestimated. Furthermore, a tactical mistake has been made in putting it under the direction of military men. They have been earnest and conscientious, but good judgment would have diluted its official atmosphere with men more naturally in sympathy with the civilian services.

But something is going on in the office of the Appropriations Committee where we left those estimates which are our demand for financial food during the coming fiscal year. They arrive in the committee's hands, let us say, in October. Final action upon them may be taken by Congress in December. Meanwhile important work is done. The estimates during this period are put into the tentative form of such a bill as the committee will in time report to the House of Representatives, and are printed in a large flat book with very wide margins. The estimates of former years are investigated and the appropriations then made for the same service are examined, and careful notes are prepared of both. The record of the statements made at former hearings before the committee is consulted. In all these historical matters the work of the committee's staff is thorough. The subcommittee before which we are soon to appear may or may not fully understand our work, but they know accurately what we said about it in the past and what sums we formerly asked and received. The subcommittee, having these facts before them, rejoices to catch an official in some inconsistency, and not infrequently it succeeds.

The Subcommittee Attitude

All is now ready for the hearing before the particular subcommittee having our department appropriations in charge. We are given brief notice, and appear, ready for a long and vigorous cross-examination. At least it is wise to be ready. If not our shrift is short. We shall be told to come back better informed or else with a grim smile some notations are made on those wide margins I have mentioned which will have unpleasant results later

Appearance before these subcommittees was sometimes pleasant, sometimes not. I always went to the hearings and took an active part in them with my associates. My cabinet colleagues did not do so often. I never understood why they did not. It seemed my duty alike to Congress and to the department to bring both into as close contact as the system permitted. If the chairman is courteous all goes smoothly, no matter how searching the inquiry. The chairman was not always courteous, and on such occasions the hearing was a difficult experience, even an exasperating one. Some chairmen were fighters and in their presence I have seen men badgered and insulted without any excuse. With others I met with nothing worse than pointed questions which it was the duty of the subcommittee to ask. It is true, probably, that some bureau chiefs tried to put estimates through that were excessive. The committees insisted that this was so and that they had constantly to be on guard against it. I never knew, however, one of my subordinates to ask for anything in which I could not support him. Indeed, I was myself responsible for the estimates, for I had signed them.

We had stirring scraps at times in those hearings when the members of the subcommittees did not or would not believe our statements and did not fail to criticize both us and our demands. We had to take our own parts with great vigor. There was very pungent give and take. We were conscious that if we failed to convince those three or four men we should have no chance to have our case presented to the House of Representatives, and an appeal to the Senate through its Appropriations Committee was of doubtful wisdom. The House did not regard such action kindly unless there was some obvious necessity for it.

One curious attitude was always encountered. If the officials of a service had been very careful and by wise management had saved some of its appropriations for the previous year, no thanks were ever spoken, nor was such conduct thought commendable. On the contrary, the official was charged with having made an excessive estimate the previous year and with having in that way deceived the committee. Among the first questions asked by the committee was usually "What was your unexpended balance last year?" If it was considerable it was thought a sound reason for allowing less this year, regardless of either the state of the work, the demands of the public or the cause of the saving. There could hardly be a more effective way of discouraging economy than this habitual attitude of the committee. Detailed stenographic notes were taken of all hearings, which were printed and made available to all interested. Of course much interesting talk occurred which was off the record.

At last the hearings end; the weary officials, tired with the annual contest, return to their several posts, wondering what will happen next. They do not find out until two further processes, both private, have taken place and the printed bill is reported in the House of Representatives for action. Up to the end of the hearings all is open and of public record. What next takes place is behind closed doors. We are now to find invisible government in full operation.

The first secret process is marking up the bill. A few men using their notes made during the hearings, and guided by the impressions derived from it as well as by records of the past, decide what shall be allowed for every phase of a department's work. They actually decide, because the cases are few in which either the full committee or the House overrules them. Both the full committee and the House have before them in the printed bill the visible decisions of the subcommittee, but the House, at least, does not know the invisible decisions, and these are many. By invisible decisions I mean the matter which the subcommittee omits. It may omit, it often does omit, items of importance to a department's work, and no member of the House, when the bill comes up for passage, will be the wiser from any facts before him. It would be a very experienced representative or one peculiarly well informed who could detect the absence of something of which he had no knowledge. Sometimes to meet this condition a department informs a friendly member of something important in its estimates which is omitted from the bill, and so enables him to ask embarrassing questions. In ordinary practice, however, an executive department has no appeal to the full membership of the House; its financial fate rests with the small group who make up the bill in the privacy of their own committee rooms. The House, of course, assumes that its responsible committee has done its work well and is reluctant to diverge from its report. The practical result, therefore, is that decisions concerning appropriations rest usually with a small group of men who work in secret.

Clumsy and Costly

This must be in a measure qualified by the fact that the bill thus made up by the subcommittee is submitted to the full committee and approved by it before it is reported to the House. Yet, with rare exceptions this is also not only a private but a perfunctory process. It is a second secret element in the sense of not being of public record, and ordinarily it does not materially change the decisions of the subcommittee. I have, indeed, learned of odd cases in which the full committee acted on the made-up bill with unfortunate results, but this knowledge came to me not as of right or because it was a public matter, but because a member was indignant and leaked.

It has already been said that the system was at fault rather than the men who run it, and that on the whole, thanks to their earnest efforts, it does less harm than one would suppose. It remains to state some of the bad results out of my own experience. The subcommittee ran in grooves which it was reluctant to leave. Any change was regarded with suspicion and was deferred as long as possible. A new or unusual situation required a lot of explaining, and it was always considered safe to do nothing. Consequently it frequently took several years to educate the subcommittee to the point where a new course would be adopted. This was usually without regard to the facts and often in spite of them when clearly known. Personal prejudice against a particular official or personal confidence in him played a controlling part at times, but the House did not know it. I have repeatedly seen appropriations made because of faith in a man when the object sought was, to say the least, vague in the alleged minds of some legislators. On the other hand I have seen funds which were needed for the protection of life and property refused because an official stumbled or was obscure, embarrassed or pugnacious in stating his case during the hearings. I have known omissions from appropriation bills that the House would hardly have allowed had it been permitted to know about them, for they put an end to work that directly saved money, and I have known also the chairman of the full committee to give as his reasons for refusing one appropriation facts that related to quite another matter. The whole process is clumsy, circuitous and costly. It throws upon a few a responsibility that all should bear. It estops the executive side of the Government from free contact with the whole of the legislative side, and forces the latter to act or to refuse to act without knowing realities.

When one sees the free and open debates concerning what are called supply bills in other lands, he is ashamed of the equivocal and indirect processes we still employ. We carry separation to excess. We isolate Congress from the facts. We inform a few, so far as questioning can take the place of experience, and at the same time we conceal the truth from the representatives of the people, and, of course, we suffer for it.

Causes of Delay

Can there be any sound reason for forbidding a department head from telling the whole truth about his work to the whole Congress? Is it democracy or is it oligarchy to forbid him access to the ear of Congress and to confine him to a selected small group who decide whether Congress shall or shall not hear what he desires in order to do his work well? Is there something of which Congress is afraid when it refuses to bring spender face to face with provider and to give the chief executive officers of the nation a chance to be heard respecting the work placed in their hands? Thus far we have preferred indirection and investigation to open question and direct answer, but it seems inevitable that as time passes and the volume of work pressing on both executive and legislative steadily increases, some much more simple method must be adopted than that we have thus far seen fit to employ.

Before leaving this phase of my theme it is right to explain that the Appropriations Committee cannot always be held accountable for the entire delay that takes place in securing legislative sanction for executive proposals. Any new proposition requires the enactment of two separate laws namely, first an act of authorization, second an act of appropriation. Try the second upon the House of Representatives without the first, and you run squarely against a point of order which is inevitably sustained. Therefore, in our case, every new proposal had to be brought before the Committee on Interstate and Foreign Commerce or the Committee on Merchant Marine and Fisheries, and argued there. If that committee approved our request it reported out an authorizing bill which took its chance in the Congressional mêlée, but was ultimately almost sure to pass. Then and not till then could we put it in our estimates for consideration by the Appropriations Committee.

But do not imagine that authorization meant appropriation. On the contrary, it had little quickening relation to it. Usually months, sometimes years, intervened between the two acts, and meantime work waited and earnest officials grew weary, and those less faithful grew slack, and the people who know not the law fretted at inaction, and more than once the price of delay was paid in human lives.

Appropriations were of three general classes—specific, lump-sum and deficiency. The first gave in minute detail the purposes for which the sums allowed might be used. It fixed, for example, the number of charwomen who might be employed to clean the Commerce Building, and their daily wages. Such bills allowed little or no discretion. They were arbitrary and precis

(*Continued on Page 58*)

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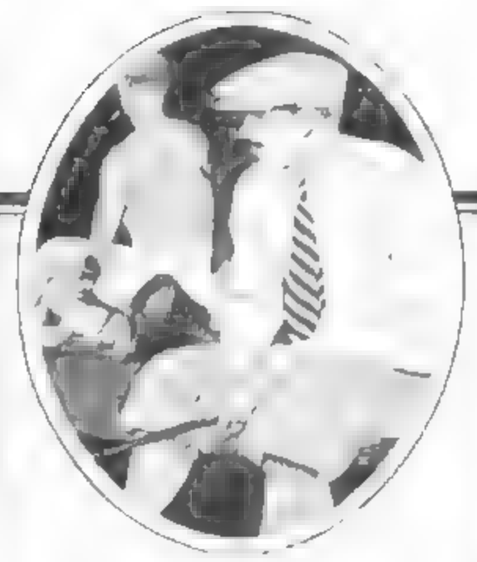

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(Continued from Page 56

Lump-sum appropriations were different. They stated a total sum that might be used for a particular purpose, and placed certain limitations about it. Within these limits, however, an executive had some discretion, subject to certain general laws affecting all such expenditures. A case of this kind was the appropriation for commercial attachés. It gave freedom to arrange the salaries of these men according to the importance of their work and the cost of living in the city of their residence.

Deficiency appropriations were in theory the result of emergencies involving some exceptional outlay, and were usually made to permit a bureau to continue work which otherwise might stop. We would get them occasionally when some tempest had played havoc with our field stations. But they could also be used to show a false economy and conceal a real expenditure. I have elsewhere told how a chairman once allowed me but a part of our regular appropriation for one bureau because he had to make the total of his bill small to show economy, saying to me to come around in December and he would allow the balance in a deficiency bill. He had a keen sense that December was after election but no very keen sense of putting me in the apparently unlawful position of exceeding my appropriation.

Our Government is the oldest in its structure of all the great powers, and few of the many who have revised their methods since we arranged ours have seen fit to follow us through. We are in reality trying to do a twentieth-century task with an eighteenth-century mechanism, and it is small wonder that it creaks in its joints when strains are placed upon it for which it was never intended. These antiquated and circuitous methods which I have described are no necessary part of our institutions, and other democracies long ago cast them aside. We overload our President and give our Vice President almost nothing to do. We choose a Congress and allow it to pass almost half its term before it assembles in regular session, while men discarded by the people meanwhile legislate for them. We allow legislators to spend months in talk instead of weeks in work and become so interested in partisan politics that we lose sight of the one thing politically needful, which is service. Living in glass houses, our legislators rejoice to throw stones among themselves, seemingly eager to rise not so much by their services to the country as by the reaction from the mistakes of their political foes. We spend time and money investigating some surmise while work waits, and we learn at great cost of money, time and effort, what other governments get in an afternoon.

The Urge for Fish Hatcheries

Having been so serious thus far, may we not for a brief time turn to lesser things? The souls of congressmen yearned for fish hatcheries in their own districts, and bills to provide them came almost like falling leaves in autumn. It was truly amazing to behold the widespread influence of Izaak Walton over our national legislature. We had to adopt what was almost an antifish-hatchery policy lest we be overwhelmed with them, for we had fifty or more in regular use. It would hardly do to put one on every river and pond throughout the land. Accordingly the chairman of the committee to which these bills were referred would send them to us in batches. We would return them, pointing out that there were already hatcheries running near the proposed new ones or that their needs could readily be supplied from others. We would approve such as filled a gap in our system. The others fell by the wayside, or perhaps it would be more modern to say were sunk without trace.

All this legislative activity arose from the local outlook of members anxious to do something for the district; in other words, desiring to mend their political fences with fish hatcheries.

But since we have delved deeply into the labyrinth of congressional methods, it may be well to get a breath of mountain air and incidentally to learn how a box car prevented a miners' strike and caused the restitution of stolen wages. Much about the government functions in Washington, though deeply important, lacks the obvious direct human touch. I always wanted to get far afield where there was less talk and more work, and you may not mind a brief glimpse of something more personal than committee details.

We shall all agree in regretting that the wonderful protection our old Uncle Sam throws around his nephews and nieces is so little known. We see and hear the stern sides of law, but are not told how that same stern power guards us and gives security to our daily living. There would be less room for radical agitation if the kindly side of government were known. But while we are talking thus we find ourselves in our track scale-testing car and are off to the hills. Look about you, for the car is a novel one. It resembles a box freight car and if the bureau name on it were changed to that of a railroad, one might pass it by as but one of thousands. A closer look shows that one end is made of doors opening outward, and when these open all resemblance to other cars ceases. A powerful arm comes out carrying massive weights which when they are placed upon a large scale provide the means of testing its accuracy. The technical staff which accompanies the car will tell you if you ask them that they are hunting crooks. First they hunt scales that are crooks, and then they seek the crooks behind the scales.

What the Scale Tests Found

Coal mining is not easy work. Men do not choose it for its charm. It is dirty, dangerous labor and the law therefore throws safeguards around it. Coal miners perform a necessary public service and employers are doubly disloyal who cheat them out of their wages. The car is crossing the Alleghanies because charges are made that something is wrong with the scales in the coal district over there. The miners, who are paid by the ton, believe themselves defrauded and have threatened a strike. It is postponed pending inquiry into the facts by the scientific crew of the testing car on which you are a passenger.

This is what they found: "Serious errors of use were common, not a single scale examined being within the tolerance allowable; moreover, important errors were in every case in favor of the operator. One scale was out of balance by the extraordinary error of 616 pounds, and one of the counterpoise weights used thereon was in error by 111 pounds on a nominal weight of 1120 pounds, both errors, of course, resulting in underpayment of the miners. . . . In another case two counterpoise weights . had been plugged with lead in such a way that the total error on the scale was 166 pounds, which again resulted in short weight."

The matter came to court and in the case of each of three scales fines of three hundred dollars and costs were imposed. In a fourth case sentence was suspended because the scale owners paid to their workers more than twenty-two hundred dollars which had been wrongfully withheld. Some months later our staff reported "a general awakening to the necessity of maintaining accurate weighing equipment and properly using same. Yet even under these improved circumstances," they said, "some of the companies are still maintaining grossly inaccurate scales. One was found which had an error of 350 pounds on a ton in favor of the operator."

How long would it take you under such circumstances, if you were a coal miner, to recover your faith in the word of your employer?

There is much in public life in Washington that is petty, much that is annoying, but the privilege of stamping on such an evil as this that I have just described is a rare joy. To use the power of the nation to protect the oppressed is a deep satisfaction. Yet it would be wrong to leave the impression that such cases were common. On the contrary they were exceptional. There is an increasing recognition of human values by employers, an increasing growth of mutual esteem and self-respect between men of labor and men of capital. It would be difficult today to find such conditions as I have described; and were they found, employers and workmen would unite to denounce them.

I remember vividly the August day when our bureau chiefs were assembled in my office and I told them the German troops had crossed the Belgian frontier. There was not much to say except to point out our duty as neutrals. The bolt had fallen out of an almost clear sky, although the Austrian demands on Serbia had caused some anxiety. We could not then foresee any large part of what later befell, and perhaps the leading thought was that which condemned Germany's breach of treaty faith and which realized, of course, the grave possibilities that might be involved in any such struggle as was opening.

There was much to engage our thoughts elsewhere. The Tampico incident had been followed by other futile insults to our flag in Mexico. The approach of the Ypirango carrying munitions of war had led to the seizure of Vera Cruz in April. The dictator Huerta had yielded to pressure and was gone, and while Germany was invading France, Carranza entered the City of Mexico. Then Villa revolted and the civil war continued.

In the very midst of these exciting events which added to the anxieties of statesmanship the President suffered a personal loss in the death of his wife.

There lies before me as this is written a statement made during March, 1924, that President Wilson was "arrogant, intolerant, remote and inaccessible." The man who wrote these false and foolish words is a creator of fiction indeed, but fiction which is pure fancy with no realism about it. A week after Mrs. Wilson's death I communicated with the President about a needed vacation, expressing doubt whether at the time I should leave. He wrote me on August thirteenth, saying he knew how I must feel about my vacation, for he himself had had none and could have none; and added the hope that I should feel at liberty to go away immediately.

I replied: "Under the circumstances it seems selfish and disloyal for me to think of myself at all, and I shall stay here." This brought a brief note from the President, written in longhand, saying, "*Don't* give up your vacation."

Later I wrote him expressing my sorrow at his loss, and he replied, thanking me again and again for my sympathy, and saying that the support and genuine sympathy of his friends had been a great blessing without which he did not know what he would have done.

Costly Economy

It happened that the time was a critical one in my own immediate field of work, for I was pressing Congress for funds with which to undertake some long-delayed and urgent work. President Wilson supported me most cordially. In his message to Congress on December 8, 1914, he pointed out the needs for coastal surveys, saying, "Many human lives and many great enterprises hang upon it"; and then in the same message he spoke these wise words about government expenditures: "The people of the United States do not wish to curtail the activities of this Government; they wish rather to enlarge them; and with every enlargement, with the mere growth, indeed, of the country itself, there must come, of course, the inevitable increase of expense. The sort of economy we ought to practice may be effected and ought to be effected by a careful study and assessment of the tasks to be performed; and the money spent ought to be made to yield the best possible returns in efficiency and achievement. . . . It is not expenditure but extravagance that we should fear. . . . The nation is not niggardly; it is very generous."

On the same day I forwarded to the Speaker of the House of Representatives a communication such as I trust may not again have to be sent to an American Congress. I referred to a letter of a year before signed by five steamship companies, pointing out the unmarked dangers to which their ships were exposed, and included twenty-seven letters of like tenor from sea officers. It told a disgraceful story of neglect and stated that "The records establish beyond all doubt the fact that many marine disasters, some attended by loss of life, have occurred on the coast of Alaska because the Government has failed to properly safeguard its commerce in those waters by adequate surveys." From this date can be reckoned the advance which within recent months has at last made safe those dangerous seas.

No man who amid deep personal sorrow and heavy public burdens could think for his associates as unselfishly as did President Wilson, or who amid the crushing cares that fell upon him could support his colleagues as generously and sympathetically as he, can justly have such cruel words applied to him as those that have been quoted.

Editor's Note—This is the fourth of a series of articles by Mr. Redfield. The next will appear in an early issue.

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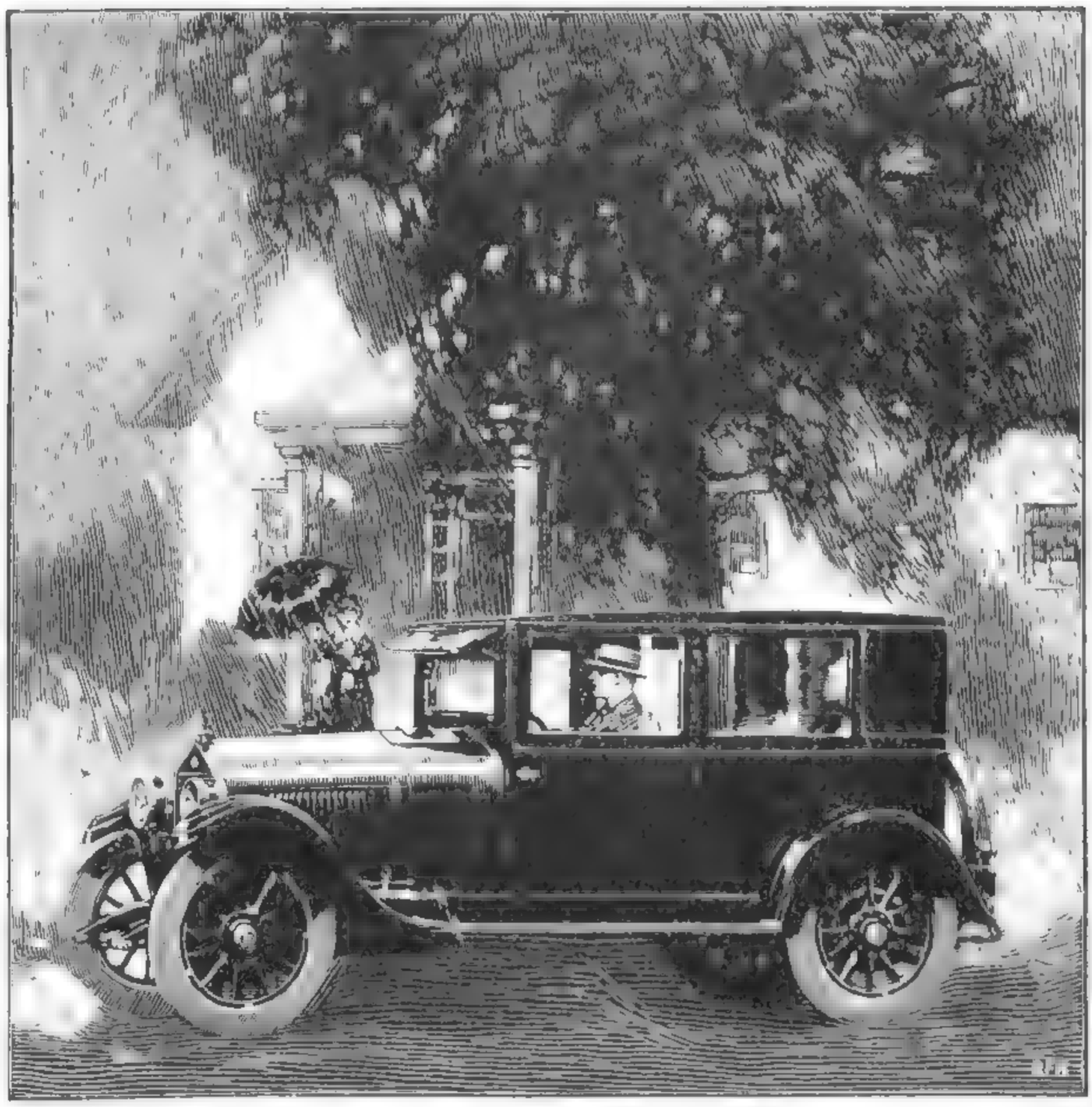

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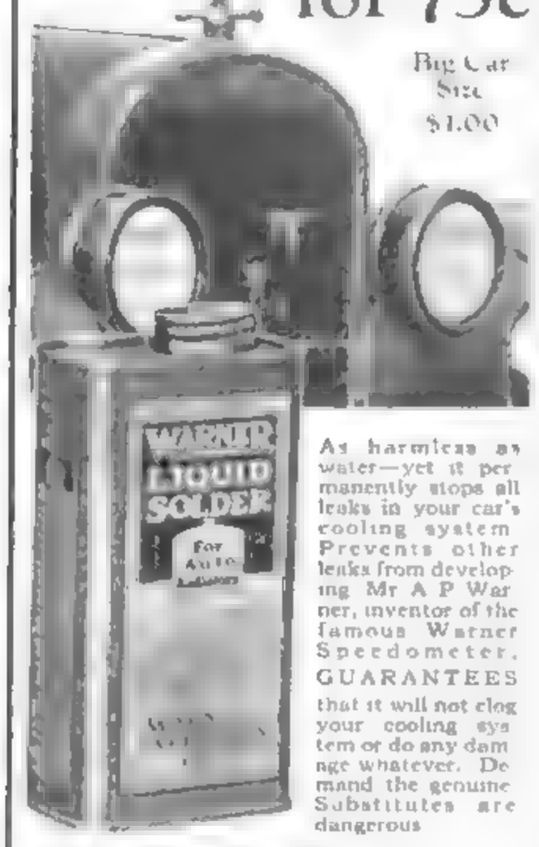

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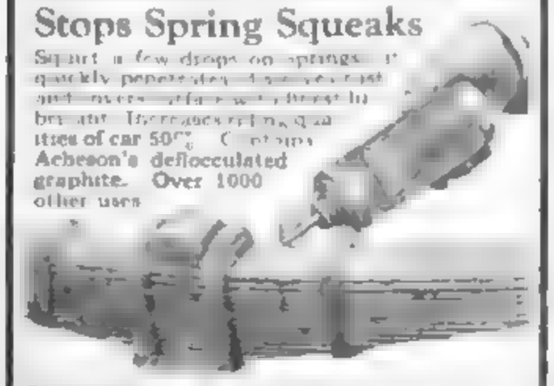

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THE CHILD IN THEIR MIDST

Continued from Page 44

Not all that either of us can offer would be good enough."

"Eh, duke? You have been turned down—by little Grace?"

"Your enjoyment is misplaced," said William. "I am not acceptable to her"—and he nodded toward the porch—"unless I can show the clean sheet of an honest, sober and industrious life."

"Lord!" said Mr. Macphersson. "And does she know who ye are?"

"I am your clerk, Macphersson: I write your letters and add up your accounts and when I have a day off I ride this accursed machine."

"Eh, duke?"

"And don't forget it, old boy," said the duke.

"I say, duke," said Mr. Macphersson, "what sort of world do ye suppose old Grace thinks this is? Now really, duke, what do ye suppose?"

"She thinks we're all in heaven, Macphersson."

"And yet," said Mr. Macphersson in a suddenly quiet voice, "that little old Grace has been close to hell. She has been closer to hell than we have, and she has looked in, and it has not scared her."

"Well," said the duke, "she may be a kind of born mother in an eternal nursery, and when she puts us in it we all have to be good boys and girls."

"That's what your friend said," Mr. Macphersson murmured, recalling Elena. He peeped round the apple tree. "Look at her shelling peas! Sweet, isn't it?"

The duke mounted the bicycle and rode along the footpath to the little white house, whose finger of smoke beckoned him.

*

THE duke just remembered in time that etiquette now took him into that house by the back door. He leaned the bicycle against the wall, looked through a window across red geraniums into a kitchen; and there he saw Grace dancing. Upon the scoured white table lay the Thompson silver, all in rows. Forks were ranked; spoons were ranked; entrée dishes and tureens and cruets officered them. There were the cleaning materials and there was Grace.

But Grace was dancing!

Grace's little black frock discovered unexpected pleats and fullnesses. Grace's toe flew up and kicked, lightly as a feather, the lamp that swung above her head. Grace was from one side of the kitchen to the other and back again without a sound of feet, like a leaf blown by the wind; Grace kept her feet still and danced with her arms; her arms still and danced with her fingers; Grace kept all her limbs still and danced with long ripples of her body. She had a white cap that surmounted her uplifted face like a coronet and her little white apron was a masquerade. And she was laughing as silently as she danced.

The duke ran in when her back was turned to the open door and caught her fast in his arms; his kiss was in time to stop Grace's little shriek.

"Oh, you!" murmured Grace.

"I've come courting," said the duke; "and what a jolly place to do it in!" And he looked around the kitchen, which was white-flagged, and had shelves of bright china and a gleaming black range and whitewashed walls and the aforementioned red geraniums. "I love you more than ever," he said tenderly, keeping his arms about her. "But your mother ——" And he began to tell her all that old Grace had said.

"You know," he said, "I am like a stranger coming into a new port, unable to speak the language. A thousand other languages the stranger can speak; but not that one. And you know, Grace ——"

As if a malign echo of him sounded in the whitewashed room, another voice cried, "Grace!"

"It's her!" gasped Grace, tearing herself from the duke's arms.

"Her!" muttered the duke, inspired to a frenzy of horror; and when Grace looked round again he was nowhere to be seen. He was in the china cupboard, scarcely daring to draw breath.

Miss Thompson entered.

"Grace!"

"Ma'am?"

"The silver!"

Miss Thompson stood gloating over her silver outspread upon the table. She paraded it and gave it a medical inspection. She frowned. The silver did not pass.

"Have you done it, Grace?"

"I have not finished it, ma'am."

The duke, through the chink in the cupboard door, which he had just left ajar, heard the meek little voice of Grace with surprise and with wrath. He thought of the slim pink lath rolled in the slim pink cloak, topped with the shining head of a little queen, walking on silver dancing feet into his ensnaring flat. And now —— "In this cruel, starched, ugly hole of a place," said the duke to himself, suddenly out of love with Arcady, "she is trembling before an infernal old maid whom I wouldn't make my housekeeper, Thompson or no Thompson! Hi," said the duke to himself, "that is a thought! The Thompson shall be our housekeeper, and every morning she shall come and say, 'What are your grace's orders for the day? 'Grace' no longer then; 'your grace,' it shall be. Ha!" However, William had not time to elaborate these sweet thoughts of revenge, for he was listening intently to the duologue outside his narrow prison.

"What you do with your time, my girl," said Miss Thompson in a thin, cold, chaste voice that sent shivers down William's backbone, "I cannot think. Five years you have been with me now, and I've trained you, I've taught you —— It's a wonder to me, in fact, how I can train you raw girls, for I'm sure in papa's and mamma's time I had no experience of any such necessity. In papa's and mamma's time the upper servants would have trained you. However, necessity knows no law, and I've done my best."

And from Grace: "I'm really very sorry, ma'am."

"Yes, Grace," said Miss Thompson with Christian patience; "sorry you may be; but sorrow hasn't cleaned the silver, and in five minutes you should be boiling your kettle and cutting your bread and butter for tea. But have you even filled your kettle?" Here the duke guessed rightly that Miss Thompson looked towards the stove. "Have you even thought of putting it on to heat slowly while you cleaned your silver? No! No, Grace, you do not think these days. You move in a dream; I hear you singing snatches of those absurd songs they write nowadays, about a coal-black mammy and that thing with bananas in it. And who knows —— Grace! You don't practice your dancing while you should be at work!"

"Oh, no, ma'am!" answered Grace in a little shocked and innocent voice.

"The love!" thought William to himself.

"A great change has come over you," said Miss Thompson; "a change for the worse. There's something about you, Grace, that you have only recently exhibited. Your hair ——"

"It's neat, ma'am," said Grace.

"Small devil!" said William to himself, smiling, for none appreciated more than he the allure of Grace's Madonna hair.

"Neat—yes," said Miss Thompson; "but there's something about it. It's very different from my hair; I know that. And yet our styles are similar. It is a well-known fact, of course, that maids copy mistresses, and I have no objection to that, I'm sure. I've tried to make myself an example to you. But all this dancing has changed you, Grace."

"Mother had to have the money, ma'am."

"I know it! I know it!" from Miss Thompson. "Nothing else would have made your good mother consent to such a thing; and nothing else would have led me to countenance it, either, to give you facilities. But I shall be glad when the necessity ceases."

"Y-y-yes," said Grace in a bleak little voice.

"Your mother would never allow you to do such work a moment longer than necessity compels. You know that as well as I."

"Y-y-yes, ma'am."

"Don't hanker after it, Grace. You wouldn't break your mother's heart?"

"No," Grace sighed quickly.

Then she looked through Miss Thompson. Her eyes shone, her smile was inspired by the wistful lawless joy within her, though the duke could not see it, and Grace herself could not guess at the effect it created in her demureness; and she said, "But it will take a year longer before the cottage is paid for. A year! A year! There is a whole lovely year!"

"I believe" from Miss Thompson "that you are gloating over it. You wicked girl!"

"Now abuse of her I will not have!" thought William hotly, and instantly a saucer fell from a shelf at his elbow to a shelf below. He heard it break.

"Grace!" cried Miss Thompson. "You're in a dream! You've let the cat get into the cupboard!"

The cupboard door was flung open and Miss Thompson beheld the duke and the duke beheld Miss Thompson. Miss Thompson screamed.

"Madam ——" said William in a conciliatory voice.

"Grace!" cried Miss Thompson from the heart. "Oh, this is too much! You are harboring a man! Who is he? Come out!" she commanded the duke.

The duke emerged, answering for Grace.

"I will explain everything, madam, if you will permit me. I am a clerk, acquainted with Grace and her mother, and I cycled here."

But it seemed that Miss Thompson thought nothing of the clerking and cycling references, which the duke considered so disarming, so unimpeachable.

"You have broken my saucer," she said, peering past him into the cupboard and speaking of the bereavement as if she had only one saucer in the little white house, when William could see for himself dozens of saucers shelf upon shelf.

"It is an extraordinary accident, madam," he said repentantly. "I wasn't even touching the saucer; I didn't look at the saucer, when, all by itself, it crashed."

"The usual story," said Miss Thompson, working herself up to a heat that intimidated the duke; "they never touch them. Things fall and break by themselves. It isn't as if it were one of a set and I had plenty more. That was a little odd saucer; my little odd blue saucer that we used to put odd things on. Grace knows it as well as I do. It was a very useful little saucer indeed."

"Irreplaceable, I see," said the duke, nodding his head gloomily.

"Sweep up the pieces, Grace," said Miss Thompson; and Grace ran forward with a little pan and brush, her menial service striking William to the heart.

"And now," said Miss Thompson, trembling, as Grace knelt in the cupboard searching for fragments of china, "explain yourself. How dare you lurk in my cupboard?"

"I was frightened," said the duke truthfully, after trying to invent something better.

"Frightened? You! A great strong man ——"

"Of you," added the duke.

"Of me?" said Miss Thompson.

"You see," said the duke, "I had come, with her mother's consent, to see Grace. I had just arrived—er—shaken hands and—er—apologized for interrupting her at the silver, when I heard you call her. I have been very nervous since the Great War."

"Indeed?" said Miss Thompson rather more kindly.

"And I bolted into the cupboard without thinking; and once there, madam, I—er—I had to stay there."

"I see," said Miss Thompson, frowning hard in meditation. "You must have had a guilty conscience, though," she added, looking him in the eye.

"No, ma'am," said the duke proudly, returning the look.

Miss Thompson pursed her lips for some while, and frowned. She considered hard. She looked sadly at the fragments of the odd blue saucer that Grace was now carrying from the cupboard on a dustpan.

"Well," she said—she considered the shining black range for a while, she reconsidered William, she reconsidered Grace, now filling the belated kettle; an old, old clock with an old, old voice struck four—"I do not allow it," she said firmly.

Miss Thompson considered the clock.

"But," she said, "since you have cycled here in the heat, and her mother approves, Grace may give you tea."

"You are very, very kind, indeed, madam."

"Thank you, ma'am," said Grace in a small whisper.

Miss Thompson moved slowly towards the door, smiling faintly. And now the

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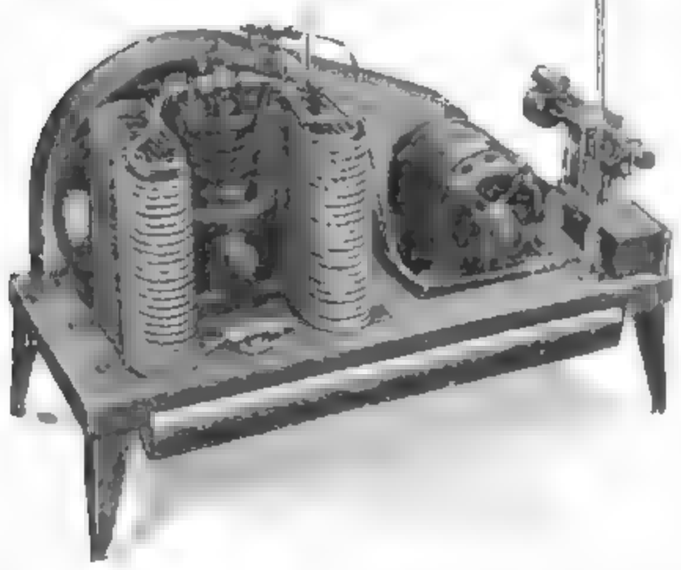
Frigidaire

Economical Electric Refrigeration

Colder than Ice - *and never melts!*



Three Ways to Put Frigidaire in Your Home

1—If you have a good ice-box, Frigidaire, electric refrigeration, can be put into it in a few hours.

2—Frigidaire mechanism can be put into any ice-box you buy.

3—Install a complete Frigidaire unit—in which Frigidaire mechanism is combined with our specially built cabinet.

The Frigidaire cooling coil is equivalent to a 200 pound cake of ice. It is twelve degrees colder than ice and never melts.

A 200 pound cake of ice in an ordinary ice-box supplies a temperature of about 50 degrees in the food compartments. As the ice melts the temperature rises.

Such temperatures are too high for keeping food in a fresh, healthful condition.

Frigidaire keeps your food at a temperature constantly below 50 degrees—which government experts demand for healthful food preservation. Frigidaire freezes your own pure drinking water into clear cubes of ice for table use. It makes many delicious frozen desserts.

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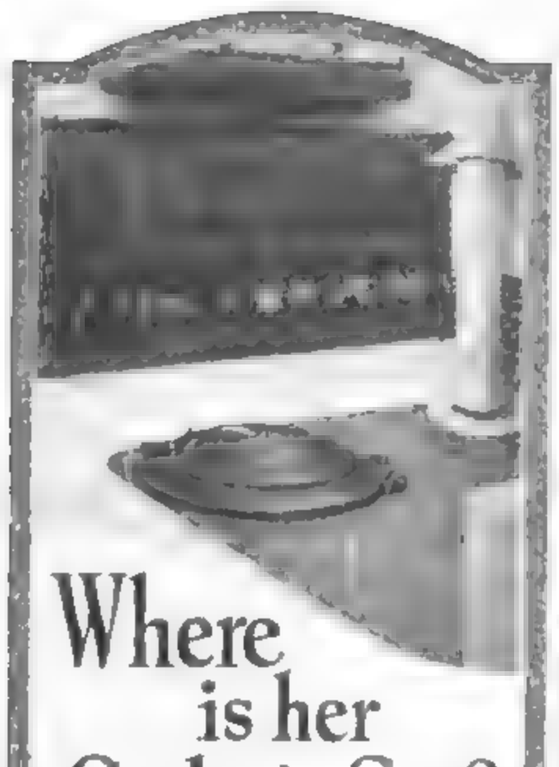

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THE MAJESTIC CO.
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Continued from Page 60

duke saw that queer quality in her smile that he had seen in Sarah's, in Elena's, even for a moment in Grace's; smiles as of mirth that had lost itself in the dark crookedness of a strange road at night. And he thought, "Women – all a little wistful."

Then Miss Thompson turned round, the smile gone, full of her duty again.

"Grace," she said sternly, "I trust your word. This man is respectable?"

"Oh, yes, ma'am," cooed Grace from the hearth, like a little dove.

"He is not to stay long," said Miss Thompson, but almost graciously. "Good afternoon."

"Good afternoon, madam," replied the duke.

So then he and Grace were alone.

Grace and the duke sat at the scoured white table, now covered with a cloth of a gay checked pattern. Grace was a maid servant and the duke was a clerk. Their tea came out of a teapot of brown earthenware. They sat close together, holding hands. Often the duke kissed Grace.

"For," he said, "we must make the best of our time; she said I couldn't stay very long."

"I too," said Grace; "I shall soon have to catch my train." She smiled and radiant color flushed her clear cheek. "Soon I shall be in London," she began to sing; "soon I shall be at the theater; soon I shall have my lovely clothes on; soon—soon——"

"Soon you will be a princess again," said the duke.

"For another year, anyway. Oh, it will be for another year! How quickly it will go! And after—you heard what she said?"

"I heard what she said. I hate her. But before that time is over, dear heart, listen ——"

So he told her his malignant plan for making Miss Thompson their housekeeper, ending, "So for ever and ever she licked the boots of the princess who had been her bond slave."

Though Grace laughed at all this, she was very serious too. She turned to the duke and took his passionate, dark, loving face between her two small hands.

"But listen, you," said she, shaking her head. "It will never happen. You and I—we are only pretending. It is a fairy story, dear. It will never come true. You were telling me, when she came in, what you said to my mother. Finish it."

Between Grace's little ardent hands the duke finished the recital. And as he came to an end he realized for the first time to the full how impotent he was; he, a duke and a man of great affairs, of a vast income and accruing privileges. He realized that none of these things could buy him his heart's desire.

For, looking at Grace, he beheld in her the same clear, shining resolve that informed the old lady of the lost heaven; he beheld in her the love of a simple child for its simpler mother, reënforced to fighting strength for the more pitiful love of the strong—the strong; and yet how little was Grace!—for the weak.

"I could never tell my mother that I wanted to marry a duke," said Grace, shaking her head; "and a bad duke, too," she added. "You will never be able to tell her, either. And I shall never be able to tell her that I make fifty pounds a week by dancing—my kind of dancing; and Mr. Macphersson, he will never be able to tell her, either. And your sister and those other ladies—they will find that when they come to tell my mother about me they will listen instead, like I do. Oh, no, none of us will ever tell my mother! It would be like—do you remember?—And Jesus called a little child unto him, and—and ——"

"I forget," said the duke.

"... set him in the midst of them; and He said, 'Whosoever shall offend one of these little ones . . . it is better for him that a millstone were hanged about his neck, and he were cast into the sea.' Now that is how it is. You see?"

"I see, Grace," said the duke after a silence; "but I am going to be good; I am going to be good. Your mother will love me. And at last, after a long time ——"

"Never!" whispered Grace, and she laid her head down on his breast.

"And Macphersson can't make you a star, either?"

"Never!" whispered Grace.

"What then, sweetheart? What is all this about a horrible baker?"

"Nothing," said Grace. "If I can't marry you I will marry nobody. After you—a baker! Impossible!" And she put up her mouth.

"I must wash up," said Grace.

"I'll wipe," said the duke.

They were very happy over the work. The duke polished cups reverently and with care.

"Could you be good for a year?" asked Grace.

"Well ——" said the duke honestly.

"My year! My year!" said Grace.

"I will be good for a hundred years for you," said the duke.

The old clock uttered in its worn old voice, "One—two—three—four—five—six."

"Now I go," said Grace, casting off a coarse sort of apron she had put over her delicate white one. "Now I go to the hall!"

She kicked the lamp above her head.

"I can do that sideways, and behind," she said, and did it.

"How will you go?" asked the duke, who had watched, entranced.

"From the station half a mile away."

"You will ride that half a mile on the step of my bicycle. I have seen girls do it."

"Don't let her see, that's all," said Grace.

"I don't think she minds," said the duke. "I have a queer feeling about her. I feel that she was young once."

As the duke pedaled down the road beyond the cornfield path, with Grace like a flying fairy on his step, he heard her laugh.

"I told her a lie," she whispered, her laughter tickling his ear; "I said that you were respectable."

XI

THE duke was sitting alone in his beautiful flat that evening, with the windows opened to London night, and the silk curtains hardly stirring over them, and his butler was at the telephone breaking all his master's engagements for him, when Elena came.

The valet answered the door, as the butler was then engaged in courteous argument with an Italian princess who much desired William's presence at a concert in her house that night; but the butler was able to sign frowningly to the valet, who thereupon said confidentially to Elena, "I am afraid, madam, his grace is not at home."

Elena replied not. She waved the valet aside and walked past him as if otherwise she would have walked over him, and she entered. For a moment or two she stood listening to the butler saying grievously, "No, your highness. Yes, your highness, it is me, Forbes himself, speaking. . . . His grace is obliged to cancel all engagements tonight, your highness, and to rest at home owing to ——" For her he chose from his repertoire his choicest explanation.

Elena, sneering, passed on. The butler had not seen her act of disobedience, and the valet was a feeble thing when it came to dealing with haughty ladies. Besides, Elena was Elena, *persona grata* in that flat. So she walked on with her famous walk more lovely than any manikin's even—and threw open the door of the reception room. And she found the duke sitting in the moonlight—yes, there was a full moon over London that night, just as there was over a little cottage lost from the greater world. He was beside the open windows, higher than the level of the buildings opposite, so that, if one looked straight across from the doorway, one looked deep out into that dark blue void that seems like the roof of the world, which children know to be the floor of heaven. And Elena cried out, "You moonstruck fool!" seeing William sitting there so strangely and queerly angelicized by whatever his thoughts were, and looking up and out at the great mysterious upstairs.

Then Elena shut the door behind her, so that the oblong of vivid light that had rushed into the room went out again, and slowly she came forward. The duke sighed. She heard it. More slowly than she had walked in, he rose to greet her.

"I have waked you!" she mocked.

"From my dreams," he said.

Elena stood in the middle of the silvered floor, while he remained near the chair from which he had risen. There was a long shaft of moonlight on the strip of bare parquet floor by which they were separated, and it looked like a sharp, shining sword laid between them.

"Light?" whispered Elena.

"If you wish," he said.

He made to pass her, to reach the nearest switch; but as he came close she caught his arm to hold him back.

"After all, no! You were dreaming alone, moonstruck fool! Now we can dream together—two moonstruck fools!" And then she put up her thin face with the beautiful mouth showing darker in it, and made a silent invitation to be kissed. But though Elena was bewitching and the moon was magic, though they were alone—and men can achieve strange feats of imagination at such desirous times—he could not kiss her and close his eyes and feel he had Grace in his arms.

Elena was a siren with a harsh song, and that was all

"You like moonshine?" he said.

"No," vibrated Elena, "I want reality. I am craving and dying for it."

"Sit down," said the duke in a quiet voice.

She dropped her hand from his arm. He offered her his chair beside the window. She sank into it.

"Now you sit here," she whispered, stroking the arm of the chair.

But he denied her, and stood leaning against the frame of the window, opposite her; and he did not even look down at her uplifted face, so like a tired white rose; he looked again out into the dark, dim blue vaults of the high sky.

"Don't you love me any more?" her whisper reached him.

"I never loved you, Elena."

"But ——"

"We played together. We have played before, both of us with different partners or antagonists; perhaps that is the better way of putting it."

"I love you."

"Look, Elena! I am still a fairly decent human being, so I can't bear to hear you say so."

"It is true."

"Go out to Rhodesia; give Ferdinand a chance."

"Never! I love you. And Ferdinand loves me the way men do, and so he will let me divorce him; and then ——"

The fight had been bitter and Elena was by no means vanquished. Even now she kept crying things like, "You do love me! You do! But men don't know their own hearts. Only a woman can know a man's heart for him. I know yours for you so well—oh, so well! Your infatuation for that girl, that dancer, that Grace! What is it worth? Nothing! Oh, I wish God would help me! I wish someone would help me! Oh, the world's so empty! Nothing is worth while if you —— But you and I, we are not going to be parted by that girl, that dancer, and such a dancer too! A servant girl! Oh, you fool! You fool! You were all fools down at that pigsty of a cottage—all of you! You had a spell over you, you imbeciles; it was like the nursery books. Macphersson goes down to tell the truth and is afraid to do it; you are afraid to do it; and Sarah is afraid; you all mean to do it, and you're all afraid. But I I am not afraid!"

Elena stood up. The golden cloak swathed and folded itself to her every movement like supple armor in the moonlight. She looked very tall; she was unearthly. She was transported by her passion.

"I am not afraid. I have all your letters your love letters—your beautiful, wonderful love letters—such letters that even a senile old imbecile of a peasant couldn't mistake, much less the girl Grace. Oh, I am not ashamed of your letters! I am not a woman who acknowledges truth as humiliation. I am proud of your letters—proud! And I will show them to the servant girl Grace and say, 'It is I who will tell that funny old angel of a mother of yours all about you—about your big salary! About your most exotic dances! About your lover and his reputation, and what everyone will say of you! I am not afraid like those superstitious, sentimental fools! I will tell your mother!'"

Elena had talked herself weak and hoarse. She went with her swaying walk up and down the room, passing in and out of the bright silver path on the parquet floor.

"'If,'" she resumed, "'if you do not swear to me to give him up ——'"

"You madwoman!"

"Not—not mad. Sane! Sane! I understand how to deal with it all. There is no superstition, no sentimentality about me."

"If you did it I would never speak to you, never look at you again!"

For one moment Elena paused. Her face was one agonized inquiry as the moon shone on it. But she laughed.

(Continued on Page 64)

When Your Motor turns Broncho

—*don't touch your carburetor*

When your motor starts hard, when it stalls, sputters or bucks like a broncho, don't tinker with the carburetor or run with the choke open. The fault, nine times in ten, is *not* the motor or any part of it, but *dirt and water in your gasoline.*

All gasoline contains some water. It even condenses from the air inside your gasoline tank.

Other foreign matter also gets into your gasoline. Lint and tiny bits of rubber rot from the filling hose; minute flakes from the lining of your tank.

Much of the dirt is too fine for the strainers in your gasoline pipe to catch. It passes into the carburetor with the gasoline. Then, trouble. Just one drop of water or a speck of dust in the delicate valve of your carburetor clogs it.

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The Remedy

The Alemite Gas-Co-Lator attached to your vacuum tank provides the very fine filtration gasoline requires. The gasoline, just before it enters the vacuum tank or carburetor, passes into a glass bowl. Suspended in this glass bowl is a bag of selected close-textured chamois skin. Chamois skin allows the gasoline to pass freely, but it absolutely stops water. The gasoline seeping *upward* through the chamois skin is purified of all water and dirt. It passes into the carburetor *clean* while the residue—the water, dirt, etc.—drops into a heavy glass bowl trap which is conveniently cleaned out at intervals. It will amaze you to see the dirt that collects in the bowl in ten days time.

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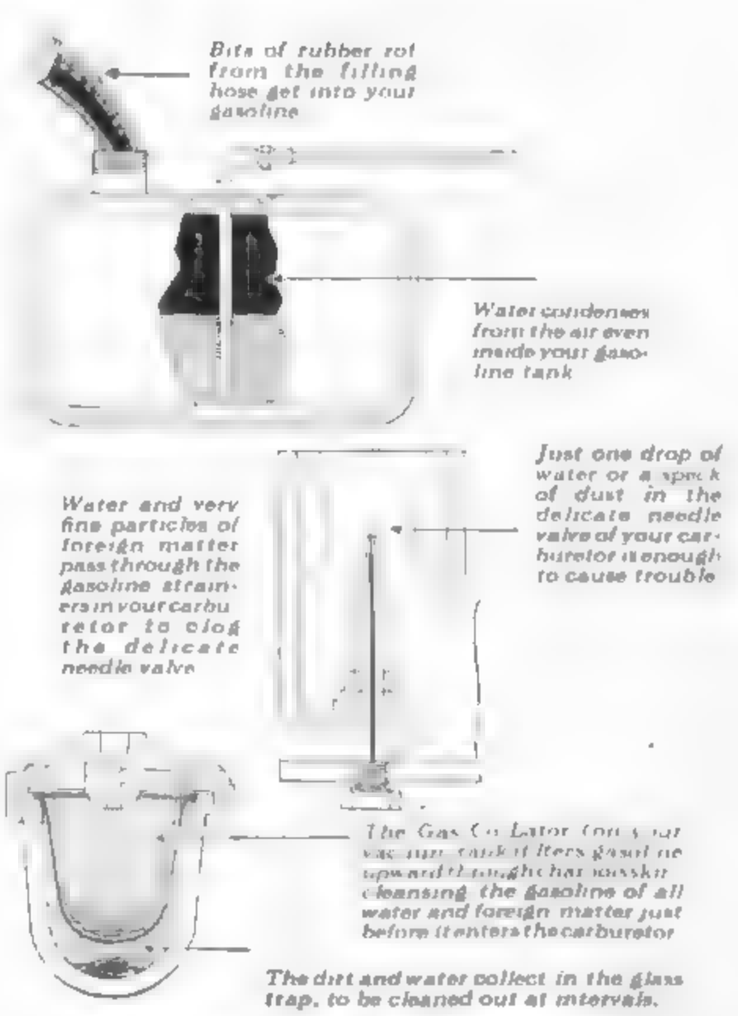
Bits of rubber rot from the filling hose get into your gasoline
Water condenses from the air even inside your gasoline tank
Water and very fine particles of foreign matter pass through the gasoline strainers in your carburetor to clog the delicate needle valve
Just one drop of water or a speck of dust in the delicate needle valve of your carburetor is enough to cause trouble
The Gas Co Lator (on your vacuum tank) filters gasoline upward through chamois skin cleansing the gasoline of all water and foreign matter just before it enters the carburetor
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(Continued from Page 62)

"Oh, Bill!" she said hoarsely. "Oh, darling! I know men! You would love me more!"

"I would hate you, Elena."

"You would turn back to me."

"I might kill you."

"That would be a death I would choose before all other deaths," Elena sighed. And she came close to him; he smelled her perfume, which once had seemed to him like all rose gardens; she hovered there. Then she went out very quietly; and the butler, Forbes, was still telephoning, giving his interpretations of why the duke sat alone at night in a big room like a silver field.

The duke stayed at the window and leaning out, saw Elena's departure. He saw her golden figure sink into the depths of her limousine and switch off the light therein. And then he sat down again and tried to recapture the angels who had been with him before she came, but he could not.

He knew men were fools, helpless, hopeless. He thought of Sarah. He went out into the hall just as the butler hung up the receiver.

"I am going out." The butler put his hand swiftly to the receiver again. "No; I can't wait for you to telephone to the garage. A taxi will do."

The butler helped him into his overcoat and handed him his hat

On the way to Sarah's house, the duke wondered continually, "Would Elena do it?"

And he thought that perhaps he would tell Sarah, who was always very clever, and at times seemed very kind, almost soft, quite human. He recalled now that for the past few weeks a kind of frail soft humanity had tempered Sarah, resist it as she would. But when he reached Sarah's great house, he heard as, of course, he might have expected to do in the height of the season that she was out. Nevertheless, he came into the hall.

"I'll wait about for her a bit," he said; "she's never very late." And he looked at his thin wafer of a platinum watch and saw that it was now nearly midnight.

"Her ladyship has motored out of town, I believe, your grace."

"To dine?"

"Her ladyship was not dressed for dinner, your grace."

"Alone?"

"Alone, your grace."

"Get me a taxi," said the duke, sighing. So he went home.

■■■

JUST as old Grace was lifting off the currant bushes the tea towels that had been drying thereon, she saw Sarah, la Comtesse St. Juin, coming through her garden gate. And she hastened, with her blushful smile, to receive the great lady. For great lady old Grace knew her to be—although she had never heard her name—if it was only for the graciousness and simplicity of Sarah, if it was only by the courteous way she now took the inferior roughened hand in her gloved one and said, "I have come to pay you a little evening visit this time, and I hope that I am not in the way."

"It's an honor, ma'am," said old Grace respectfully.

"It is a great pleasure to me," said the countess. "But I don't want to interrupt anything that you might be doing, and you must tell me if I am tiresome."

"In the evenings, ma'am," said old Grace, "I mostly sit and rest."

"I should dearly like to sit—and rest—too."

"In the evenings," said old Grace, "everything's so quiet. The work's done and the sun's setting and the light's very comfortable for eyes that's tired. And in the evenings a garden does smell so sweet, as I dare say you've noticed, ma'am."

"I notice it now."

"You'd like to come indoors, ma'am?"

"Where do you sit and rest yourself?" the countess asked.

"Just outside the door, ma'am—just here. I bring out my chair and I sit and think here in my garden."

"May I bring out a chair too?"

"Oh, ma'am, allow me to bring one for you!"

"Certainly not," said the countess with a smile. So they went indoors together, and each brought out a chair—low, hard little chairs that had been given petticoats of washed-out chintz.

"You must not let me interrupt your evening meal."

"I just make myself a cup of cocoa, ma'am, about eight."

"I am going to beg a cup of cocoa too."

So they sat there in the evening garden, with the cabbage roses in full flower, and the lavender growing dim as it lost itself in the gloom of the twilight, and the sun setting, setting, going fast from them, the two old women by the cottage door.

When it grew twilight, the twilight preceding the bright moon that later lighted the duke and Elena, and all that inclosed world was quite still, the countess said as if she were talking to herself:

"It must surprise you to receive these visits of mine. It must seem peculiar to you that I want to come here and rest like this. The last time I came, I wanted to stay and hadn't the courage. Tonight I have the courage. I do not know why. So I am sitting here, waiting for you asking you—to tell me your secrets."

"Secrets, ma'am?" queried old Grace.

"Secrets!" said the countess. "I want to know how you have achieved so much and I so little. I want to know how it is that you have lived through pain and fear and anxiety and bereavement and poverty, and still you can see heaven. And I want to know how it is that God is not obscured from you; I want to know why you can still pray, as I am sure you do; and be thankful, as I am sure you are. I have come down here tonight to ask you, to try to get some answer for my wretched heart; and I know that you know the answer, if you can only tell."

Old Grace had listened very attentively and closely. She grew very, very soft and troubled and kind. She said, "You are in trouble, ma'am?"

"Trouble!" echoed the countess, and she stopped and thought. Secure in the gathering darkness, she went groping after the days gone by. "Ah, but," she said, "as I looked at you, and thought of what your life had been, compared with mine, I wondered if I am a coward." She drew her breath. "The troubles of such as I are trifles beside the troubles of such as you."

She touched old Grace's hands that lay on her lap. The countess' hand crept in between them and stayed there. Old Grace held it, for it was dark in the garden.

"Women's troubles are women's troubles all the world over, ma'am," said old Grace.

"Yes," said the countess; "just the same. But you—you must be very wise and strong. You must have some key which I lost long ago—perhaps because your treasures are so few. Yes, perhaps because of that." She fell to quiet musing; then old Grace heard her voice go whispering on in the darkness: "When I am tired, I rest. When I am bored, I amuse myself. When I feel the slightest *malaise* my doctor packs me off to the south. When—when one desire is in peril—when just one of my ships is late—I—I am furious; I will not endure. And all the women—all the women like me—they will not endure either. But you—you must have fought hard; you must have lived on when I would rather have died. Seven babies—here in this place—without ease or luxuries! My friends and I expect life to flower for us all the time. And you had no money! You had nothing—nothing!"

"Pardon me, ma'am, my man was in steady work up to the end."

In the darkness the countess laughed.

"I hear women with a hundred times as much as you have ever dreamed of pity themselves. . . . But all this that I am saying is meaningless—meaningless as one's life has become. I want you to tell me things. I want—oh, very much—that you should talk to me."

Old Grace's voice in the darkness in grave dismay: "What could I have to tell a lady like you?"

"Tell me—tell me, perhaps, about your first baby."

"Edward," said old Grace; and the countess knew, though she could not see, that she smiled. So she told Sarah, and Sarah listened.

"It was like that?" said Sarah, when old Grace's voice ceased. "Now I will tell you about mine." So she told old Grace about the baby who had grown into that son who stayed in Flanders—in 1917.

"The same year my Jack was killed at sea."

The countess' hand was still in old Grace's.

"I have a married daughter. I'm a grandmother"

"Me too, ma'am."

Still Sarah had not asked the question she had come to ask, nor heard what she knew she had come to hear. Secretly she knew what it was, though until now she had not owned it to herself

Robert?

Then she found herself drifting away on the sea of her calamity, speaking almost without volition:

"There are great troubles for women—for mothers. The babies grow up, and they don't all grow straight. One day one knows all that they are thinking, and the next day they are strangers. They are full of secrets and dark queer things one doesn't understand that terrify one. One tries to follow the stranger that was one's baby. But he hides away in unknown places. One's hands slip from him; he—there may happen terrible calamities, unforeseen calamities—terrible terrible!"

A heavy silence full of anguish. The silence grew. Old Grace's hands had relaxed limply over the countess' hand. Very straight looked her dim, thin shape in her chair.

Sarah whispered, "Robert?"

Old Grace turned to Sarah. Her voice was very meek and very quiet.

"Robert is in prison."

"Oh!" whispered Sarah. "Oh! Oh!"

"Robert had a ten-year sentence, ma'am. He comes out next week—on the Thursday."

"Thursday!" said Sarah, with her voice cracking on the word.

"You wouldn't believe," said old Grace, speaking now fast and clear, "the beautiful boy he was. And he always loved me. But just as you say, ma'am, one day a mother knows all the child is thinking and the next day it seems she don't know anything at all. He hid away, like you put it, in unknown places, ma'am. He was strong, ma'am, and mischievous and reckless; and yet so weak—always so weak. He always needed a mother's hold upon him, firm."

"Your hold upon him?" whispered Sarah.

"I have never let go of my Robert, ma'am. I couldn't save him, but I never let go. And I have been able to write a letter to him sometimes, and he has been able to write a letter to me. And he knows that here is his mother, waiting the same as ever, next week, ma'am—on the Thursday."

"He will come back here—to you?" said Sarah, striking her breast.

"Where else, ma'am? It's his home that he's always known"

"You will take him back?" said Sarah, her hands on her breast.

"I shall meet him at the prison gate."

"You will meet him there?"

"It's a long while since I've been in a train," said old Grace; "but I shall go, to fetch my Robert home."

"Listen!" said Sarah in her voice of agony. "On Thursday my son, too, comes out of prison. Fifteen years it is—fifteen long years!"

Old Grace cried and murmured; her hands tightened about Sarah's.

"Oh, ma'am, you know then! It is a long time to put a man into prison. So long the time seems, and it doesn't matter what people tell you; his mother always sees her boy like he was before it all. His mother, she knows best of all."

"My son is dead to me!" said Sarah in a cold, light, proud voice. "I have not given him one thought, and never shall. My son is dead to me."

And while she spoke she knew how she lied. She knew how her heart, all pride, all anger torn out of it, ached and bled. She knew that all those fifteen years she had never once fallen asleep without dreaming of him; the baby who had laughed so much and so deliciously; the little boy who was the spirit of mischief about her great houses; the young man in whom she had gloried.

"Always a boy for porridge and cream," said old Grace; "it's what he will have for his supper his first night home."

She was dreaming, and had heard nothing.

"Listen!" said Sarah, rousing her. "Why does a woman's heart ache for the unregenerate? Why do we suffer and suffer for the graceless ones? Haven't we, both of us, children who have been good to us? Haven't we sons and daughters who did all that we expected? Why then" she began to weep "why then ."

"When all the children but one are strong," said old Grace from her dream; "when all the children but one are safe and sound; when all the children but one are tucked up tight; when still there's one to come in out of the darkness and the rain—the darkness and the rain that I hear through my sleep—I must go to find the lost one."

(TO BE CONCLUDED)

Right about face—

Come up where you belong!

"Thousands are slowly poisoning themselves to death by eating beyond their digestive capacity."
—*Right Food the Right Remedy*

—

"Only that portion of the food which is digested, i. e., that which is dissolved by the digestive fluids and rendered soluble and diffusible so that it passes into the blood, is available for any use whatever."
—*The Principles of Human Nutrition.*

—

In Grape-Nuts is nourishment you need in the form you can digest.

—

"Since it is necessary for normal metabolism that the greater number of calories of body heat be produced by carbohydrate foods, it is essential that some kind of cereal food form a part of the daily food allowance."
—*Food and Its Preparation.*

—

Three-fourths the content of Grape-Nuts are the precious carbohydrates—*dextrinized* so that your body can quickly and smoothly digest and transform them into strength and vitality.

—

A prominent dentist has this to say about Grape-Nuts:
"Soft foods that can be swallowed without sufficient chewing are responsible for much modern tooth and digestive trouble. Such foods lodge easily in the interstices of the teeth causing ferments which the mouth glands, through lack of proper exercise, are too sluggish to counteract. I believe that the hard form of Grape-Nuts is particularly fortunate in that it makes proper chewing a pleasant necessity."

Overwork? No such thing. Ten chances to one it's a plain case of mismanagement—mismanagement of your body—your digestive apparatus.

Ten chances to one you are eating food that only a day laborer could digest. And the result is that you are more than likely suffering from *malnutrition*—absorbing from improper foods poisons and acids that cause so many physical ills.

But right about face! You can change all this. You can't change conditions, but you can meet and manage them.

Give your body nourishment it demands in a form it can readily digest, and it will repay you tenfold in health and strength.

In this delicious food is nourishment you daily need

IN Grape-Nuts is nourishment you daily need. In the form your body eagerly digests and turns into strength and vitality.

Nourishing carbohydrates

At least one-third of your nourishment *should* come from the *carbohydrates* (a great part of which comes from the grains). For the *carbohydrates* are your great source of strength and vitality—your power to do work. They are the force that keeps you mentally and physically vigorous—more alert and alive.

But if they are not rightly prepared—if they are not broken down as your body wants them, they may fail to give you their precious nourishment and may, instead, form actual poisons. They must be in a form your body can utilize.

Dextrinized—the way your body wants them

In Grape-Nuts (made from wheat and malted barley) you get the *carbohydrates* in the most easily digested and most nourishing form. Three-fourths of the content of Grape-Nuts are these precious *carbohydrates*. They have been *dextrinized*, that is, scientifically broken down into the form *your body most readily digests and transforms into strength and vitality*.

Grape-Nuts gives you the nourishment you need without forming acids and poisons. No matter how much you may have abused your digestive machinery with difficult foods, Grape-Nuts will digest easily and quickly.

Grape-Nuts starts digestion right

Grape-Nuts comes in crisp golden kernels you must chew. This chewing keeps your whole mouth healthy. It starts the proper flow of the salivary and gastric juices—*the first step to sound digestion*.

There is no other food like Grape-Nuts in form or taste. You will like it, and it will do you good. Served with milk or cream—a delicious well-balanced ration. Eat Grape-Nuts every day and see how much more vigorous and alive you feel. All grocers have Grape-Nuts. Hotels and restaurants serve it in individual packages of a single portion.

Served with cream or rich milk, Grape-Nuts gives you in most delicious form the essentials of a well-balanced ration

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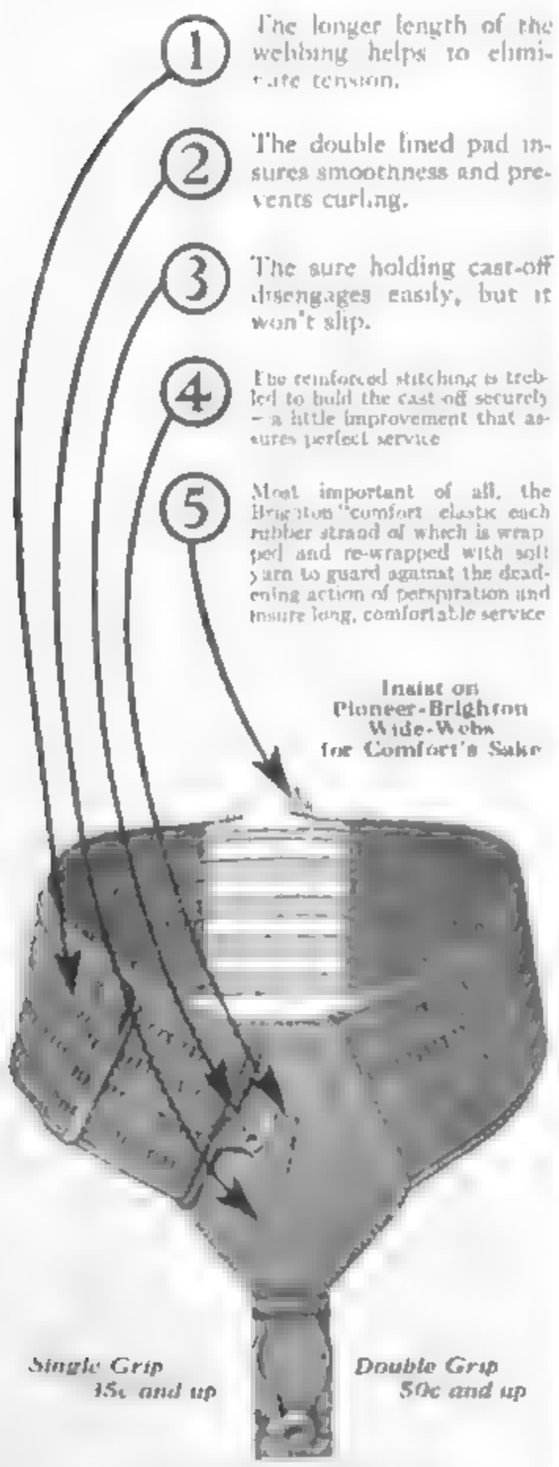
Comfort Construction

IN the making of Pioneer-Brighton Wide-Webs, every little detail has a comfort all its own. The result is perfect garter comfort—that lasts as long as the garters.

Consider these details of comfort construction:


1
The longer length of the webbing helps to eliminate tension.
2
The double lined pad insures smoothness and prevents curling.
3
The sure holding cast-off disengages easily, but it won't slip.
4
The reinforced stitching is trebled to hold the cast-off securely—a little improvement that assures perfect service
5
Most important of all, the Brighton "comfort elastic each rubber strand of which is wrapped and re-wrapped with soft yarn to guard against the deadening action of perspiration and insure long, comfortable service
Insist on Pioneer-Brighton Wide-Webs for Comfort's Sake
Single Grip 15c and up
Double Grip 50c and up

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Pioneer Suspenders Pioneer Belts
Pioneer-Brighton Garters
Also Sole Makers of
Kazoo Athletic Suspender Waists

THE STICK-UP AND HOUSE PROWLER

Continued from Page 17

The stick-up is one of the very few criminals that you are likely to see while they are taking your property, for porch climbers, pickpockets and other specialists in thievery make all their plans to work undisturbed. But there is another gentleman of the underworld whom you may meet by accident. He is the house prowler, a peculiar type of burglar, distinguished from the regular burglar and yegg because, in addition to taking your valuables, he enjoys the tense excitement of getting into your house, usually after midnight, moving around while you sleep and making his selection at leisure. There are not more than fifty prowlers in the United States, so the chances of being introduced to one are relatively small. But if you should wake up and find a member of this select society paying his attentions to you, and can engage him in conversation, nine chances in ten command of the situation will begin to swing over to your side. I know that most of my readers will think the suggestion fanciful, because only the exceptional man or woman is temperamentally capable of acting upon it. Unstrung and overimaginative persons, unaccustomed to dealing with people, will be frightened and helpless, and had better cover up and keep quiet, and there is nothing to be ashamed of if they are built that way. But there are men who possess the necessary coolness, either as a birthright or through experience with people. Yes, and there are women, too, as anyone may learn by following the news and noting instances in which the tables are turned upon criminals in various ways through presence of mind and personality.

Both the prowler and the bandit are like wild beasts of the jungle in that their greatest assets are ferocity and intimidation. The louder they roar, the more fearful is their prey.

An old animal trainer with Barnum and Bailey, one who went often under the direction of the Hagenbecks, from Hamburg, Germany, with a crew of jungle hunters to Africa for wild animals, told me the louder the voice the quicker the ferocious ones were captured—that the slightest indication of fear would result in attacks by the beasts and a stampede of the hunters. On the other hand, they were easily conquered, subdued and captured by courageous moves, louder growling and roaring than the animals', determined advances, fearless expressions. The wild beast is first trained—if ever—by loud-voiced commands and steel-bar persuasion. A glistening revolver with only blank cartridges, if you please, occasionally discharged at or near him tends to diminish his savagery, but he is never absolutely harmless.

When a Burglar Drops In

So it is with the stick-up or house prowler. His general make-up at once frightens and alarms. Powerful and burly, masked, with a flash light in one hand and a glistening revolver in the other, he requires no introduction or heralding in advance. He is a burglar to the whole family from the kid in the crib to grandma in the spare room. The first impulse is to cover the body from head to foot and let the unwelcome visitor take anything he finds lying around, tight or loose. Teeth chatter, there's many a chill, and a desire to give the marauder some extra-special present besides what he steals if he will only burgle quietly and leave without injuring anyone.

Remember, he is made up for his work. The mask, flash light, pistol and other equipment are intimidations for him. Ninety per cent of the stick-up men and house prowlers today have not half the courage of their poor victims, if the latter only knew it. Nearly every criminal operating in this particular field is doped up with narcotics—a shot of coke or a sniff of snow before he tackles a job—or he may tank up on some of the present-day poison called hooch. At any rate, he has to be nerved up and made up for his act.

Nine out of ten of these criminals are first-water skunks, the rankest of cowards; therefore, meeting a courageous person, man or woman, is their undoing. The greatest evidence of courage is presence of mind. The best evidence of presence of mind is engaging the stick-up or prowler in conversation. It gets his goat that his very glare and voice have not conquered. Vain of his profession, he hates to be kidded or made little of. Like any other human being, once he loses his temper, he is on the toboggan decline—sometimes more anxious to exit politely than the victim anticipates.

The true prowler is as proud of making a clean get-away if discovered as he is of doing a slick job undetected. Flight and freedom are what he wants in an emergency, not a tussle or shooting that means alarm and probably the deadly crime of murder—at the least, assault with intent to kill, which lengthens his prison sentence. This is always uppermost in the thought of every criminal—the possibility of capture and the punishment that will be meted out to him. The professional takes pride in doing his work so that capture will bring the lightest imprisonment.

Only a fool shoots in the commission of a crime. Max Shinburn, the king of safe burglars, who stole millions, told me he never shed a drop of blood in the commission of a single crime. Billy Coleman, the world's greatest heel man and bank sneak, who committed many marvelous crimes over a period of thirty-five years, never fired a shot, never shed a drop of blood but once—then in excitement from his own person by a terrific nosebleed. The criminal who discharges firearms in his work hastens long imprisonment or execution. In many instances he is too cowardly to shoot.

During my detective-agency days one of our banks was robbed and one of our detectives killed by yeggs who had committed the crime in defiance as much as for loot.

"Well, we got one of your banks and one of your cops!" they boasted.

Daring 'Em to Shoot

It took considerable work to get evidence pointing to a desperate yegg known as the Missouri Kid. He was located with four other criminals in a Hartford house of ill fame. The four others came out and were arrested, but the Kid stayed inside at bay. I went in after him. He was in the parlor with a .45-caliber revolver pointed right at me. I had a gun. In my pocket was a new blackjack that a detective had given me. I never carried a blackjack habitually. Nice present!

"You wouldn't shoot, you dog!" I said. "You haven't got the nerve!" And he didn't.

I managed to get in and grapple, the gun slipped into a corner, and we battled. He was a much bigger fellow than myself, and younger. We broke a sofa, tipped over the stove, and finally I found myself on top with his head pinned by my left arm. Reaching back with my right for my blackjack, I held it up so he could see.

"Look! Do you want me to raise peanuts on that skull of yours?"

He gave in quietly and was turned over to a uniformed policeman who had been brought running by the noise and shrieking of alarmed females.

"I was all in the minute you came into the room," he said to me afterwards, "for you were all determination and my nerve oozed out. I knew that you knew I wouldn't shoot!"

Buck Davis, who murdered the attorney for the General Electric Company at Schenectady, New York, pointed a revolver close up to me in the streets of Troy. I told him he hadn't the nerve to shoot. He didn't. I fought him to a finish and arrested him. He committed suicide. He once held a revolver at the temple of a fine old Irishman, tried to force him to tell where he had his money hidden in the house.

"I'm an ould man and might as well die now as any time. I dare you to shoot me! Ye haven't the nerve to do it!" he said. And Davis didn't. After Davis' arrest the dear old Irishman and his wife gave Buck a fine thrashing in jail.

Reynolds Frosby, stick-up and murderer, narcotic addict, escaped from the Tombs. We learned he was hiding in a Bronx apartment and went there to get him. Everyone warned us we'd be killed. He had all the gas jets closed with soap. When we entered the apartment it was in darkness. To strike a match meant making targets of ourselves. Frosby threatened to shoot; but he didn't. He had several murders on his soul and didn't want any more. He is doing life at Dannemora. He has escaped several times, is incorrigible and has spent many a day in solitary. A hard-boiled bad egg.

Wainwright, the smartest thief I ever met, and the only one who ever robbed a safety-deposit box, whom I arrested for the celebrated three-hundred-thousand-dollar Pinault robbery, was very handy with a gun. His mania was to have many furnished rooms and fill them with loot. With trunks full of loot in four different rooms—valuable too—he was constantly out on the streets of New York sticking people up and robbing them. Burglary and stick-up robberies were a mania with him. He worked along Fifth Avenue between Fiftieth and Seventy-second streets; never wore a mask. The bigger the pistol the easier the mark. He liked working near the park, as it afforded a fine get-away. Every now and then, he told me, some victim battled with him, took his revolver from him and trimmed him for all he had. It reminds me of Pat Rooney, who used to tell the story about going to Chinatown and being robbed.

"But," he used to say, "it's a good thing I didn't have me revolver along. They'd 'a' tuck that too."

Wainwright's ancestors were on the Mayflower. His grandfather was a Revolutionary general. There is a monument of his ancestor in a New England city. He was of wonderful stock. No other member of his family had ever been a criminal, yet he developed into one of the most dangerous and daring criminals in America.

A reformed house prowler told me a few years ago he entered a house in a Pacific Coast city after two A.M. He had no idea whose house it was. He was masked, carried a flash light and revolver.

"Stealthily ascending the stairs," he said, "I came to the main bedroom. A man and woman were in the bed asleep. I never saw two bigger people in one bed. The bed was of extraordinary size and the two people looked like two cows covered up. Hanging on a chair near the side the man slept on I observed a coat and vest. When I started searching them I saw attached to the vest a glistening gold shield studded with diamonds. My curiosity got the better of me. I was quiet for all of a minute. The man turned in the bed. I thought I had awakened him. I remained silent for a long time. Finally I took the vest into an adjoining room and found the diamond-studded shield was that of the sheriff of the county. I could not resist taking it, and then reëntered the room in search of more valuables."

Stealing a String of Bad Luck

"Hanging on the post of the woman's side of the bed was something I took to be a necklace; instead it was a rosary. After I got out of the house I examined it. The sparkling stone that had caught my eye in the bedroom was a good-sized emerald. At first I could not believe it genuine. I went to Denver, showed it to a well-known receiver there, who told me it was worth four to five thousand dollars. He tried hard to get me to sell it to him; told me I'd never have a day's luck if I kept it, because it was a rosary. I figured he could never have any more luck with it than I, so I took it to Omaha. Every move I made turned out bad, so I sold it to a receiver there. After I sold it I was caught in a prowling job and got a stiff sentence for it. I blamed it on the rosary. The man I sold it to sold it to a man who took it to Chicago to have it put in a setting for his wife. There it was identified as a jewel stolen from the residence of a millionaire. He went to prison for it. While he was in prison his wife died.

"How did that sheriff come by it I wondered. Some thief in his jail must have given it for jail favors, I reasoned, because the sheriff never made a claim for it in Chicago. I used his badge, and used it to good advantage for a while to make plays; but carrying it was dangerous, so I broke it up. In after years I met the sheriff I had robbed. He asked me to try to recover his shield for him, never suspecting I was the thief. But he never mentioned the rosary, and I never stole another one. The sheriff was such a fine fellow I was always sorry I could not have sent his shield back, but it was too late; it had been cracked up."

Honor among thieves!

The prowler is a species by himself. He enjoys the fascination of his work. Entering a house stealthily and alone, he will take

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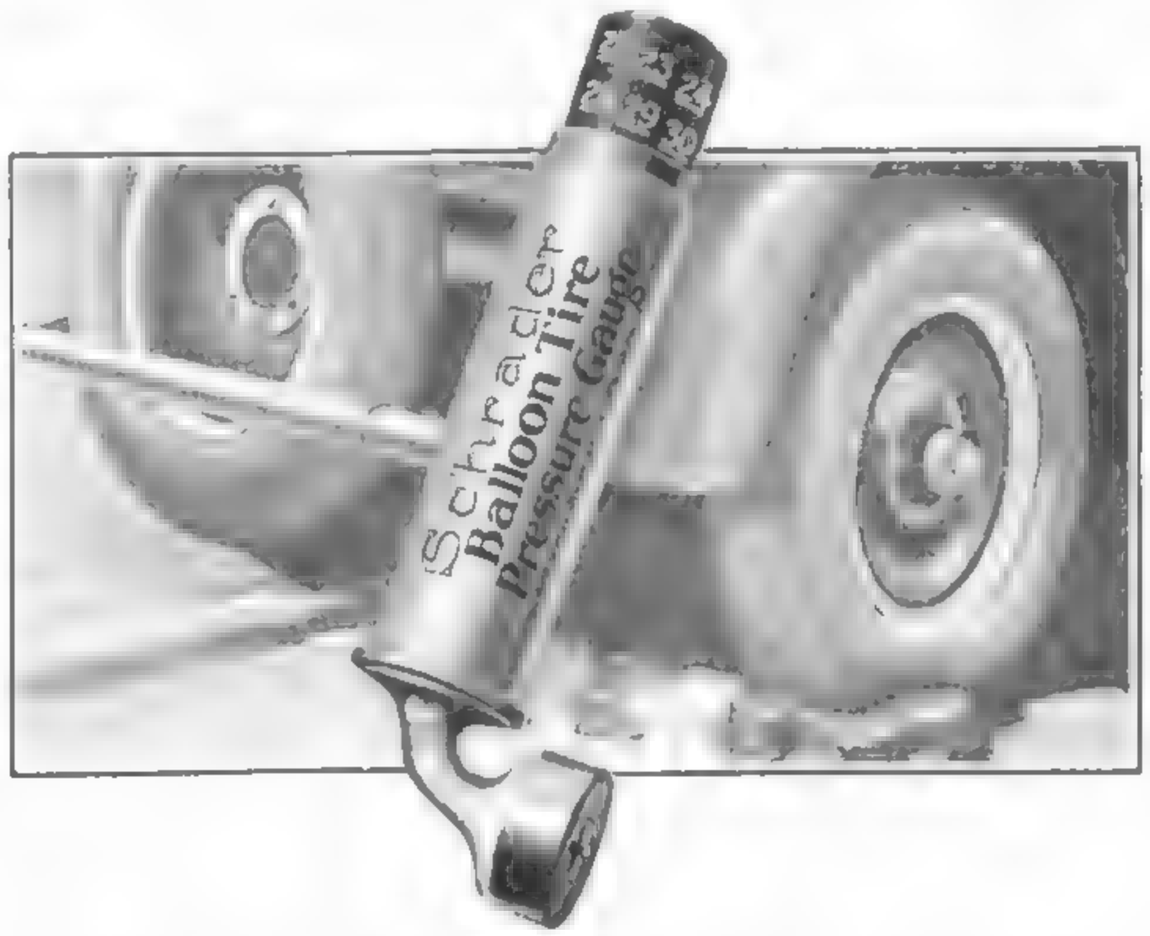

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The angle foot, as shown in the illustration, makes it possible to use this gauge on all types of wheels.

This new Balloon Tire Gauge is of the same sturdy construction as the regular Schrader Gauge, which has proved its dependability and usefulness to motorists ever since it was first used during the Briarcliff Road Races in Westchester County, New York, on April 24, 1908.

Schrader Tire Gauges are sold by motor accessory shops, garages, and hardware stores.

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(Continued from Page 66

the most desperate chance for the excitement that it brings—something like the excitement for gambling inherent in other individuals. But, as I have said, he takes as much pride in a clean get-away as in undetected prowling; all except the type known as the Dutch houseman—in this connection the word "Dutch" means German. These criminals have been known to commit murder when alarmed rather than make a clean get-away—evidence that they are far less skillful than the native house prowler.

Great alarm was aroused in a New York millionaire's family some years ago when it was found one morning that the house had been entered and many valuables taken from different rooms. Circumstances led me to believe that it was the work of a Dutch houseman. For articles had been taken with little discrimination—a small ship's compass along with a chronometer, and particularly articles that would be readily identified if sold and would be valueless unless sold intact. A little later one of these articles turned up in a pawnshop and the robbery was traced to a German baker's boy who delivered bread to that mansion early in the morning. Finding the kitchen door open, he had entered and prowled all over the house, taking things indiscriminately, and pawning them because he was an amateur and didn't know what else to do with them

A Newspaper Burglar Alarm

The timid woman who looks under the bed every night for a burglar is one of our classic jokes. She is not likely to find a prowler there, partly because that gentleman prefers to enter after midnight, and partly because, if he does enter earlier, he will wait until the folks are in bed.

Instead of looking under the bed, let the lady spread a lot of newspapers around on the floor. Nothing will upset the house prowler quite so much as the slightest unusual noise. The barking of a little dog, otherwise harmless, is good protection. The sleeper may not hear it, but the burglar does, and thinks everyone else does too. Or let her remember that nothing stops a burglar so quick as light. It has been a standing police rule to instruct all country banks to keep a bright light burning all night long in front of the vault or safe. To extinguish that light means an alarm. Some householders have their premises wired so that the moment a window or door is touched at night the whole house is illuminated—a sure-fire burglar chaser. Burglar traps have been effective. A millionaire motion-picture magnate rigged up a real burglar trap on his Long Island estate. A burglar paid the place a visit and it was his last call—the contrivance went off and killed him. But the shortcoming of these devices is that they may kill innocent people. One of the most ingenious contraptions of the kind I have ever seen was a set of revolving cartridges inside of a silver sugar bowl a real tempter. To touch it meant instant discharge of the cartridges in every direction. But it exploded and killed an innocent person.

Let people have their jokes about the woman who looks under the bed for a burglar. How often do we read of some defenseless woman capturing single-handed in a house or apartment a so-called desperate burglar, daring him to kill her, and conquering. A thief is instinctively afraid to hurt a woman. If he fights a man, and the latter is given a black eye or knocked out, that's largely a sporting proposition. But if he strikes or disfigures a woman there is no sympathy for him in court, and he is always thinking of his possible punishment.

Women often display surprising presence of mind in an emergency. Fire-insurance adjusters tell me that many a blaze is put out in its beginning by a woman with presence of mind. There is a saying that a glass of water will put out most fires the first minute, a pail of water the second minute, but after that you need the fire department. When the first-minute blaze starts a man often loses his head and yells "Fire!" or runs for the nearest fire-alarm box; but there is a fighting instinct in a woman, inherited from days when she had to protect her young from every jungle danger, that leads her to grab the nearest thing at hand—a pail of water, a rug, piece of carpet, blanket, cloth of any kind, a broom—and fly straight at the fire.

Women intercept far more thieves than men. They are more ready to use the telephone, and there are many more instances of women following criminals in the street until they can find a policeman and have them arrested. A woman will also grapple with a thief and scream. In the criminal, suddenly encountered, she sees a dangerous animal to be fought. Sometimes she will fight with superior coolness and courage, often taking command of the situation in the same way that women take command of men in other circumstances, regarding the male of the species as never anything but a grown-up boy. After all, is not woman the mother of man—knowing and controlling him from birth? In other cases, even though women become hysterical, they will fight with more courage than the average man, because women grieve over losses by theft more than men do, and will fight for their possessions.

You can't fight a stick-up man who has the drop on you, nor the house prowler if he has you covered with a gun. You must obey. But there are very few instances where anyone has been shot for engaging in conversation with them, and there are many cases where the victim has talked himself out of being robbed, especially by the bandit.

How many times have hold-up men gone into banks, jewelry shops and stores demanding money or valuables, and been refused by courageous men who captured or assisted in the arrest of their threateners?

The bank clerk suddenly finding a gun thrust between the bars of his grille, with a demand for money, can often shape the situation if he has a cool head. He is surrounded with all sorts of devices for giving an alarm. If there are several of the bandits it may not be possible to do much; but if there is only one, and the victim can start a conversation, there are very good chances of winning the battle. The very fact that he is not dismayed begins to worry the bandit. The latter's ferocious make-up doesn't intimidate the victim, and it is his turn to be scared.

"Well, I have often heard of you men," the clerk might say, "but this is the first time I've seen one of you. So you're in that line of business, hey? I can see by the way you got the drop on me you're an expert. They tell me you men often study a bank weeks beforehand to find out just the right day and the right time to do anything like this, but you've certainly hit it wrong here. I haven't got anything in the cage except big bills that would be identified the moment you put one in circulation. Now if you'd been here yesterday, there was more than fifty thousand dollars in pay-roll money—that would have been a fine haul."

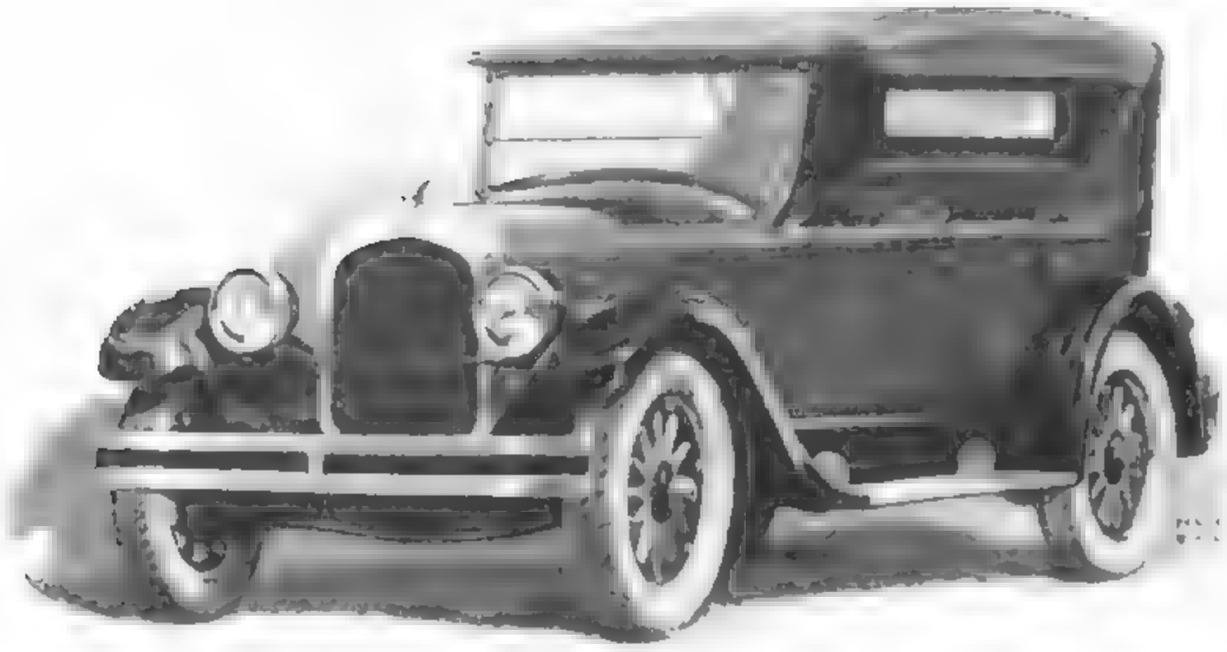
Bungling Amateurs

There have been plenty of cases where bank men, defying the bandit, have said, "You won't get it! Do your dirtiest!" and the bandit has walked out. But on the other hand, bank men have also been killed in faithfully protecting the money intrusted to them. What to do in such circumstances depends greatly upon the bank men's judgment, coolness and nerve, and also greatly upon the type of thief.

There is far more chance of successfully defying an experienced professional than an amateur, as a recent robbery and murder of bank messengers in Brooklyn shows. In this robbery, the first in that field of crime committed by criminals who had previously been professional automobile thieves, two bank messengers were shot down without parley and a large sum of money obtained But the criminals were quickly caught, and at this writing all of them have been convicted of murder. The killing was caused by fear on the part of the criminals, and a stampede, because the crime lacked the skillful stage management that a professional would have provided in advance. The courage of the robbers was in their guns. They were also holstered up with narcotics. Brought to the critical moment, they saw that the bank messengers were not frightened, and also that they knew the criminals. In their panic the highwaymen killed them instantly to escape identification, but immediately began leaving finger-print and motor-car license-plate clews as further evidence of their bungling. They were just plain make-believe bandits, and in the test turned out to be eighteen-carat boobs.

He who is able to engage these criminals in conversation puts them in the position of the man who caught the bear by the tail—all he had to do then was to find some way of letting go. The talking victim turns the

(Continued on Page 70)



The Phaeton
$1395 f. o. b. Detroit; tax extra

Unheard-of Performance Results From Chrysler Engineering

If the Chrysler Six were merely another new car, its influence in the industry would be little felt.

But it is in reality the first step in the general revision of motor car design which is bound to follow its advent.

For it is an entirely new *type* of car, built on a new *kind* of engineering, which produces results radically *different* from any heretofore registered in the industry.

Where past development has halted, the Chrysler Six has advanced in seven-league boots.

In the motor car industry it is the turning point which inevitably arrives in every industry—when revolutionary improvements render the original invention almost obsolete.

No other interpretation can be placed upon a car which with a 3-inch motor delivers 68 horsepower and a speed of 70 miles per hour.

Such tremendous power and speed from a motor of such size are unprecedented.

The difference of Chrysler Six engineering is emphasized a hundredfold by the further fact that this motor yields better than 20 miles to the gallon of gasoline.

This is efficiency of the kind shown by the compound locomotives of today as compared with the first engines that ran on rails in America.

There has been no effort in Chrysler engineering to search out new principles.

On the contrary, the safe, sound fundamentals are its basis. Their application is the point of difference.

All previous experience has been taken into account. Good points have been separated from the bad. They have been improved upon and others added.

Nothing but engineering of the highest scientific character could produce such a vibrationless engine as the Chrysler Six.

There is no other explanation for the fact that you can comfortably drive the Chrysler Six at 60 miles an hour or more over a cobbled street; or safely take it around turns at 50 miles an hour.

That is balance in the *nth* degree—scientific balance, if you please.

Chrysler Six disposes for all time of the idea that weight and length are necessary to easy riding—that a great cumbersome engine is necessary for power.

For the first time, a car of Chrysler Six size has been engineered to afford not only comfortable seating space but comfortable riding.

Even the sidesway is gone, because the springs of thin chrome-vanadium leaves are placed close to the wheel-hubs and parallel to the wheels.

Details by the score could be quoted to show that the Chrysler Six is as far in advance of ordinary practice as the harvester of today is ahead of the first clumsy reaping machine.

The Chrome-Molybdenum tubular front axle combines with Chrysler pivotal steering to steady and ease handling as never before. It is especially designed to take up the torsional strains of front wheel braking.

There is an oil-filter that cleanses all motor oil once in 25 miles; an air-cleaner for the carburetor; Chrysler-Lockheed hydraulic four-wheel brakes that make deceleration as swift and sure as the motor's acceleration.

Everything that Chrysler advanced design means in the operation and comfort of a motor car will be made clear to you in a half hour's riding and driving of the Chrysler Six.

Any Chrysler Six dealer will gladly afford you this demonstration, and supply you with all the structural details.

The Touring, $1335; The Phaeton, $1395; The Roadster, $1525; The Sedan, $1625;
The Brougham, $1795; The Imperial, $1895. All Prices f. o. b. Detroit; tax extra.

CHRYSLER MOTOR CORPORATION, DETROIT, MICHIGAN
Division of Maxwell Motor Corporation

The Chrysler Six

Pronounced as though spelled Cris'ler

Authorized
United Motors
Service
Delco
KLAXON
REMY
HYATT
NEW DEPARTURE
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Your Service Man Knows
Your service man will tell you that the smooth, trouble-free operation of most units of your car depends, above all else, upon the ability of hidden, hard-working bearings to lessen friction. And he knows, from long experience, that Hyatt Roller Bearings and New Departure Ball Bearings provide everything that good bearings can.
He knows too, that close at hand, there is a United Motors Authorized Bearings Distributor from whom he can quickly get the right bearing for any particular repair job.
Be sure to specify Hyatt or New Departure should a bearing replacement be necessary in your car. It's mighty satisfying to roll along on bearings which have demonstrated everywhere their complete reliability.
It will pay you to write for our directory of Authorized Service Stations.
UNITED MOTORS SERVICE
General Offices INCORPORATED Detroit, Michigan

(Continued from Page 68)

criminal's whole thought to making his getaway as quickly as possible.

A gunman entered the office of a Los Angeles dentist and ordered him to put up his hands The dentist obeyed, but at the same time coolly remarked, "I'll bet you're the same fellow that held up the Ninth National Bank yesterday."

This was purely a chance shot. But it landed right on the target. For that stick-up had been one of the gang that robbed the bank. He walked out of the office hurriedly, but the dentist followed and turned him over to the police. Chagrined at being caught while his partner in many other crimes went free, he gave information that led to the other's arrest.

What with automobile get-aways and narcotics and the automatic pistol, it is generally believed that banditry is a crime peculiar to our day, and that property and life were safe from such crimes in the good old days

Back in those good old days a rather shabby saloon stood on the site of the present New York Times Building at Broadway and Forty-second Street. It was away uptown in that day of horse cars, and had a watering trough under a sheet-iron awning. All the street-car horses were watered there, while the drivers and conductors went inside for schooners of beer, large foamy ones, sailed over the bar for a nickel. The place belonged to an Irishman who always had a fine big lump of corn beef on the free-lunch counter, a quart of mustard, loaves of bread and a large butcher knife, with which anybody was free to carve off as much as he pleased, whether he bought a drink or not.

One night this Irishman came to me in a great state of excitement.

"What's New York coming to?" he yelled. "Where are the police anyway? Could you imagine—right here in broad daylight a thief came in my saloon, stuck me up and carried away my fine chunk of corn beef—bad 'cess to him!"

Such was the New York bandit and such the local crime wave in days of yore.

But what were the names of terror and lawless adventure in those very good old days in the 1880's and 1890's? Why, Jesse James and his gang, and the Younger brothers, and the Dalton gang, the Wild bunch and a dozen other bands of train and bank robbers who thought little of murder. They worked along the Western frontier, and it was a curious thing that many of them came from the state of Missouri, also that most of the bands were made up of brothers. During the Civil War most of these bandits had been guerrilla fighters, and became heroes in their home communities for daring in ambuscades, raids and murders. When they turned to banditry they were still heroes. A few earlier bandits had developed in the gold camps of the West, men failing to find gold and too lazy to work, robbing prospectors and stagecoaches. A few earlier bandits also developed among the cowboys of the plains, the horse thief and cattle rustler turning to holdup work. But, in general, this wave of crime was the aftermath of the Civil War.

Sheik and Flapper Bandits

I believe our present wave of banditry is connected with the World War in the same way. But that isn't saying that the bandits are ex-soldiers who have learned to fight and kill on the battlefield and turned their training to account in this field of crime. The present-day bandit isn't as good stuff as that at bottom, but rather a weak character whose respect for law and human life, if he ever had any, has been sapped by the stresses of the World War. Such courage as he has is artificial and temporary, taken out of a bottle or from a hypodermic need e

Our massive crop of felons and malefactors must not be classed as the overflow of the World War. The birds of prey arrested these days are mostly youths 17 to 20, who were in short pants during the fighting. The seasoned criminal of the olden days, who had outlaw written all over his face, is seldom to be found. The present-day stick-up and all-round crook is the dapper fox-trotter with the brilliantined, sometimes marceled locks. He is a cross between mamma'sboyandamail-ordertailor'smodel. He is the associate of the bootlegger and narcotic peddler, bold and resourceful—the sheik of the flapper. He totes a flask—so does his girl—steals cars for joy rides, sticks up respectable citizens or robs banks. To certain abnormal types he is the hero of the hour. It is this hero worship in the motion pictures, on the stage, and so on, that inspires so many young men to deeds of violence and crime. Some of the flappers are as criminal as their heroes, though they more often evade arrest. There is a woman in nearly every case of sustained criminal intent. The youth of 20 in crime today has a record that it took the outcast of the past years to achieve. Drugs and dancing have succeeded the saloon; but a return to the saloon would make conditions worse.

The concealed weapon—I mean the revolver and pistol—are more responsible for serious crimes today than any other agent. They are the intimidation behind the coward and the criminal. In some states there are laws prohibiting the sale of firearms, but they do not prevent the criminals and gunmen from arming themselves because they readily buy in adjoining states or through mail-order houses. Seventy per cent of the homicides and major crimes are committed with firearms

I am the introducer of the finger-print system of identification in America. Ten years ago, I advocated the finger printing of all foreign-born persons entering the United States. Our Government would not adopt the suggestion, fearing we might offend newcomers.

In Europe, in many countries, we Americans are required to furnish photographs, handwriting and life history to various police departments. The Europeans are not afraid of offending us.

Imported Criminals

All emigrants should be carefully and thoroughly investigated in their native city or town before they are considered as prospective Americans. Some day we are all going to wake up and discover that our immigration laws are not strict enough. We need the honest, ambitious, thrifty immigrant; but the lazy, weak, criminally inclined should be kept from our shores.

In 1923 in a Pacific Coast city there were more murders committed than in Great Britain, and more holdups and burglaries than in all of France. This is what is now occurring in many large American cities.

The immigrant must be taught to respect our laws—to obey them. Many of the felons arrested today are of foreign birth or offsprings of foreigners, with criminal records in Europe before they came here A study of the names of prisoners all over the United States will reveal this

This is a very swift age we live in—the moving-picture and radio age. Sometimes I think it is all too fast for certain types. Mechanism is quicker—much quicker—than man. It is sometimes beyond his thinking capacity and general mentality.

I often wonder what will be occurring in criminal operations in 2024 A. D. Right now it would be possible, with a submarine, for bandits or pirates to stick up an ocean liner. Or we may have the Catapult Limited—Earth to Mars, sixty hours—held up and surrounded with compressed air and robbed by bandits in all-steel airplanes. No firearms used; just chemicals. It can all happen if we progress in one hundred years as we have in the past forty.

The present-day bandit is more numerous, but so is population, and so are the ways of catching bandits. Despite the daring and murderous raids that are being conducted in many of our large cities today, none of the criminals succeed in stretching out any such career as that of the James boys or other Western bands two generations ago. There are no more bandits in proportion to the population—probably fewer in proportion to the temptation and opportunity. The present-day stick-up doesn't have to seek the seclusion of the frontier and rob a railroad train. Every town of any size at all has at least one bank with more loot, and in big cities hundreds of millions of dollars are being carried about or lie around in money, jewels and securities.

The old border gangs were eventually rounded up and exterminated, and the present-day bandit will be, too, for two forces are working relentlessly against him. One is the world's recovery from war stress and a better state of the human mind, and the other is improved protective and police methods that will eventually outwit the bandit by cutting off his opportunities.

Editor's Note—This is the fifth of a series of articles by Mr Dougherty. The next will appear in an early issue.

A nation's shopping list

DAY after day, wherever there is human habitation, whenever there is the need to buy, a nation's shopping list is made. On it is written every commodity made or used by man. And on this list, again and again, are written the names of certain manufacturers and the names of certain brands.

They are the names and brands of manufacturers who have established direct communication with users of their products by the power of the printed page. In the homes of the people, these makers have told the truth about the things they make. They have described them with detail and accuracy, explaining their uses. They have planted knowledge, established confidence, created preference.

Through advertising they have lightened the burden of selling that lies on the shoulders of the merchant. To the reputation of the retailer they have added the confidence that reposes in a well-known trade-mark. They have assumed full responsibility for the character and measure of their merchandise.

By raising the standards of production, by implanting desire and cultivating it into ready consumer acceptance, they have reduced retail sales resistance and multiplied the dealer's turnover. Through advertising they have made profitable the territories that were weak. Through advertising they have created markets. These manufacturers do not struggle for distribution. They command it.

N. W. AYER & SON

ADVERTISING HEADQUARTERS, PHILADELPHIA

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Raybestos Service Station

When you have the brakes relined

OWNERS are no longer content to entrust their lives to cheap brake lining, or inadequate brake equipment. Today the careful driver seeks the shop that uses Silver Edge Raybestos applied by the Raybestos Method.

Correct application of brake lining is equal in importance to Raybestos. Both assure the full measure of protection. Have your brakes lined with Raybestos by the Raybestos Method. The rivets will be of tubular brass construction properly countersunk. The lining will wrap evenly around the brakes and rivets cannot score the drum. All of the braking surface will be in operation. This adds not only to safety, but reduces costs for repairs.

Why risk life and property with careless methods? Go to the Raybestos man and have your brakes inspected, adjusted and correctly lined. The job is quickly done and at less cost than the owner can do it himself.

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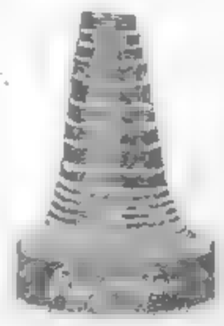


Silver Edge Raybestos

"Brake Inspection—Your Protection"

VIOLET EYES

Continued from Page 21

"Mr. Barkley declares he is thirsty and tired of walking, and wants to play bridge," said Doris. "We tried to keep him going, but he insists—and he's such a masterful character!"

Mr. Barkley had us all at a table in the smoking room by this time and was ordering. I took a lemonade and Doris took one too. The men had Scotch and soda—Mr. Barkley a double one. And while they were coming he talked. How he talked! His favorite topic was himself. We all shortly knew that he was from Detroit, that he was in the motor business, that he was a bachelor because he loved all women too much to tie himself up to one, that his yearly income was somewhere in the fifty-thousand class, that he was a good sport and ready to take a chance on anything. With these and many other bits of his personal history did Mr. Barkley regale us, meanwhile desiring to order more drinks for everyone, and deeply grieved by a refusal.

"I have not the head for strong liquor," said M. Blanchard pointely. "It makes me sleepy."

"And I've never been able to acquire a taste for Scotch," said Gilbert Carter.

"Well, you boys miss an awful lot," said Mr. Barkley sadly.

He was all cheered up by the entrance of his friend, Mr. Wadswarn, who looked enough like him to be his older brother, a little more rotund, a little more ruddy. Mr. Barkley promptly introduced him to us all, ordered him a drink and took another himself.

"Where's the wife?" he asked.

Mr. Wadswarn grinned. "She's down in the cabin planning to hide the plunder she brought from the other side and cheat the customs. She's ripped out the linings of all her French hats and put in dirty old American ones, and she's got to cut the labels off her dresses and sew the lace she bought into her underwear, and so forth. The Missus always has a busy crossing."

"We were thinking of a little bridge. Want to sit in?"

"Right. Who's going to play?"

They looked at me. "I'm sorry, but I can't play any kind of cards," I said.

"How about you, Miss Leonard?"

"I'm not very good, but I'd love it."

M. Blanchard was willing to make a fourth. "Another time for you, Carter," said Mr. Barkley, who was managing things.

I couldn't help but be glad that Gilbert Carter wasn't going to play. It left him free to be with me—if he should want to. It took me just one second to see that he didn't want to. He was looking at Doris with disappointment and annoyance written all over him. Oh, well, I might have known it.

They cut for partners, and Doris got the Frenchman. As she shuffled the cards she appealed to Mr. Barkley: "I seem to be awfully thirsty. Could I have another lemonade, please?"

He apologized profusely for being so careless, ordered the lemonade, and also more Scotch for himself and Mr. Wadswarn. I thought he'd had enough, and that it was a pity Doris had inadvertently started him off again. He wasn't drunk, but he was by way of being rather mellow, and it looked as though Mr. Wadswarn would soon be.

"Now, what's stakes?" asked Mr. Barkley. "We'll leave it to the lady."

"Would ten cents a point — " Doris began hesitatingly.

"Why, Miss Leonard, you're a regular fellow," declared Mr. Wadswarn. "Ten cents a point suits me and Asa to a T."

They looked at M. Blanchard. "I do not usually play so high," he said, "but since Miss Blanchard has spoken, I obey."

It was a queer game. Mr. Barkley and Mr. Wadswarn seemed to be expert, experienced players, and accustomed to each other's playing. Even so, they did not win—at least not spectacularly. Nor did they lose—spectacularly. Doris and M. Blanchard kept just a little ahead of them all the time. Just a little. And even to my ignorant eyes it was plain that the lead was due to Doris, for M. Blanchard played nothing more than a good steady uninspired game, while hers alternated from extreme brilliancy in a pinch to downright carelessness when they might have had everything on the board. More than once Mr. Wadswarn warned her benevolently that she was giving the game away to him and his partner, and each time she was chagrined and apologetic to Blanchard, making haste to be more attentive to the next hand, and invariably winning it.

"Why, you'd be a great little player if you put your mind on it," said Mr. Wadswarn paternally after one of these rallies.

"Old Bob's getting sore because you're ahead of us," chuckled Mr. Barkley.

Mr. Wadswarn chuckled too. "Is that so! If I'm getting sore it's because I've got such a bonehead partner!"

"Go on! If it wasn't for me these two young people would lick the tar out of us," declared Mr. Barkley.

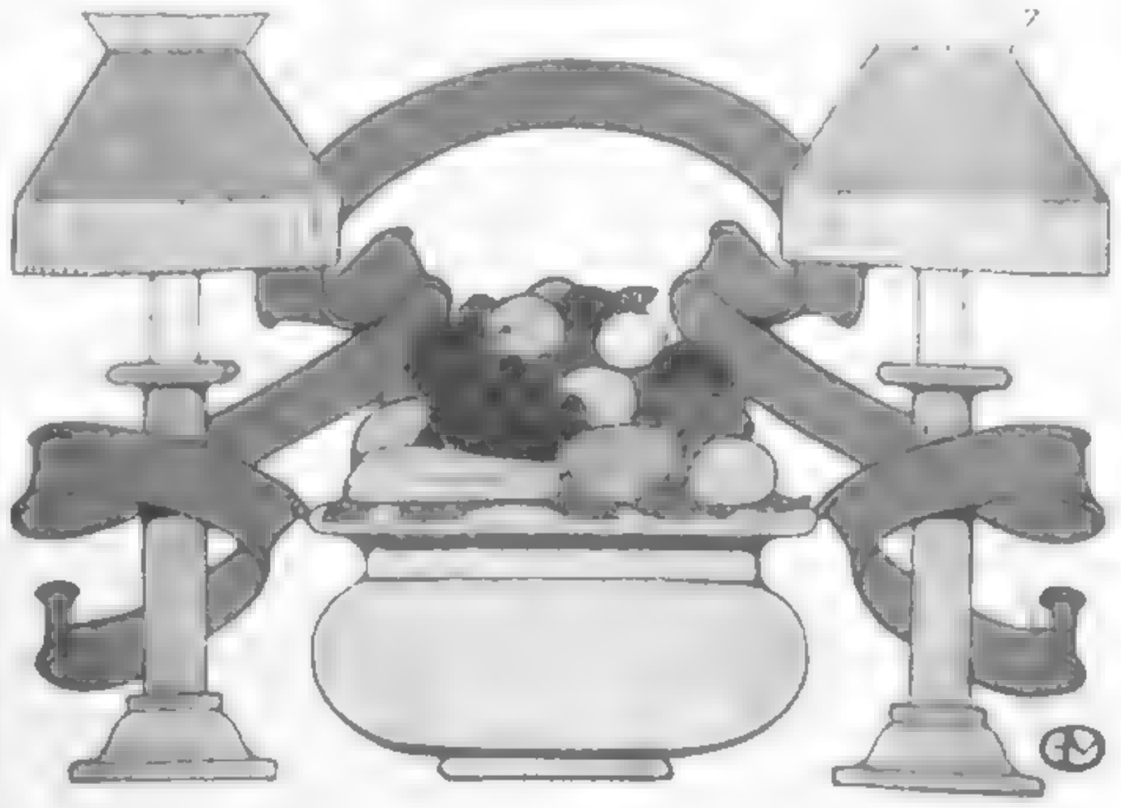
They were really awfully amusing. I looked across at Gilbert Carter, but all of his attention was concentrated on Doris. It made me feel even more out of it than I was. I've been alone a good part of my life, but I'd never been specially lonely except for that awful time just after mother died. But now a little throb of that same loneliness came back. I got up and said I really must go back to Miss Pyne now.

And then my lonely feeling was shattered, for Doris glanced up at me in that warm friendly way of hers, and said, "I'll be round as soon as we're through the game here, and we'll do five miles before dinner."

Pretty nice of her, for she didn't have to bother about me. I went on out to our chairs, but Miss Pyne had gone below, so I cuddled into my rug and tried to take a nap. Sleep wouldn't come. I could only sit and stare at the snowy foam dappling the dull flanks of the waves, the sun dimmed to a pale gold platter hung in gray cloud tapestries. These, with the march of the determined few who make the deck an eternal marathon, and the beat-beat-beat of the engine didn't make a cheering environment.

And then I hauled out of the back of my mind the real reason of my depression, and owned up to it honestly. I wanted Gilbert

(Continued on Page 74)



TUDOR PLATE

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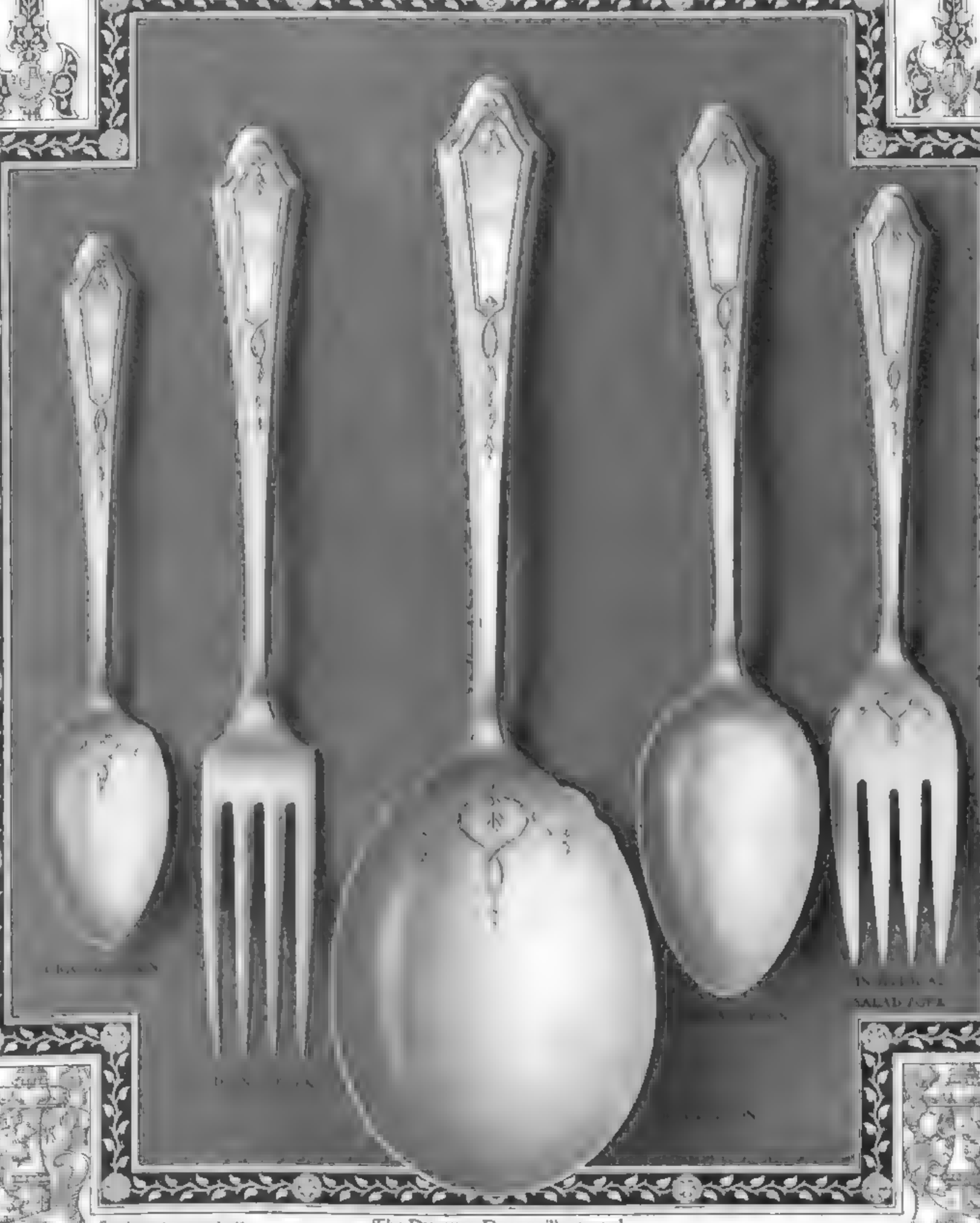

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The Duchess Design illustrated

HERE, indeed, is silverware of exquisite design in which a woman will always take genuine delight. Into its making has gone all the care, workmanship and quality-ideal characteristic of the Oneida Community. For choice, two lovely designs—the Duchess and the Baronet.

Six Teaspoons—$1.75

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55

Continued from Page 72

Carter to talk to me, to look at me as he looked at Doris. Yes, that was what I wanted. I wanted it quite unreasonably and ridiculously. I'd never felt this way about any man before. Of course I'd only known a few - boys at the art school where I'd studied nights, and men in the office where I worked days. Some of them had liked me, but I hadn't had enough interest in any one of them to think about it. And now—a perfect stranger! Once more I told myself that I was a little fool, and that I was not to be silly. Yet it seemed likely that I was going to spend most of the voyage admonishing myself along the same line—a lively prospect! At last I went down to the cabin, a mass of indigo.

Miss Pyne was asleep in her berth, and there was nothing for me to do but to fling myself down on mine and court the nap that had eluded me outside. But the stewardess came in with a cup of tea, so I propped myself on my pillows and prepared to enjoy it, and dug out a book to go with it. I was still lying there reading when Doris tapped at the door.

She glanced at the sleeping Miss Pyne and whispered, "Do come out on deck and take a walk."

Out we went, arm in arm, Doris complaining of her afternoon with every step. "Was ever anything so stupid! I don't know why I let myself in for a prolonged bridge game! I don't care a thing for cards, but I'm so easy I never can make up my mind to refuse when anyone asks me. But wasn't Mr. Wadswarn funny, telling me how I ought to play! He thinks he's good. Why, if I'd really tried ——" She broke off, laughing. "You know," she continued after a moment, "he lost nearly forty dollars, and he was so peeved, though he tried to hide it. Not because of the money, I'll say that for him, but because he hated so to be beaten."

She went on: "Mr. Blanchard only played a little while. Then Mr. Carter took his place. He plays a much better game than the Frenchman. Isn't he a sweet boy? You liked him; I felt it."

"Yes, I liked him a lot," I said steadily.

"I like him too. Didn't the Frenchman say he works for a jewelry house?"

"I think so."

She gave me an odd sidelong glance. "What are you going to wear for dinner tonight?"

"What I've got on, I think."

"Oh, my dear, aren't you going to dress? Why, we'll want to dance."

"I haven't danced for years—not since I used to go to dancing school when I was little. I can't do any of the new steps. I've never had the time or chance to learn."

I believe Doris was genuinely shocked. She stopped and stared at me as if she couldn't believe her ears. "Oh, Elsie," she cried, using my first name again, "you make me feel such a useless little nitwit. You you do all the worthwhile things, and I do all the nothings. But as for dancing—why, you'll pick it up in no time again. And I'm going to teach you—I can do that, at least. Do, do let me, please. I'd love to. Really I would."

There was something so spontaneous, so genuine in her kindness, that it took us farther on the road to friendship than months of acquaintance could have done. And it brought me almost to tears, it was so long since anyone had shown any solicitude for my pleasure. I could hardly trust my voice to answer.

"But that would just be a bother—I can't let you," I said at last.

She squeezed my arm. "It's not a bother. We'll dance tonight and all the other nights. So that's that." And she looked at me with such friendliness and sweetness in those violet eyes of hers that I could have hugged her.

So that night I put on my one good dress, a soft almond-green crêpe that I'd bought in Paris at a little shop near our hotel, and went down to dinner, all excitement. Doris had on a delicious white-and-silver frock, with a swathe of violet tulle around her shoulders to deepen the color of her eyes. She was perfection, to the least detail. We got our first view of Mrs. Wadswarn, too, who turned out to be as stout as her husband and as commonplace. She was all dolled up in écru lace and had the biggest, gayest Spanish shawl in the world.

We made a curious table, the eight of us! Doris was the high light, the bright spot, and incidentally all the men sat with their heads turned toward her like automatons. I wonder how they got their food into their mouths, for they certainly didn't look to see how or what they were eating.

Doris inadvertently started them to ordering drinks through asking for mineral water for herself. The wine steward made a questioning pause and that reminded Mr. Barkley that it was the first night out and we must celebrate with champagne. Then Mr. Wadswarn must celebrate too.

Gilbert Carter was sitting by me, and he looked the least bit disgusted.

"I take it you don't care for the alcoholic haze," I said to him so that the others didn't hear.

"Oh, it's their affair. But take this afternoon—both of them had just enough to make them do foolish things, trying to raise the stakes and disputing over points. It might have been embarrassing for Miss Leonard. Of course I wouldn't let them raise the stakes; I don't know anything about these people. They were on the ship I came over on, and we got acquainted, but that's no great personal reference."

I liked talking to him so confidentially, even if he didn't take his eyes or his thoughts off Doris. And I liked even more strolling out of the dining room after dinner with him, quite as if he belonged to me, and having him run back to fetch my handkerchief.

"We'll all go up to the smoking room for coffee and cordials," ordered Mr. Barkley.

"And then bridge," added Mrs. Wadswarn.

"But we're going to dance," said Doris, smiling back at me. It gave me a warm little tingle to think she hadn't forgotten.

"Oh, you young people," said Mrs. Wadswarn. "I know how you feel. I used to think I could just die two-stepping!"

It seemed to me that I was at a play, it was so different from anything I'd been accustomed to. To be among these effortless, carefree, easy people, to watch Mr. Barkley's puffy importance, to listen to the Wadswarns rag each other, to enjoy Doris' beauty and charm, to hear M. Blanchard's careful thoughtful English—and to be near Gilbert Carter! I got no sense of reality from it. But it was interesting. Coffee and cordials appeared, the men talked about the pool being made up for the next day's run, Miss Pyne asked Doris where she got her dress, and Doris told her, while Barkley, Blanchard and Carter all glowered at Miss Pyne for breaking into their monopoly. Mrs. Wadswarn began to mourn about the customs, and so on, and so on. And here I was, one of them, and having a beautiful time. And it had all happened—how? Through Doris Leonard bumping into me at the station! It was all Doris Leonard. We all revolved around her, deferred to her, watched her. Yet she wasn't spoiled; she was perfectly unconscious and natural.

When the orchestra commenced to play in the big salon she made me come with her for that promised dancing lesson. First Doris took me round and showed me the steps, and then I danced with Mr. Barkley. I can hardly express the pleasure that it gave me. It was as easy—after the first few minutes it seemed as though I'd been doing it for years, and the rhythm and the accent of the music released me, somehow, from all the dull drab days I'd been through, and I felt awfully young and gay and giggly and foolish. I wanted to prance and shout. The color came up in my face, and—now this isn't vanity—I knew that I was pretty, almost as pretty as Doris. How did I know it? By the best barometer of all, the attention of the men in our party. Gilbert Carter taught me to fox-trot—and he didn't find it all a mere duty either. Girls know!

At last Mr. Barkley marshaled our return to the smoking room and began ordering drinks again. I was glad enough of my lemonade this time, and I wouldn't take anything stronger.

Mrs. Wadswarn was clamoring for bridge and insisting that Doris play. After a good bit of talk they arranged it, Doris and Gilbert Carter against Mrs. Wadswarn and Mr. Barkley. Mr. Wadswarn said he was going to stay on the sidelines and rescue the survivors. Miss Pyne had gone below. M. Blanchard very gallantly offered to teach me Russian bank at a table near by. But I said no, that I'd rather watch the bridge.

It was eerie, the change that came over Mrs. Wadswarn when she felt the cards in her hand. She hardened and stiffened, and her face became a rigid mask. Her eyes were steely pin points. I'd never seen a bridge fiend in action before, and she almost made me afraid.

"Twenty-five cents a point," she declared. *(Continued on Page 77)*

If it isn't an Eastman, it isn't a Kodak

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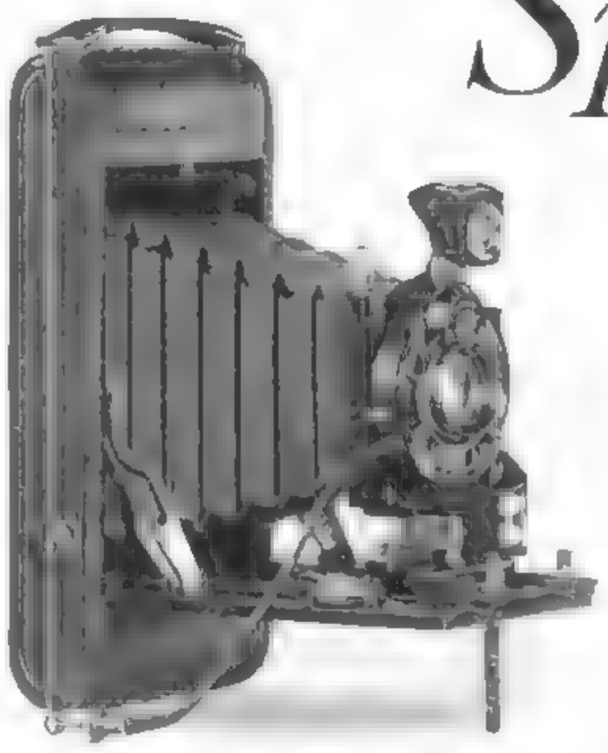

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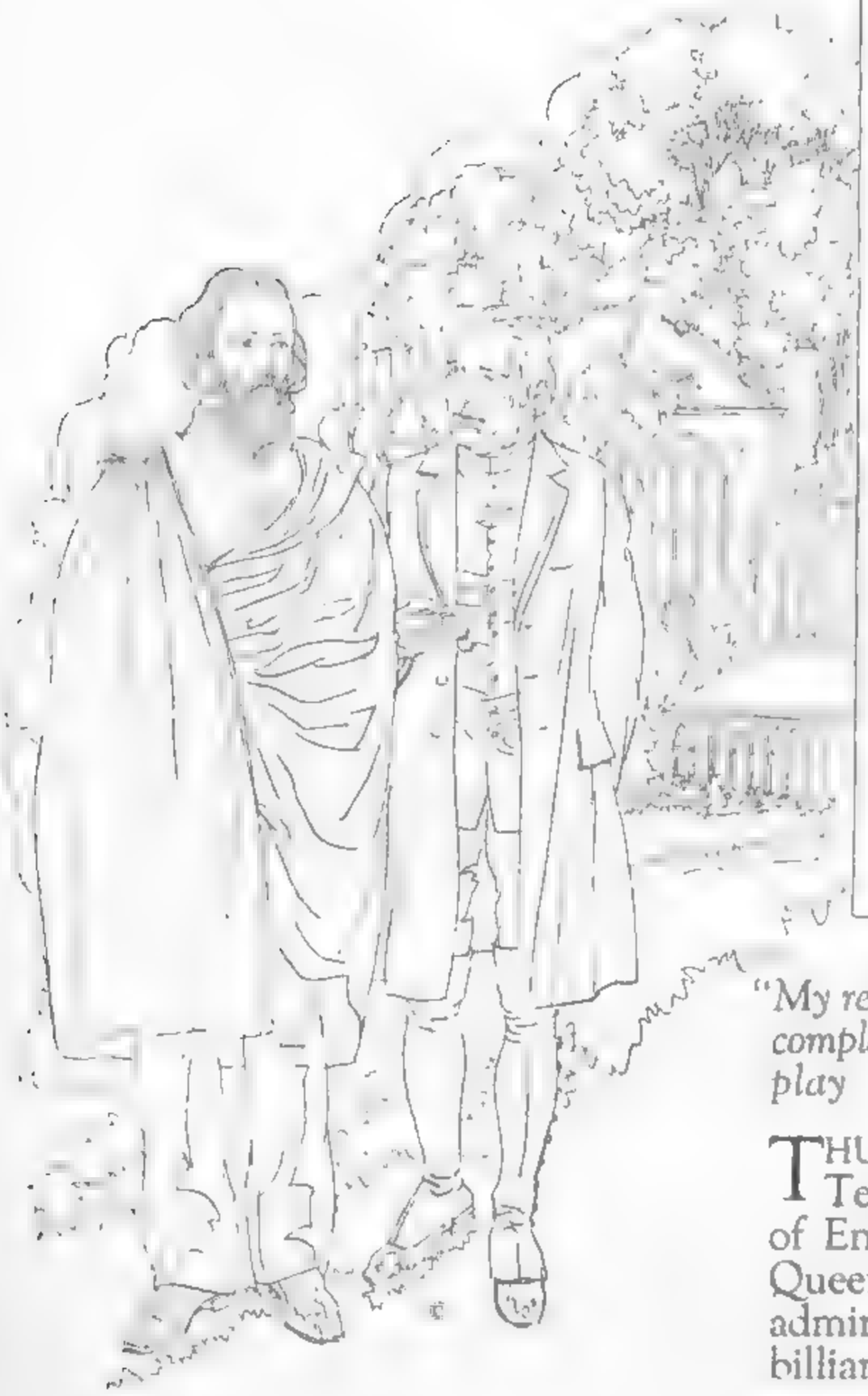
billiards

a gentleman's game



"My respect for a man is not quite complete until I learn that he can play a fair game of billiards"

THUS the late Lord Alfred Tennyson, poet laureate of England in the reign of Queen Victoria, voiced his admiration for the game of billiards.

Billiards is indeed "a gentleman's game" more than any other form of recreation. It develops and demonstrates in the player self-control, courtesy and a fine sense of fairness—the very qualities of mind and manner that characterize a gentleman.

Wherever the game of billiards is known, the name Brunswick denotes the highest standard in tables and billiard accessories. In properly managed recreation rooms where this equipment is used, one will find billiards at its best—billiards played amid surroundings of refinement and where the moral environment is unquestioned.

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(Continued from Page 74)

Doris hesitated for a moment. "Very well," she said at last. "If you're willing, Mr. Carter."

There was nothing for Gilbert Carter to do but acquiesce, and the four settled down to business.

If the game of the afternoon had been strange to watch, this one was more so. Mrs. Wadswarn played with supreme confidence—at first. Only, just when she was sure that she was going to win, something happened. By some clever finesse, some unlooked-for strategy, Doris inevitably took the odd trick. Mrs. Wadswarn began to consider her bids lingeringly before she made them, and she watched the cards as they fell, like a hawk. Angry red spots came up on her cheeks.

Of course all this gave her husband a wonderful chance, and he couldn't keep quiet. "Not up to your usual form, are you, tonight, Edie?" he would ask; or, "Maybe ripping all those labels out of your Paris frocks put you off your game."

Mrs. Wadswarn wouldn't answer him. She concentrated on the game. But the more she concentrated the less good it did her; the score kept mounting for Doris and Gilbert Carter. It wasn't losing the money she minded, I could see that, but the blow to her pride was unendurable. I take it she was the ruling terror of all the bridge fans in her own home city, an authority on fine points and a court of last resort in disputes. And here she was losing hand after hand to a little slip of a girl who didn't even take the game very seriously. It stung!

And the way the score was mounting up was horrible. I saw Doris look at it again and again, more and more troubled. Finally when it was over three hundred dollars, she picked it up and looked frankly at Mrs. Wadswarn.

"I'd rather not play any longer," she said. "I don't like to win as much money as this. Please don't misunderstand me—I know it's nothing but luck—we've had an unusual run of cards, Mr. Carter and I, and I'm only saying this for my own peace of mind—I'm quite selfish about it, you see, but—I wish we hadn't made the stakes so high. Would you mind—very much—if we called it ten cents a point, like this afternoon?"

Well, Mrs. Wadswarn flared! "I wouldn't have proposed these stakes unless I was prepared to pay my losses," she said, in the most enraged voice, "and it wasn't just luck, my losing. You're a very remarkable player, Miss Leonard; very remarkable indeed."

"I didn't mean you couldn't afford to pay your losses," said Doris, looking even more distressed and appealing. "That was the last thing in my mind. It's just that I personally hate to win so much—from friends you know."

Then Mr. Wadswarn interposed: "It's perfectly all right, Miss Leonard; don't worry your little head about it. Edie's won lots more than three hundred at a sitting out home. We always play high and we like it. Your scruples do you credit, and we appreciate what you say, but don't you think about it again. Come, Edie, don't be a grouch. The little girl means it to be nice."

"I guess I spoke too quick," said Mrs. Wadswarn, thawing a trifle. "I might's well admit it, it makes me very sore to be beaten, and Bob here, rubbing it in, didn't sweeten it. Excuse me, Miss Leonard, and let's go on with the game."

"I'm really very tired," said Doris. "So, if you don't mind, let's not go on with the game. I'll give you your revenge tomorrow—but no more tonight."

There was nothing to be done after that, so Mr. Barkley and Mrs. Wadswarn paid up, and everybody said good night. I'd waited for Doris, because she seemed so little and alone and fragile and weary, and we went down together.

"I didn't want to play," she said to me, as soon as we were out of earshot, "and now, all this money! It makes me feel queer. I enjoy a game of bridge as much as anyone else, but to be dragged into playing for such stakes—why, it's nothing but gambling. It's hateful. I don't believe Mr. Carter liked it either; and I don't blame him. He is sweet, don't you think?"

"Yes, I like him." I couldn't say any more about Gilbert Carter.

So we separated and went down into our cabins. Miss Pyne rolled over and opened sleepy eyes. "I'll bet that Mrs. Wadswarn got licked out of her boots, didn't she?" she asked.

"Why, yes. How did you guess?"

"Oh, she was bragging so while you were dancing. I just thought she wasn't as smart as she looks. And that little Leonard girl is a lot smarter than she looks. She's nobody's fool, that girl. Nobody's putting anything across on her."

And, come to think of it, nobody was. Only I didn't want to think of Doris in that way. She had been kind to me, and I was too grateful. That delicious dancing! And there'd be five more nights of it.

I didn't answer Miss Pyne and she rolled back to sleep again, and I went to sleep myself to dream of fox-trotting with Gilbert Carter.

Life on shipboard forms itself easily into a routine. Bath, breakfast, walk on deck, the morning bouillon, reading, shuffleboard, more walking, luncheon, announcement of the winner in the day's pool, posting the run, movies, puppet show, afternoon tea, more walking, dressing, dinner, coffee in the smoking room, cards and dancing! There, with individual diversifications, is a typical ship's day. Provided, of course, the weather permits one to be anything but seasick, which is an occupation in itself, and wholly engrossing. People divide into groups—the woozy preluncheon-and-predinner-cocktail group; the dancing group; the dressy group in their new French finery; the nondressy group of aggressive sports clothes, flat-heeled shoes and dub hats; the exclusive group that refuses to mix with the common herd; the common herd that doesn't care because it is having a beautiful time being sociable with each other; the determined deck-game group; the card-playing group; the noisy group, a fearful pest these, usually dominated by a male or female cut-up whom nine-tenths of the passengers would rejoice to push overboard. These groups overlap and intertwine—the same persons may belong to several; and there are always a few isolated figures who belong to none. But, due to the prolonged enforced association, everyone aboard soon knows pretty much who everyone else is and with what groups he is affiliated.

A girl as pretty as Doris Leonard is bound to have heaps of attention anywhere, but on a transatlantic liner, where pretty girls are never too many, it was inevitable that she'd be talked about by the women and run after by the men. Every man on the ship who wasn't blind tried to scrape acquaintance with the men at our table, then they'd wander by our party as we sat on deck, bow and smile, and stop—to be introduced to Doris.

And then of course there was the flood of gossip about her marvelous bridge playing. This gave her an added interest that her face, pretty as it was, could never have caused, I'm convinced of it. "She didn't want to take the money," "She wins whenever she plays," "She asks not to have high stakes," "She beat that Mrs. Wadswarn, the stout woman who sits at the table with her, my dear—and Mrs. Wadswarn's known all over the Middle West as a marvelous player." That was the way the comment ran, and it was natural that all the men and women on the ship who were keen on bridge felt that the voyage was lost unless they could sit in a game with the marvelous Miss Leonard.

The Wadswarns aided and abetted this feeling. They were forever bringing up people who would importune Doris for a game, and then they'd go and watch her play as if they were her fond parents! It was funny. Funny, except that I had the feeling that Doris got no pleasure out of it, but that she was too good-natured and too easy-going to resist the impact of the Wadswarns' combined insistence. She kept telling me how dreadfully it bored her, and when I'd urge her to refuse she'd just shake her head and say, "But don't you see, if I refuse to play, after winning so much, everyone would think there was something downright shady about it?"

I didn't see that at all. "Give them all back the money you've won, then, and don't touch another card," I suggested.

"Now, Elsie," she said, laughing, "you're impossible. They'd be insulted. Cards are queer things, and card playing has a code all its own. You can't give back money you've won. You can't refuse to keep on playing if you're winning. You can't complain if you lose. You see, it's a voluntary thing, a game of cards. I keep the stakes as low as I can, but if my opponents want to double them, insist on doubling them, I can't in all decency refuse, because it would look as if I didn't want them to win anything back."

The delicate, soft tones of Velumina-painted walls can be washed

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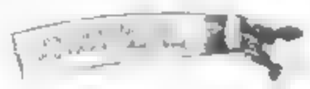

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"From Sheep's Back To You"

I was dying to ask her how much money she had won, but I didn't. There were rumors of midnight games in a private cabin where the stakes had run as high as a dollar a point. There was a fast gay set on the ship who spent their time in high play and in drinking. Doris' skill made her welcome in this set. There was a theatrical manager and his confidential man, born gamblers, both of them, wild about cards. There was a Southern lumber dealer and an important Great Lakes shipping man. There was a woman who runs an enormous and exclusive dressmaking establishment in Chicago—Miss Pyne knew her by sight. There was another woman who could only be numbered among the lilies of the field, a slender hard-lipped woman with the jewels of an empress. There was a great New York eye specialist, a handsome big old man, genial and engaging. And there were one or two others whose occupations and places of residence I never discovered. They were all linked together by one bond—love of excitement. And anything that would supply it they sought with a sort of ferocious intensity. It was a disease with them, nothing less.

So this crowd gathered Doris into its innermost circle. I doubt that they stopped with bridge at a dollar a point. Money couldn't be won or lost fast enough, even at that. Red dog and twenty-one were reputed to be their favorite games. But I never really knew, for Doris didn't say, and I wasn't invited to their parties.

Gilbert Carter told me the most of it. He had stopped playing with Doris on the second day out—I mean playing at cards. He haunted her leisure moments like a shadow, and she was very glad to have him, if signs pointed right. But when she would disappear with the excitement set, he'd hunt me up and sit beside me and talk to me about her. I wasn't the rose, but I was near the rose.

I was glad to have him talk to me on any terms, though. I'd got myself in hand. I could see that he was awfully taken with Doris, and that he couldn't understand, any more than I could, why she kept on at the pace she was going. She told him exactly what she told me—that she had to keep on playing cards, else people would think she didn't want them to win back their money.

"But I couldn't be her partner any more," he said. "If I had been, there are idiots on this boat who'd say we were professionals working together. I wouldn't let her in for that."

"This is certainly a strange world I'm peeping into," I told him. "How could anyone think such a mean thing?"

"Don't you find many such oddments and fragments and fantastic tag ends of gossip in this world that you're peeping into?" he asked.

Without thinking, I answered, "Indeed I do. Why, only yesterday that skinny little woman who wears the bright yellow sweater and hat, and is always drenched with some vile perfume, came up to me and asked me if you were the young man who was bringing the Kalinoff pearls over to America!"

"For the love of heaven, how did they get hold of that?" he exclaimed. "What did you say, if you don't mind telling me?"

"I don't mind. I said that she'd better ask you herself if she wanted any information."

"You're a good little pal! What happened after that fearful snub?"

"It was a snub lost without a trace. She gave me a long history of the pearls, from the time of the oysters who begat them, and wound up by telling me that you had been sent over by your firm to see them, and if you thought they were worth the price you were to bring them back to America for the wife of a certain war millionaire. And there was where she fell down—she didn't know the war millionaire's name! I chided her gently for this omission, and made my escape."

He laughed. "It's astonishing how there's no important sale in the jewelry business but everyone knows of it. There's a fascination about jewels to heaps of people who never owned one. But the Kalinoff pearls, though they're very beautiful, aren't really very important. They don't figure along with diamonds—the Orloff or Cullinan or the Hope Blue—to cite the favorite gems of the Sunday papers. I'll have to look up this lady in yellow and see what she's like."

I led him back to his favorite subject. "Doris has lovely pearls, hasn't she?"

"They're very good, yes."

"They're lovely on her. Yet she's so lovely she doesn't need them."

"Oh, that's true. I only wish she'd cut out that bunch of rotters. She doesn't belong with them. Last night it was after three o'clock ——" He checked himself, then went on: "Her cabin's very near mine and I almost always stay awake until she comes in, just in case, you know—she might need someone—for something. That's a pretty bad lot she's playing round with, you know. When they get drinking there's no telling ——" He stopped again.

"But she doesn't drink anything," I told him, hunting for something to console him. "She doesn't touch it."

"No—but they order it by the case! My steward told me."

Just then Doris came down deck, and he jumped as though someone had touched a button. He went to meet her with such a look in his eyes—it almost made me choke. And she looked back at him as though she liked him a lot too. I gritted my teeth and repeated my formula that I wasn't to be a fool, I wasn't to be a fool! But, of course, I was a fool—and I knew it. If Gilbert Carter had jumped and hurried to me as he did to Doris, I'd have been even a bigger fool. It was strange to me to feel so keenly, to be caught by an emotion I couldn't master and put aside and forget. I wondered if this was falling in love. If so, it was a painful thing, yet there was an ecstasy about it. I couldn't be mean and petty and jealous when I remembered the kind things Doris had done for me. I thought of her as my friend. Yet I hugged to myself the secret that she could never love him more than I could, if she did come to love him. That little patch of conceit I permitted myself to revel in.

When I had a moment alone with Doris I told her of his leaving his door open to listen and wait for her in case she might have need of him. Her big violet eyes looked at mine softly.

"Why, my dear," she said, and then, almost as if she was protesting to someone, "Oh, why is he such a decent man!"

"But you don't want him to be anything else, do you?" I asked in amazement.

She seemed to come to herself. "No—of course not. There are precious few of them, if you ask me."

"He wishes you'd cut out all these joy-riders," I told her. "He and I agree that you don't belong to them."

"Oh, you two—aren't you funny! But you know, Elsie, I'd cut them out in a moment if—if my luck would only break."

"Are you still winning?"

"Yes, I am, and they simply won't hear of my quitting."

It seemed to me such nonsense, and I said so. "I certainly don't see that it does them any good to keep on losing. I should think they'd be tired of it by this time."

"You don't understand."

"No, I don't. Anyway you'll have enough to buy yourself another string of pearls by the time we land." I don't know what made me say that, only I was looking at the pinky luster of her pearls against her soft white throat. And then I told her about the woman in the yellow sweater and what she had said to me about the Kalinoff pearls and Gilbert Carter.

Doris was interested at once.

"Oh, that's what he's got, then," she said. "I've heard of them. They're considered a fine string; not very large, but well matched and perfect shape. I wonder if he'd show them to me. I'd adore seeing them."

"He'd do anything for you; I know that," I said.

That was all we said about it, for we commenced to talk about the big fête planned for the last night out. It was to be a country fair, with everyone in fancy dress, and all sorts of stunts. There were to be singing gypsies, and a fortune-telling booth, and a ring-the-cane booth, and one of those wheels where you buy a number and if it comes up you get a silly prize.

A very executive lady, wife of a senator, was managing the affair, and she busied herself asking everyone to help, and appointing committees and consulting this person and that in a way that gave her, at least, intense satisfaction. I wouldn't serve on a committee, but when she pressed me to know what I could do, and rolled her eyes at me impressively and said "All the proceeds go to the widows and orphans of the brave sailors," I got rather ashamed to be so disobliging and I said I'd make sketches of people for fifty cents apiece if she wanted me to. Widows and orphans are, after all, widows and orphans, and if I could earn a few dollars for them by an evening's work I'd do it.

But Mrs. Senator didn't make any headway with Doris, though she pursued her diligently. Doris displayed unexpected firmness.

"I'm awfully sorry, but I don't sing and I don't play and I don't care for dressing up, and I've no business head, so that I couldn't take charge of a booth, and I can't draw pictures; so you'll have to let me be one of those who come to admire and to buy," she told Mrs. Senator, and she stuck to it.

Probably her responsibilities were frazzling Mrs. Senator's nerves, for her sweetness suddenly turned acid. "Would you consent, then, Miss Leonard," she asked, with a nasty, lemony undercurrent in her voice, "to play an exhibition game of cards? You could do that, you know. Many people would be glad to pay—as onlookers. We could realize a considerable sum for the widows and orphans if you'd do it."

We were out on deck, and Gilbert Carter was sitting on one side of Doris, and I on the other. Mrs. Senator was bulking high above us, looking down. I turned instinctively to put my hand out to Doris, for the woman's words were like knives.

But I didn't recognize Doris. Her sweet, almost childlike face had turned bitter, shrewd, vindictive, cruel, terrible—and years older. And if Mrs. Senator's voice had been sharp, Doris' was a sword.

"Just what do you imply?" she demanded stabbingly. "Considering the nasty public-land scandal your husband was mixed up in when you were his stenographer, you haven't much to say about anybody else's honesty, I should think. And if you dare make any least insinuation against me I'll broadcast some facts about you and your past and your husband that will make headlines in every newspaper in the country. Get out now—and shut up!"

It was exactly as if she'd beaten her. Mrs. Senator almost ran up the deck, shrunken and crouching with fear. And Gilbert Carter and I looked at each other across Doris, who had dropped her head in her hands and was sobbing.

"How dared she!" she wept. "How dared she!"

It was dreadful. Gilbert Carter jumped up and stood before her so that people passing wouldn't stare or stop. And I put my arms around her and tried to quiet her.

"Why, Doris," I said—"Doris, don't, dear, please. The woman's not worth wasting a thought on. And anyway—you've settled her."

And then the extraordinary way in which she had settled her came back to me, and the words died on my tongue. It had been another Doris from the girl I knew and liked who had lashed Mrs. Senator.

In a moment Doris recovered herself. She sat up, wiping her eyes with a scrap of a handkerchief. Her face was young and innocent again; her violet eyes had never seemed so lovely as they did now with tears in them.

"I'm so ashamed I lost my temper," she said. "I almost never do; I hate to. But that woman ——"

"You're all tired out and nervous and miserable," said Gilbert Carter, with such tenderness in his voice that I trembled to hear it. "Served that old cat right."

And then he, too, looked puzzled, and I knew that he was feeling as I was; that here was someone whom we didn't know at all, in the girl we thought we knew so well. He wasn't so blinded by his infatuation for her that he hadn't seen—and heard. And she realized it.

"I'm going down," she said. "Elsie, will you come with me? I am so tired—and I'm not awfully well today either."

So I went with her to her cabin and put her in her berth and asked her stewardess for a cup of tea, and generally did what I could.

"What do you suppose Gilbert Carter thought?" she asked at last.

Oh, it was hard for me to answer, but she was holding to my hand beseechingly. "I'm sure he was glad you settled her," I said.

She gazed at me again searchingly. "You know he wasn't," she said. "He was shocked; and the more he remembers it the more shocked he'll be."

I couldn't say a word.

"Look here, Elsie," she went on. "Will you do something for me?"

"Of course, if I can."

(Continued on Page 80)

A new understanding of the job that a motor oil must do is now convincing car owners that all motor oils are not alike. They are learning to entrust the protection of expensive motors to the "film of protection" alone.

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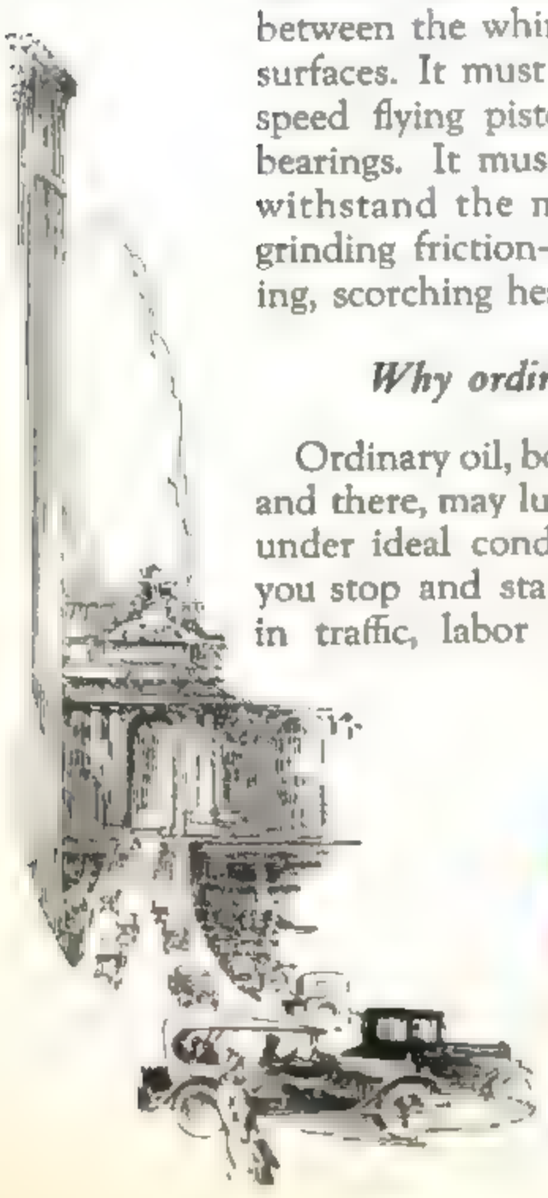

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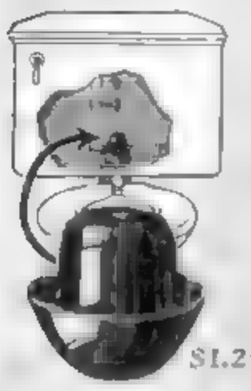

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Woodward-Wanger Co.
106 Spring Garden St. Philadelphia

(Continued from Page 78)

"You can. When you're making sketches of people tonight—make one for me of Gilbert Carter, and don't let him know it. I want it."

For some unexplainable reason I didn't want to. "But I'm such a poor artist, Doris; it won't look much like him."

"Never mind. Do it as well as you can. Do this for me, please, Elsie. I want it so much."

So I promised, and left her. I couldn't figure out why she wanted a sketch. It implied that she cared for him and thought he didn't care for her. Or, maybe, other way round, that he cared for her and she didn't care for him, but liked him well enough to want his likeness for memory. Oh, I couldn't make any sense of it at all. And while I was wondering about it I met Gilbert Carter himself.

"Is she all right?" he asked me anxiously. "She's been such a victim of that greedy crazy bunch of people," he said after I'd told him I left Doris resting. "A little fragile creature like her! It's some comfort to think she'll soon be at home. I hope her parents or some sensible sort of relative or friend will meet her. She needs someone to take care of her. Do you know who will meet her?"

"No, I don't."

"But she's got some people, hasn't she? Who looks after her?"

"Why, I don't know. She's never mentioned anyone."

He began to eye me strangely. "But—but—she's an old friend of yours—you've known her for some time, haven't you?"

Then I told him about my meeting with Doris on the day we left Paris, and how we happened to be in the same carriage on the train.

"But Blanchard said," he began—"Blanchard told me that you were all traveling together."

"He may have thought so. I suppose it did seem so. But it was pure chance."

"But I—I am sure that she—herself—told me she was with you and Miss Pyne."

"Well, so she is, in a way. I dare say she didn't want to seem to be too alone."

His face cleared. "Yes, I dare say that was it. You know—I like her awfully."

Oh, goodness, if he'd only said that about me! "Now don't be a little fool," I kept warning myself. So I wasn't. I managed to smile at him and say that I liked her awfully myself. And that was that.

After the row with Mrs. Senator I didn't suppose Doris would go to the fête at all, but she did. I went early and established myself in the cubby-hole that had been arranged for me, and began work. How I worked! Good-natured, jolly Mr. Barkley acted as aide to me and soothed down the discontented ones, and if trade was dull for a moment he'd bring someone else in. The sailors' widows and orphans reaped a very tidy sum from my labors, I'm happy to say, and for the most part the little sketches turned out pretty well. I had some chalks and I'd rub a dash of color in the background and that gave them a sort of go!

Along about the middle of the evening Gilbert Carter came and let me sketch him. When it was done I said I wasn't quite satisfied, and if he'd let me keep it I'd touch it up and give it to him later in the evening. I meant to copy it and give the original to Doris, as I'd promised.

Then, if you please, as he was leaving he asked, "Have you done Miss Leonard?"

I told him she hadn't been in yet.

"When she comes, could you, do you think, contrive to make two—and give one to me?" he asked. "Do it for me—please."

My smile was a little wry at that, I'm afraid. But what was the use of squirming? "I'll do it if I possibly can," I told him.

"Then I'll bring her in right away," he promised joyfully.

Presently he came back, very dashed. "Do you know, she won't be sketched! She's superstitious about it, she says. I've urged and urged her, but I can't persuade her." We could see her, sitting on one of the sofas at the end of the room, with a crowd of men around her, as usual. "Couldn't you do it, even at that distance, for me?" he begged.

I had just finished Mrs. Wadswarn and her Spanish shawl, and done it very flatteringly so that she was tickled half to death. I seized my diminishing pad, and with a few quick lines I did Doris' exquisite little head in profile, tilted up in the appealing way she had, touched in the lovely line at the back of her neck, put a swirl of violet chalk to simulate the swirl of violet tulle that she wore every evening, dabbed scarlet on her lips and a bit of yellow-brown on her hair, and it was done. And what is more, it was gorgeously good! It had caught the nameless something that makes likeness. It was Doris, Doris at her sweetest and best.

"Here's twenty dollars for the widows and orphans," said Gilbert Carter, seizing the sketch. "And that doesn't begin to pay for it either. Why a girl like you, who can do portraits like this one, slaves her life away in a commercial-art concern, I don't see. I'll just run down and put this away, and relieve your studio here of my presence before I'm thrown out by Barkley."

I'd made someone perfectly happy, anyway, even if I wasn't myself. But for all the moralists say about doing good to others being the perfect consolation for one's own sorrows, I never did believe it, and I'm ready to testify right here that for me, at least, doing good for others when I'm blazing unhappy myself didn't mean much. That is, it didn't ease up my unhappiness. It gratified me in a way, but it was more like the early martyrs enjoying their hair shirts than any other emotion I can think of.

The evening wore along, and at last Mr. Barkley said I was getting very white and fagged, and must come out and enjoy the fête. So I shut up shop, turned the money over to one of Mrs. Senator's committee and made the rounds. We were all together—the Wadswarns, Mr. Barkley, M. Blanchard and Miss Pyne—everyone but Gilbert Carter and Doris. They seemed to have disappeared, and Mr. Barkley made facetious comments about the full moon and the excellent opportunities for romantic moments on deck. We had an awfully amusing time doing the booths and looking at our fellow passengers who had yielded to the lure for fancy dress.

When the fête was about over, and the crowd was thinning, Doris and Gilbert Carter appeared, quite naturally and with no indication in their manner that they had been indulging in romantics in the moonlight or anywhere else. Then Mr. Wadswarn and Mr. Barkley insisted that it was the last night out and we must all go into the smoking room and have champagne together. We drank one another's health, and to the ship, and to the captain, and everyone made foolish jokes, and it was all good fun.

I was sitting by Doris and I said to her, "Where have you been so long? I lost sight of you completely."

"Oh, I made Mr. Carter show me the pearls again. Elsie, they're lovely! You can't imagine how lovely! They make my little string look like cheap imitation."

This was the first I'd heard that he'd shown them to her before. She went on telling about them, and then she whispered, "Did you get his picture for me?"

I told her I had, and it was pretty good. "Oh, you're a darling! How can I ever thank you!" she exclaimed.

I felt sad enough when I went down to my cabin. Tomorrow I would lose them all except Miss Pyne—and I wouldn't have minded losing her. I couldn't help feeling it that Doris, for all her friendliness on the ship, hadn't said a word about seeing me again after we landed. And I wasn't going to say it first. I couldn't. And Gilbert Carter hadn't said anything either. I reminded myself that it was better if he didn't, for if I saw him I'd just keep on being disturbed and upset about him, and wishing for things to happen that never would, and never could happen.

My sad reflections didn't keep me awake. It had been a dreadfully fatiguing day, and as soon as I got into bed I was sound asleep.

The next morning the steward woke us early, and after I'd had my breakfast and finished my last bit of packing I hurried to Doris' cabin to take her the drawing of Gilbert Carter. I found her flushed and distracted, with all her luggage around her.

"Thank heaven it's flat!" she said when she saw the picture. "I can put it right inside the top of that bag."

Then she looked at it, and looked at it, as though she would never stop. She didn't say a word. At last she pulled herself together and opened the bag and laid it in and put a chiffon scarf over it, and locked it up again.

Then she exclaimed, "Oh, bother! I've left out my workcase. Horrid, bunchy little thing—there isn't a place where I can put it. Everything's locked and I can't open them again. Elsie, would you, could you, stick it in your handbag? I've got only this flat pocketbook, and it's stuffed already. Just send it to me when you get home." I said yes and took the little square case of soft leather. "Take good care of it, won't you? It was a gift, and I'm very much attached to it."

The steward showed his harassed face at the door. "Have you got your landing cards yet, miss?" he asked. "All passengers must go up for health inspection and get their landing cards. Take your passport with you."

At this Doris began to scramble through the papers in her pocketbook to find her passport, and I went on back to find Miss Pyne and go up for my own landing card. It was almost as if Doris had dismissed me, now that she'd gotten the picture. But, as I asked myself, why not? I was nothing to her except a poor creature she'd been kind to. I might just as well accept it, and not let myself feel sensitive and injured.

I saw her again on the pier, after the usual wait and confusion and scramble and push about landing. As I had so little baggage I was among the first to be ready for inspection, and my stuff was looked at and marked before Doris' trunks had come up from the hold. As our names began with the same letter we had gone to the division marked L, and while my baggage was being looked at there was nothing for Doris to do but wait for her trunks. I got a nice old customs man, and as he finished going through my things he saw Doris and nodded to her. "Well, you back again?" he said with what I thought was offensive familiarity. "We didn't have any warning this time. But you'll get your usual attention."

Doris didn't say a word, but her face changed, and for a moment I thought she was going to fly at him as she'd done at Mrs. Senator. Then she evidently decided she wouldn't, but walked away a few steps into the crowd.

"What do you mean by speaking like that?" I said indignantly. "You ought to be reported. It's impertinent."

"I guess Doris has heard worse," he said. "We all know her pretty well. She's a great traveler." He looked at me steadily for a moment, and then at my declaration, "You a friend of hers?" he asked.

"I never saw her until I got on the boat train in Paris," I said, and I began to feel queer and cold and frightened.

"Well, if I were you I'd make a point of not seeing her again," he said. "There, everything's in order. Get a porter and you can go right along."

It upset me so I forgot all about saying good-by to Doris. The porter took my things and I started off the pier, and as I did so I met Mr. Barkley.

"All through?" he asked genially. "Me too. How about having dinner together tonight? The Wadswarns and you and me? I'll come after you. Don't want to lose sight of all my shipmates, you know. I'll ask young Carter too; I'll just run back and do that, for once we're through this gate there's no returning. Wait here for me, will you?"

He was gone before I could tell him that I didn't want to wait, so I stood there cursing my stupidity and slowness. I waited and I waited and I waited; it seemed an hour, but the big clock only said fifteen minutes. Then I saw him coming back, his chubby face all lines of worry.

"What d'you think?" he began. "Carter's in a devil of a mess. Brought over those pearls, you know, declared 'em, everything regular and all that, opened 'em up and there's three missing. Not the biggest ones, but three of the medium size. They were pinched off him somewhere between here and Paris. Poor kid—he's sick; and no wonder. Had 'em all wrapped up in pieces of tissue paper, three or four together, and put in a sealed case. They opened 'em all up, and one of the pieces of tissue paper was empty."

I stood in a daze—as sick as Gilbert Carter could have been!

"It's fierce for him," went on Mr. Barkley. "Fierce, I'll say. It'll cost him his job, and he'll never get another in the jewelry trade. Thing like that sticks to a man. He'll be under suspicion too."

"I should think all of us who knew him would be under suspicion then," I said. "His employers must know he wouldn't be such a fool as to throw away his job and his future for three pearls."

"That's so—that's logic," said Mr. Barkley. "Well, come along, sister—we can't stick around here. Come with me. I'll get a taxi and take you wherever you're going."

(Continued on Page 83)

How they tested Varnish at Peabody College—

"House Furnishing and Care" is one of the courses of the Home Economics Department at George Peabody College for Teachers, Nashville, Tennessee. In connection with this course, the Department decided to conduct a scientific and absolutely impartial test as to the relative durability of floor finishes.

Test Number One: a long, narrow walkway was constructed and marked off into twenty-two test sections. One-third of the walkway was finished with different brands of varnish; one-third with oil preparations; the remainder with paints.

A railing paralleled the walkway, thus compelling the several hundred students who entered the building *daily* to traverse the entire length of the walk. The amount of wear received was undoubtedly equivalent to many years' use in any ordinary home.

At the end of the testing period—approximately six months—the comparative durability of the different finishes was judged by faculty members and graduate students—seventy-three in all. Of the twenty-two test sections, number 5, finished with Valentine's Valspar, showed the least wear *and won the test!*

Test Number Two: the walkway was then taken up and placed in the garage as a runway for automobiles. For six months it was subjected to constant drenchings while cars were being washed. At the end of this period the different finishes were carefully judged *and Valspar scored first place again!*

Not a drop of water had penetrated the wood of the Valsparred section, thus proving the *absolute waterproofness* and unequalled durability of the Valspar film. As for the other sections, the finishes were destroyed, allowing the water to soak into the wood.

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S P O - 1

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(Continued from Page 80)

We drove away in a taxi, good-hearted Mr. Barkley and I—and I liked him better for those few minutes than I had for the whole trip, because he talked with such real sympathy for Gilbert Carter.

"I'm going back, after I've been to my hotel," he said, "and see if I can do anything for him. Lord, I hate to see a young clean-cut chap let in for a dirty deal like this. I'll let you know how things are going at dinner tonight. I'll come round for you about seven."

To find out how things were going with Gilbert Carter I would have eaten a dozen dinners with far more wearisome folks than Mr. Barkley! So I thanked him, and he drove away.

I found my little third-floor room bare and bleak as ever, and I made haste to unpack; I didn't want anything to eat. Then I remembered Doris' work case, and I took it out of my bag and laid it on the dresser. I wondered if I could mail it or if it contained anything breakable, so I picked up the elegant little trifle and opened it.

There were a tiny gold scissors and thimble, some wee spools of silk and cotton, a ribbon tape measure in a rose enamel case, a rose enamel box no bigger than my thumb, with buttons and snaps and hooks and eyes, a needle case and a cunning strawberry emery bag. I fingered them absently. It was queer the way that customs man had spoken to her—queer and horrid. I was turning the emery bag in my finger at this moment, and as I did so the top came off it. It was of silver and had been glued on; the sea air had doubtless loosened it. Stitches held the bag together under this top, but the emery powder began to sift out through them in a stream of dusty gritty powder. The strawberry went limp in my fingers as its filling drained away, but there were lumps inside—hard lumps—one—two—three. I seized the tiny gold scissors and cut the thing open, and Gilbert Carter's three lost pearls dropped into my palm!

I do not believe I thought of Doris at the moment at all. I thought only of Gilbert Carter and that I could give him back the thing he had lost. I went down to the pier as fast as a piratical taxi could take me, and I sat on the edge of the seat, urging the driver to go faster. Once there, I made frenzied inquiries, but Gilbert Carter had gone on to his office, and so the taxi and I went there too.

We found it at last, a grim old building on Maiden Lane.

The people in that place thought I was mad at first, but I made it clear to them that I must see someone in authority, and finally I was brought into an office where there were two men—and one of them was Gilbert Carter.

"There are your lost pearls!" I said—and held them out to him.

He didn't offer to take them. "But you -you ——" he stammered. "You couldn't have ——"

"No, I didn't steal them. They came to me in a strange way."

"From Doris Leonard," he said.

I nodded, and at that he sat down suddenly and dropped his head on the desk. Then the other man took up the story. He was older, the manager of the firm, I found out later. His name was Ralston. Together we pieced it out.

"She's quite a notorious card sharp, our detective tells us, though she hasn't been at it long," he said. "And she often does a little smuggling or something shady on the side, but they've never been able to get anything on her. Being so young and pretty—not so young as she looks, by the way -she usually attaches herself to some respectable woman or party, and pretends to be traveling with them. Has a great deal of charm—and doesn't scruple to use it."

Every word made Gilbert Carter wince. And it made me wince too. She had been, I thought, my friend. And she had used me and my ignorance and my good will; used me from the first moment.

"Look here," I interrupted the manager. "I want to see you alone for a few minutes. Please—as a great favor. If Mr. Carter doesn't mind?"

The manager looked at Gilbert Carter and he went out of the room. "I want a reward for returning those pearls," I said. "Oh, I don't want money. But I do want two things. First, you mustn't discharge Gilbert Carter. You must see that he's ever so much more valuable to you after one mistake than if he hadn't made it. You've got back the pearls."

"It was entirely irregular for him to have shown them. And to have done it twice, it gave the woman the chance to substitute an empty paper for one of the filled ones."

"If you'd known her you would probably have shown them to her. Be fair—haven't you ever made any mistakes yourself? Don't, don't discharge him!"

I meant to stay right there until he promised, but he said, and he smiled when he said it, that there had never been any intention of discharging Mr. Carter, which made me feel very flat and silly after all my heroics.

"But you said you wanted two things," he reminded me.

"Oh, yes—I do. I want you to promise that you won't prosecute Doris Leonard. I tell you right now I won't be a witness against her."

"But why—why?"

"You don't need to know," I said. "Perhaps I'm sorry for her." And at that I began to feel awfully shaky, and my head was dizzy and the room sort of swam about me. The manager jumped at me and steadied me, and brought me water and fanned me with his handkerchief. I came to in a moment.

"It's just that I'm hungry," I said to reassure him. "I haven't had any lunch, and we had such an early breakfast on the boat. I'm quite all right, really."

He went to the door and beckoned Gilbert Carter inside again.

"Take Miss Lansing out and get her some luncheon and then take her home."

A nice man, that manager. I liked him, though I suspected that he guessed—and guessed correctly—a number of things I hadn't told him.

Over the luncheon table Gilbert Carter and I talked it all out.

"The thing I can't forgive is that she planted those pearls on you to get them off the pier. She knew she'd be suspected as soon as the loss was discovered. But that was a wickedly callous thing to do to a girl like you."

"It doesn't matter now." Nothing mattered but that he was most resentful about something done to me! "Was she suspected?"

"Yes; all her baggage was held up and she was searched and put under surveillance. I suppose now, with your testimony, they can get her."

"No, they can't. I told your Mr. Ralston I wouldn't be a witness against her."

"You did! Why?"

"That's what he asked. I hardly know why—but she was so sweet to me, and I—I liked her. You liked her too."

He sighed. "Yes—I—I thought I more than liked her. But I see now what a fool she made of me, how she used me, as she used all of us! And her card playing—do you know she cleaned up nearly five thousand dollars?"

"I don't care—those people could afford to lose it. I don't care if she did get their money. And even if she did use me, as you say, she did something for me that I can never be grateful enough to her for doing. She's just twisted—she's not really bad. I don't suppose she meant to steal the pearls at first. And it was your fault, you know, for showing them."

"I know. If I hadn't gone off my head about her I would have seen, I would have known. The way she used to get everyone drinking, though she didn't order anything for herself except soft stuff! Do you know, the detective recognized her from that sketch you made? That was why she wouldn't let you make it, when she knew. They call her Violet Eyes at Police Headquarters. But here I am talking about her. I ought to be talking about you. How am I ever to thank you for what you've done for me? You're a brave girl, Elsie Lansing; brave and true and good. I'd like to say a lot more ——"

There was something in his eyes the same as when he used to look at Doris, when he hardly knew I was in existence. Only now it was different—and it was mine!

My heart jumped. Poor Doris—she had liked him too. And she had known that he'd find out, and now she'd nothing but his picture—and the memory that she'd tricked and hurt someone who'd trusted her. Not very pleasant, even for a girl like Doris.

But there was no need to think of her now, or ever again.

"Please go on," I said. "I'm listening. I like it."

And this is where the story of Doris ends but my own story begins.

THE YALE

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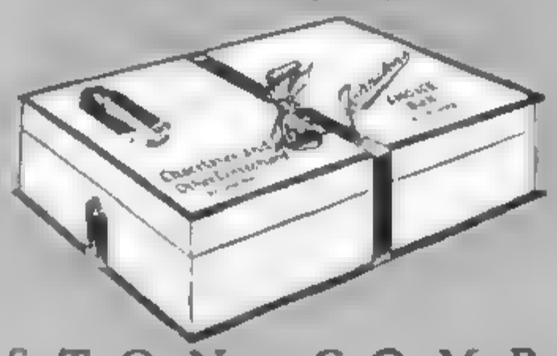

ROBERT A. JOHNSTON COMPANY, MILWAUKEE

THE FAULTED LEDGE

Continued from Page 31

point in Fenton's armor of indifference. "I believe he knows more about the real worth of that ledge than anyone else."

Fenton favored Slim with another slow calculating glance; then the drawn muscles of one cheek lifted his thin lips in a suggestion of a sneer.

"Yes?" he said in a soft flat monotone. "That is interesting."

There followed a moment of uncomfortable silence before Ann spoke again.

"Mr. Fenton has charge of the claims now," she told him. "You came in to ask about a job, didn't you?"

Slim studied her as she talked, curiously, impersonally. He recalled moments when she had seemed desirable, tender, womanly. Now she seemed as cold and deliberately calculating as Fenton, whom he disliked instinctively. Slim was no man to witlessly let a woman make use of him. But he liked Ann Branton—liked her better than any woman he had ever known before. He decided, suddenly, as he decided all matters, that he would lend himself to her wishes in this deal.

"That property looked good to me," he admitted. "If you and Mr. Fenton are willing to let me take half my pay in stock I'll be glad to go to work for you."

Ann glanced at Fenton for his opinion, and Fenton, with a movement of his hand, indicated his utter indifference.

"All right," she told Slim. "You may report for work tomorrow if you wish." She walked with him to the outer door. "Good old Slim," she said in an undertone as he paused on the threshold, "I knew you would play up to my lead. And I'd like to dine with you this evening. But I mustn't. I'm going to work here this evening. You come in a little after eight." She sighed as if weary. "A little after eight," she repeated. "I have a confession to make."

A solitary light burned behind the closed door of her inner room when Slim returned that evening. He entered without knocking, and she rose from her desk to greet him.

He perceived she had been working over some legal papers. Some of them were spread on the flat-topped table that served to keep visitors at a convenient distance from her desk.

"You should play more and work less," he said lightly as he seated himself across the table from her. "Right now you are easy to look at, but at the rate you are burning up nervous energy you'll be spending half your income with beauty doctors before you are thirty."

As if to humor him she gathered the papers, tossed them in a pile on her desk, and pulled down the top. Then she leaned back in her chair and locked her hands behind her head.

"Now," she said, "I'll play for a while." And she began talking with forced gayety; but from time to time he noticed she lapsed into periods of abstraction during which she appeared harassed, driven, worried. "If we were in Spokane this evening would you take me to a theater?" she asked after one of those moments of silence.

"I might," he said. "In fact, I believe I would. And I'll say this: Any time before the first of next June that you say the word I'll put on my brightest red necktie and be ready to take you."

"Why the red necktie?"

"It's so safe," he explained. "I've never been able to get a red-haired lady to step out with me when I was wearing one."

"Old safety first!" she chided. "I suppose you'll have some equally effective device to make use of when I ask you to give me your frank opinion of the property Mr. Fenton is managing now."

Slim leaned forward, his arms on the table, his hands invitingly open.

"Tell me the whole story about Mr. Fenton," he suggested.

Slim didn't know he had a way with women, but Ann unclasped her hands from behind her head, leaned slowly forward and placed one of her hands in each of his.

"I've promised—to marry—Mr. Fenton," she said, speaking almost in a whisper.

Slim refused to take her statement seriously.

"Now, Ann," he jested, "Mr. Fenton is a thin man, and my orders were that you should select a fat wealthy one."

Ann smiled wanly.

"The fat ones all seem to be spoken for," she said.

"How about the money you want? Can Mr. Fenton give you that?"

Ann tightened her hold of Slim's cool strong hands.

"That is the condition I've made," she confessed. "You know the amount I have had as my goal an even million. I've promised to marry Mr. Fenton when he can give me that much as a wedding present. And now I'm afraid, Slim—afraid he'll hold me to my promise. When I first met him a few weeks ago I thought he was cold and selfish. But he isn't cold, Slim. When he lets go his customary restraint and begins to talk—oh, I can't explain his influence. He offers me everything I've wanted—position, wealth, luxury. So I've promised him. Now I'm sorry and ashamed. Yet he swears he will hold me to my promise. And I want the million.

"Money, or the lack of it, doesn't mean anything to you, Slim," she continued. "But it is all I live for. I'd marry almost anyone for a million. And yet I don't want to marry that way. I'd rather go drifting over the world with a laughing, singing, harum-scarum like you, Slim. That's what my heart would have me do. But long ago I learned a woman can't trust the desires of the heart. I learned from my mother and from her experiences that the brain must control the emotions. I wish it were otherwise, Slim."

Slim put both her tense hands in one of his and stroked them gently, soothingly.

"Money does mean a great deal to you," he said thoughtfully. "Maybe a million wouldn't be so awfully hard to acquire if a fellow set his mind to the task. I once knew a lad who believed if anyone desired a thing more than average ——"

Ann laughed aloud.

"That two per cent theory!" she exclaimed. "You ridiculous old dear."

"It's a good theory," Slim defended, speaking earnestly. "Dog-gone it, don't laugh. There's no reason in the world why it shouldn't work. I'm going to try it. With your desire for a million, and with my determination to grab it for you—why, girl, we'll have it sewed in a sack in just a little time. The McKinnon ledge will be our berry bush. Are you with me?"

Ann shook her head regretfully.

"Mr. Fenton expects to make his money out of those claims," she explained. "He owns a one-sixteenth interest now, and I believe he hopes eventually to buy the controlling interest, although I have no idea how he expects to finance the deal."

Slim nodded as if this information was not news to him. For a time he sat lost in study, absently patting her hands.

"His present plan is to abandon the shaft and to drive a tunnel," he said after a moment, speaking more to himself than to her. "Well, I believe I'd drive a tunnel myself if I were a man like Fenton and wanted to get control of the property.

"And here is a bit of advice for you, Ann. There always comes a time when the little cyprinoids who buy treasury stock get discouraged and sell for any price that is offered. Sometime next summer, unless I'm mistaken, the price of the stock will be considerably less than it is now. When that time comes you buy as much as you can handle. In the meanwhile I'll be working in the tunnel. I'll keep you posted on all the exciting developments.

"And also in the meanwhile there'll be a promoter sticking around here trying to edge in—a Mr. Conwine. Maybe you've heard of him. A professional wildcatter. You'll enjoy stringing Conwine. He believes in the two per cent theory. He says it is going to get him in on this McKinnon deal."

"Slim," she coaxed, "tell me the straight of it. Can't you trust me?"

"Sure, I trust you. I'm just guessing about that ledge. Fenton's guess may be as good as mine. If it is, his interest will be worth all of a million dollars the way the price of the stock will skyrocket when he taps the ledge. But, Ann, I don't like the man you've selected for a husband. I'm going to put the li'l' ol' theory to work for me. I'm going to see if I can't make a million for you before he does."

As he was speaking he released her hands and rose to leave. She rose with him and went to his side, and he slipped his arm around her waist as they walked to the door together. As he paused with his hand on the latch she glanced up at his face with quick wistfulness, then slipped from his careless embrace.

"You're a comforting sort of man to have around," she told him. "If you weren't such a vagabond I believe I would marry you and forget about the wealth I want." Then she sighed. "But I am two women," she added a bit sadly. "Tonight I am the woman I should like always to be After this I must be the other woman—the one who has promised to marry for money. After this I must be always loyal to Mr. Fenton. The matter of the million is between him and me. I know you'd like to help, but it would take more than two per cent of willingness to offset the ability of a man like Mr. Fenton. So I'm giving fair warning, Slim—I'm with him on this deal, and anyone who interferes is likely to get burned fingers."

Slim looked down at her as she told him this, his gaze steadfast now, and grave. He was thinking that no fair lady could talk to him as she had just done and then lightly cast her lot with another man—and get by with her resolve.

"Well, Ann," he said, concealing his thought with a jest, "far be it from me to interfere with a lady's destiny—particularly with a red-haired lady's destiny. The day you marry Mr. Fenton I'll give you both my blessing."

The next morning Slim went up the cañon to the claims and reported for work. He had already learned in Wallace that Fenton had the name of being an unsocial, exacting man, difficult to work for.

"He runs three shifts," the miners of the districts said. "One coming, one going, and one getting ready to quit."

But Slim found the engineer treated capable workmen with scrupulous fairness, although he had no patience with slack or inefficient workmanship. The driving of the tunnel progressed with the usual monotony of routine labor. Before autumn was well advanced Slim had become restless, ready to drift. He knew there would be no chance for action until the following summer so far as the McKinnon property was concerned. Conwine had returned to the East to establish contact with Fenton's associates. And Miss Branton was too busy with her stock-selling campaign for more than a brief reserved greeting when they met. So why should he stay? The morning the first snow whitened the ground he stood apart from the rest of the miners as they waited at the tunnel's mouth for the day's work to begin. His gaze was turned speculatively toward the southern horizon. Unconsciously he hummed a favorite tune:

"Oh, the bear went over the mountain,
The bear went over the mountain ——"

Fenton, contrary to his custom, had stayed at the claims the preceding night, and now as he watched Slim his thin lips curved in their habitual suggestion of a sneer.

"Isn't it about time for the ten-day stiffs to be flocking south?" he asked.

"Exactly time," Slim replied promptly. "I'm quitting this morning—right now."

"I've been thinking you would be leaving soon. How about the stock you own? We've been crediting it to you at fifteen cents a share. Yesterday's best bid was seventeen cents. If you care to sell I'll take what you have at twenty."

"If it is worth that much to you it is worth more than that to me," Slim decided. Fenton dismissed the subject with a gesture, but Slim, resenting the engineer's contemptuous attitude, spoke again. "I believe I'll give you a chance at the stock," he said. "I believe you are naturally unlucky, so this is what I'll do: I'll let you flip a coin to see whether I sign mine over to you or you sign an equal amount over to me."

"So you think I'm unlucky, do you?" Fenton laughed. "All right. Come into the office and I'll make out the necessary papers before we toss."

It took but a moment for him to ascertain the amount of Slim's stock and to type a contract of sale.

"The one who loses will sign this paper," he said then. "Let's have it over with. I'll toss and you name it, or you toss and I'll name it."

"Let 'er flip," Slim said. "I reckon I'm going to name it a number of times before this deal is closed. Heads!"

While he was speaking the coin spun in the air, fell to the floor, and rolled in

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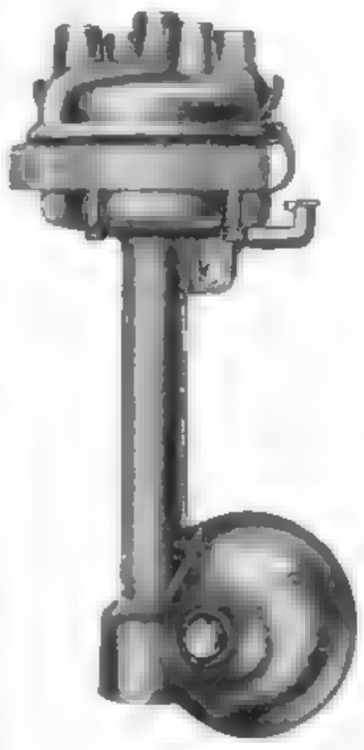

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narrowing circles until it came to rest with the head of the silver lady facing upward.

"I had a hunch you were born unlucky," Slim commented.

Fenton did not reply, but he glanced once at Slim with unconcealed vindictive resentment, then signed the paper.

A few hours later Slim went through Wallace on his way south. He stopped just long enough to say good-by to Ann Branton. They stood near a window in her office as they talked, and his glance kept seeking the surrounding hills, already whitened by the storm. Unconsciously he shivered. He hated the cold; was eager to be on his way. Ann sensed his impatience and put her hand on his arm as if to stay him.

"Why not work in one of the big mines here this winter?" she suggested.

"No," he said. "I like the South too well—and the sunshine. Some day—when you are tired of this—we'll go down there together. And now, *adiós*."

Indifferent to the curious glances of her office men Ann watched until his tall figure was lost in the swirling driving snowstorm.

Slim spent the winter in a gold camp in Southern Nevada. It was a friendly poker game that prevented him from reaching Seattle according to his schedule the following June.

Later in the summer he drifted back to Wallace. Almost the first acquaintance he met was Mr. Conwine.

"Good li'l' ol' theory," the promoter gloated after his first greeting. "It's been working for me every minute. Got me in on the McKinnon deal. Yes, sir. Just like I told you in the beginning, those suckers who financed Fenton began to get cold feet the minute they heard the inside dope about the ledge. I'm reorganizing for them now. Going to float a new issue of stock. And I got Fenton over a barrel. You bet. I'm having him abandon the tunnel and go back to work in the shaft. I'm going to build a small concentrating plant in the cañon below the claims. Then I'll have an aërial tramway installed to connect the shaft with the concentrator in order to handle the ore cheaply. After that we'll begin to pay dividends. Why, Slim, this thing looks so good I have almost enough confidence in it to buy some of the stock myself—almost, you understand. And I'm renaming the outfit. I'm calling it the Lucky Mac Mining and Milling Company. The hungry ones always bite quicker when a mining stock has the word lucky in the title."

Slim smiled, amused at the man himself rather than by his conversation.

"So you've reorganized, have you?" he commented. "That lets Miss Branton out, I suppose. What about Fenton?"

"It's this way." Conwine explained: "Fenton owns enough stock so we're keeping him as local manager. And in a local way we are going to use Miss Branton, because she owns almost as much stock as Fenton—a little more than a sixteenth interest. They are going to handle their own stuff. I'm just peddling for those Easterners."

"Then you are not selling any more treasury stock?"

Conwine chuckled.

"I should say not. That's one reason this thing looks so good. I'm making it seem as if those fellows were sacrificing a part of their personal holdings in order to finance the building of the concentrator."

Slim smiled again.

"What are you going to do when you've unloaded their stock for them?"

Mr. Conwine glanced around to be sure no one else would get an earful.

"Something good!" he whispered. "A fellow has just figured out a process for successfully treating that big deposit of refractory ore over in the Okanogan district—at least he thinks he has figured out a successful process. It's all the same. Just as soon as I unload this Lucky Mac proposition I'm going to try to get in on that new thing."

Slim had believed Mr. Conwine would shoot the easy dollar and fail to see the real possibilities of the McKinnon ledge. He knew Mr. Conwine; knew that in spite of that gentleman's high resolves he still lacked the two per cent plus of determination required for successful achievement. Knowing the promoter was nearly through with the McKinnon property, Slim had no compunction about asking a favor.

"If you are going to reopen the shaft I'd like to go to work there again," he said. "And Fenton hasn't much use for me. How about it?"

"Fenton hasn't much use for me either," Conwine admitted. "But I have him over a barrel. I'm general manager now representing Fenton's former associates, you know. So tell me what you want."

"How about putting me on as superintendent of the job?"

"You are hired," Conwine said promptly. "Now stick around and listen to the riot when I tell Fenton."

But Fenton accepted Conwine's instructions with a show of indifference, and once again Slim found himself tied down by a routine task, marking time through a succession of dull days. He had little to interest him, although the renewed activity of Lucky Mac stock interested almost everyone else in that district. The sinking of the shaft, still in good ore, the building of the concentrator, the active trading—all these things tended to attract more than local attention and to enhance the value of the stock constantly.

Before Slim took charge of the development work he warned Ann against entering the market. She insisted upon a reason for his advice.

"I'll tell you along about Thanksgiving Day," he promised. "Maybe a little sooner than that."

During the last week in October the work in the shaft was discontinued—temporarily, according to the reports made public. Fenton let it be known a vein of water had been encountered that necessitated the installing of a new pump. At this time the stock was selling on the Wallace and Spokane exchanges for around fifty cents.

Slim, discharged with the rest of the men, returned to Wallace. He laughed when some mining men he knew told him the report that had been made public.

"It wasn't a vein of water we ran into," he said. "It was a ledge of ore we ran out of." Almost immediately the price of Lucky Mac stock began to break. Within twenty-four hours it went begging at three and four cents a share.

When Ann learned Slim was in town she sent for him.

"I'm worried about this," she told him, speaking more bluntly, more sharply than usual. "I've known from the beginning there was something out of the ordinary about that ledge. But I've had faith in its possibilities. You told me, Slim, you believed it would be developed into a mine some day. And I know Mr. Fenton has been putting his money into the stock. Because of these facts I've persuaded most of my clients to buy. Now I must make them some sort of explanation, protect them in some way."

"Tell them not to worry," Slim said easily. "If they'll hang on long enough they will cash in all right."

Ann gestured impatiently.

"I'll have to tell them something more definite than that. Why won't you talk frankly to me?"

"Because you once told me you were with Fenton in this deal. Now, to find out if Fenton is with you, I'll make a little bet. I'll bet his next move will be to secure new capital for the purpose of driving a long tunnel from the cañon down below the claims in order to tap the ledge at a depth of eight-nine hundred feet."

"Who told you that?" she asked quickly.

"Nobody. I'm just guessing. That is what I would do if I were playing this thing the way Fenton is."

Ann was silent for a time. It was natural for her to keep her own counsel; a habit difficult for her to break on any occasion. This time she decided to confide in Slim.

"I think Mr. Fenton is done with the claims," she told him. "When he came down from the property the other day he offered to buy my stock at what I've paid for it—said that was the only fair thing to do considering he had persuaded me to go into the deal with him. But, Slim, he didn't persuade me. He isn't under any obligation to protect me. Why should he offer to?"

"Because he's a crook," Slim said bluntly. "If I wanted to gyp you out of your stock I'd offer to buy it myself. Instead, now, while the price is so low, I'm going to advise you to pick up all you can handle. But let Fenton play his game without interference. I'm betting he'll start something new before long. If he drives another tunnel I want to work in it. He'll have to drive three or four thousand feet. That will take a long time—a long time for me to stay on one job. Maybe by the time he abandons this next tunnel I'll have enough money saved to take a little trip to Seattle."

Slim's guess regarding Fenton's intentions proved correct. Working secretly

(Continued on Page 89)

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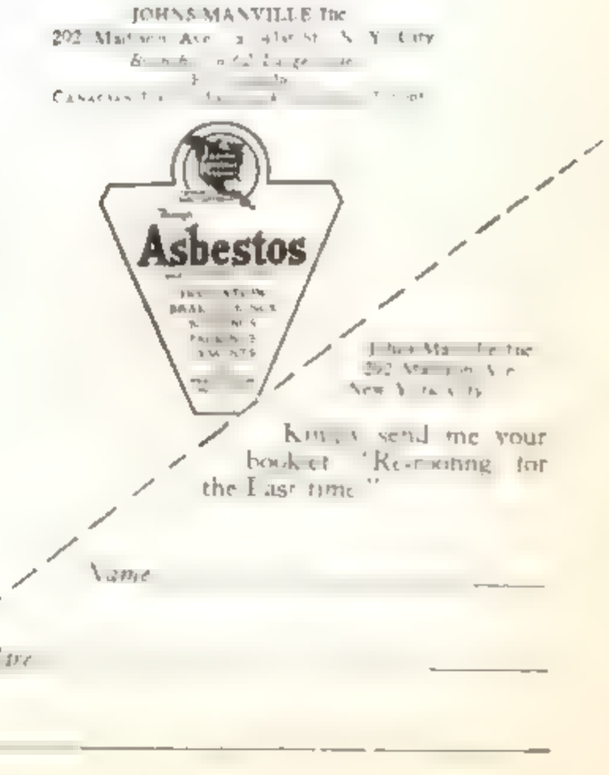

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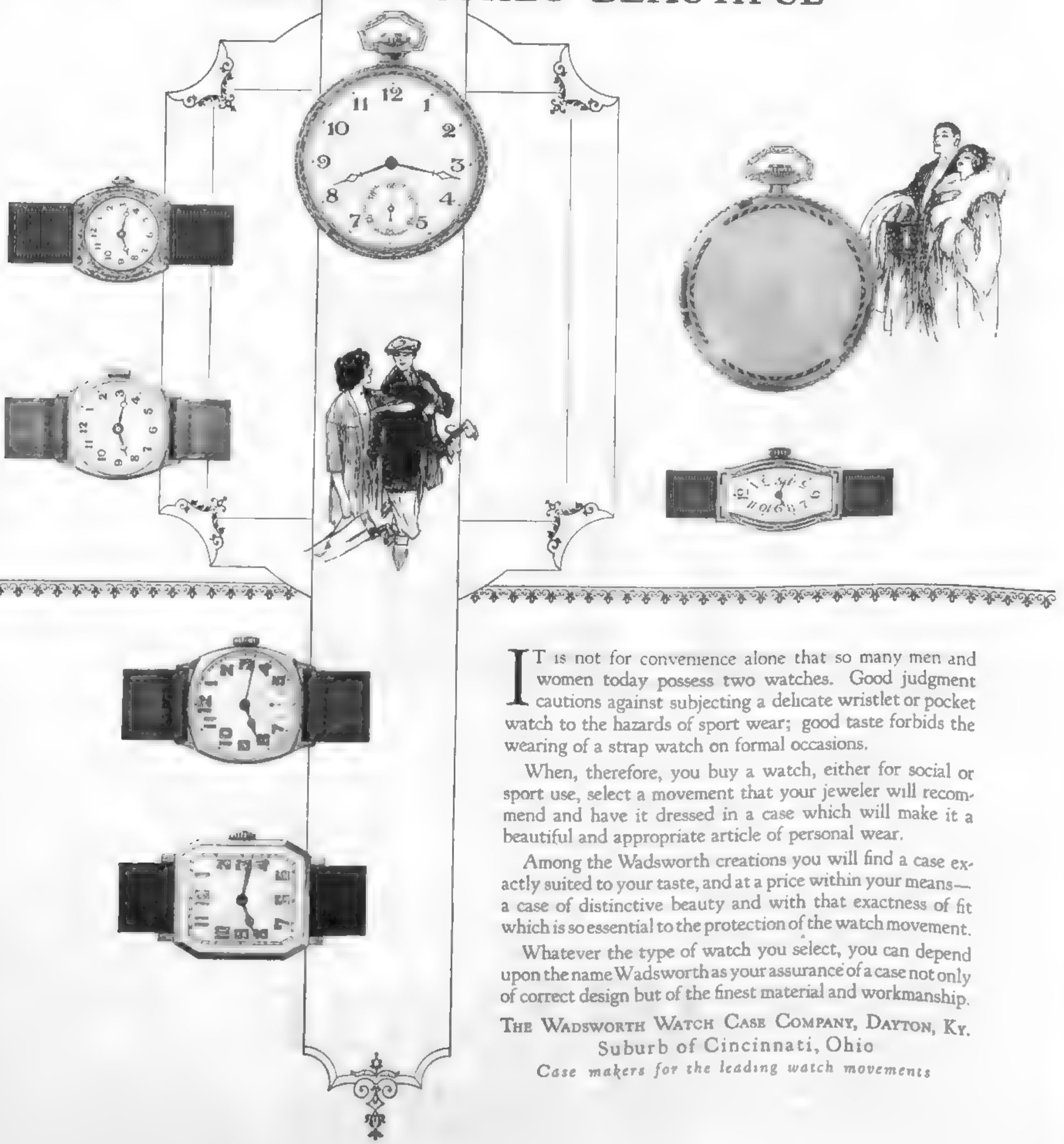

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(Continued from Page 86)

through agents, he secured options on practically all the stock except that which Ann owned. Then he went directly to Tom Nash, the mine owner who had offered to finance the development when he first got hold of the property. For Nash's information he outlined the history of the claims; told of his own interest; gave an opinion of the physical aspects of the property.

"I know the ledge is faulted," he explained. "But there can be no question about the lower part of it being in place. I want you to send your engineers out there to look over the ground. If their report is favorable I want you to finance me until I can put the property on a paying basis."

"What is your plan?" Nash asked.

"If a tunnel were driven in from here," Fenton explained, indicating a certain point on a map of the claims, "I believe the ledge would be intersected at a depth of approximately eight hundred feet. If the ledge is in place at that depth, and carries ore as it should, the property will be worth millions. If not ——" He paused and shrugged his shoulders.

"What is your proposition?" Nash asked.

"I own about twelve per cent of the stock. A Miss Branton owns about six per cent of it. And I hold options on practically all the balance. The stock I control by option can be purchased for a few cents a share. I am willing to deliver it at the contract price if you will put up enough additional cash to drive the tunnel. My chief desire is to retain my present interest. If ore is discovered when this tunnel intersects the ledge I'll be worth a comfortable fortune."

Nash called a secretary and gave a brief message. Within a few minutes a man named Williamson, a ponderous, cherubic-faced mining engineer of international fame, came into the room. Nash explained Fenton's proposition and asked if the engineer could go out and examine the property. Williamson could. Two weeks later he returned and reported favorably.

"What do you think of Fenton?" Nash asked.

Williamson hesitated an instant.

"He's a mining engineer, all right," he decided. "He knows his business. But the man—I don't know. A bit easy-going, perhaps."

"I think he is a crook," Nash said. "If this proposition were exactly as it looks he could have secured money for his tunnel from some of the Spokane or Wallace mining men."

"Are you going to drop it?" Williamson asked indifferently.

"I am not," Nash answered. "You say you believe the lower part of the ledge will be found in place. And Fenton must be quite sure of it or he would have suggested getting an extension of time on his options until the ground could be explored with diamond drills. If he thinks he can open an ore body with a tunnel I'll let him drive a tunnel. I'll take care of Mr. Fenton. You look after the rest of the business. When the tunnel has been driven about half the estimated distance, have our brokers begin trading in the stock. Release a few thousand shares out there in the Cœur d'Alenes. I want to find out if Fenton will buy in the open market."

A few days later work in the new tunnel was started. Through some queer trait of contrariness Fenton offered Slim a job as superintendent. He seemed now to like to have Slim in a position where he could vent his dislike in subtle annoying ways. He had sensed Ann's interest in the miner, and he took pleasure in bringing them together as if to test the girl—as if seeking some revelation of disloyalty to himself.

Thus a winter passed. When spring came Slim controlled his desire to wander to other fields; kept constantly at his task. Foot by foot the tunnel was driven deeper and deeper into the mountain. In monotonous procession the seasons marched—spring and summer, autumn, winter, and then spring again. Slim's only relaxation was an occasional trip to Wallace, an occasional brief visit with Ann Branton. More and more she seemed to welcome him and to rely upon his judgment in mining matters. Her interests were becoming many and varied, and the volume of her office transactions grew constantly. She seemed to keep pace with the growth of her business by an increasing incisiveness of manner, an abrupt incisiveness that went well with her apparent hardness. But Slim knew that beneath those assumed mannerisms flowed a current of warmth, of feminine emotions which some day would overflow the brain-built barriers of avaricious desire. He was content to see her from time to time; felt amply repaid for his patient waiting when occasionally she invited him to her home.

One evening late that spring – Fenton had sent him down on some trivial errand – he met her walking alone near the edge of the town. Quite naturally they returned to her home together. Slim would have left her at the door, but the evening was yet young and she coaxed him to stay. A soft spring breeze was stirring, so they left the door ajar and opened the windows. Then she went to her piano and they sang together. Later she took a book that had been holding her interest—a translation from Dante's Inferno—and read to him. As she read, Slim drew his chair beside hers and leaned back, his knees crossed, his hands locked around one knee, until she came to this passage:

> We were reading one day, for delight, of Launcelot, how love constrained him. We were alone and without any suspicion.
>
> Many times that reading urged our eyes, and took the color from our faces, but only one point was it that overcame us.
>
> When we read of the longed-for smile being kissed by such a lover, this one, who shall never be divided from me, kissed my mouth all trembling.
>
> Gallehaut was the book, and he who wrote it. That day we read no further in it.

Ann sighed when she read this and closed the book, turning toward Slim as she did so. With a quick responsiveness he leaned toward her and drew her head over against his shoulder.

"This one," he repeated, "who shall never be divided from me!" He kissed her then, and she yielded her lips willingly to his.

From the open door of the apartment Fenton stood watching the tableau. He had come there a moment earlier and because the door was open had entered without knocking. He had not been surprised at finding Slim there; had merely been waiting until one or the other should notice him. He heard the reading of the passage; heard Slim repeat his line.

"So that is the way you feel, is it?" he commented, his soft voice insulting in its inflection.

Ann glanced up without embarrassment.

"Yes," she said. "That is the way we both feel."

Slim put her gently away from him and rose.

"That is the way we both feel," he repeated. "So perhaps the best thing you can do is to tiptoe out of here the way you came in."

Fenton smiled provokingly.

"Why should I leave?" he asked. "Why shouldn't I call occasionally to see the lady who is going to marry me?"

Slim glanced down at Ann.

"Shall I throw him out?"

"No," she answered slowly. "I did promise to marry him—I've told you the reason, Slim. If after this he still wants to hold me to my promise ——" She paused and gestured helplessly. "But I'd like to be married soon. I'd like to go to Seattle on my wedding trip." She had risen and was standing beside Slim. Unconsciously she slipped her hand into his. "If Mr. Fenton, knowing how I feel toward him, still wants to hold me to my promise he must be ready to fulfill the condition within a year. It wouldn't be fair to expect me to wait longer than that. And if he fails, Slim ——"

"If he fails," Slim said lightly, "perhaps, after all, a red-haired lady will bring me luck. Perhaps she'll take me in hand and see to it that I finally reach Seattle according to schedule. And perhaps," he concluded, speaking to Fenton, "Miss Branton would rather be alone for the rest of the evening."

"That is for Miss Branton to say," Fenton replied.

"Yes," Ann said wearily, "please both go."

The men went out together. Together they walked over to the business section of the town. In front of Slim's hotel they stopped for a moment. Fenton, facing Slim, began to talk earnestly.

"I don't hold this against you—or against Miss Branton, either," he lied in that soft flat voice of his. "You have a way with women—and she is still young and emotional. No, I don't blame either of you." As he spoke he emphasized his remarks by tapping Slim's chest with an emphatic index finger. "But it will be a courtesy to Miss Branton—perhaps save her good name, and all that sort of thing—if you'll keep away from her after this, at least for a time. If I'm not in position to marry her within a year she'll be free to marry whomever she wants to. But it won't be you, Mr. Reynolds. Miss Branton's inherent good judgment will prevent her from making such a mistake as that."

Slim took Fenton's hand—the hand that had been tapping his chest so emphatically—and placed it firmly at Fenton's side.

"Is that all you have to say this evening?" he asked mildly.

"That's all," Fenton said.

"Then good night. And in making your plans don't fail to take into consideration a fact I have mentioned before—that I believe you were born unlucky."

Slim turned and entered his hotel. Fenton watched him go, his face evil with repressed hatred. Then as he went on along the street a worried look came into his usually expressionless eyes. He was wondering if he was naturally unfortunate; if he would fail in this as he had failed in other undertakings.

The next morning Slim returned to the claims as if nothing had passed between them. But weeks earlier he had lost interest in his work. He had watched the price of Lucky Mac stock climb with the progress of the tunnel from a few cents to nearly one dollar. It was holding near that price now. The miners had made fair progress, and were expected to reach the ledge at almost any time. But the ledge was not encountered. Day after day the tunnel continued in barren rock. During the early part of October it reached the three-thousand-foot mark. Then came a wire from Nash ordering the work discontinued. Immediately the price slumped to almost nothing. Slim made a trip to Wallace to urge Ann to begin buying and to persuade her clients to begin buying.

"Do you think we are crazy?" she asked impatiently. "Fenton has admitted the thing is no good. Why should we sink more money in it?"

Slim shrugged his shoulders and let it go at that.

"Well, for heaven's sake don't let anyone talk you into selling your own stock," he cautioned.

Before Nash sent his telegram ordering the work stopped he spent hours poring over a heterogeneous collection of papers and reports pertaining to the McKinnon property. He concluded from a study of his engineer's reports that if the ledge were in place, as it was supposed to be, Fenton's tunnel should already have intersected it. He made a graph of the time and price of Fenton's various stock purchases and discovered Fenton's buying had all been done during periods of price depression when almost everyone else was selling. From this he concluded Fenton believed in the value of the property and was working in his own devious way to secure control of it. Knowing Ann Branton was engaged to Fenton, he dismissed the girl from his considerations. But Slim's activities puzzled him. The books showed that from the beginning Slim had taken part of his wages in stock and that irrespective of price fluctuations he had steadfastly persisted in accumulating, in small lots, all his limited means would permit. He decided Slim was a man worth investigating. The day he ordered the work suspended he wired to an agent of his in Spokane giving instructions to buy Slim's stock if possible. A few days later the man wired back that Slim refused positively to consider any offer for the stock he held. Whereupon Nash wired asking Slim to come to New York. Slim's answer was brief and illuminating: "Can't explain. Will have to show you. Come to Wallace."

And Nash wired back: "I'm on my way."

When Slim met him at the railroad station a few evenings later Nash wasted no time in conventional pleasantries.

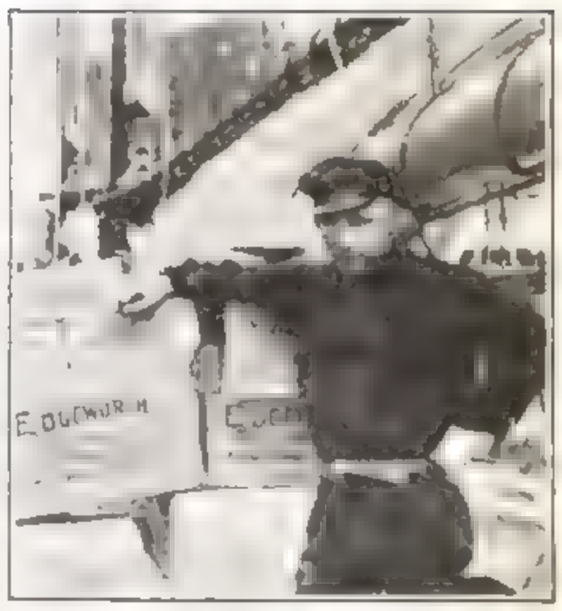
"What have you to show me?" he asked.

"Too late to go up there tonight," Slim answered.

Early the next morning they drove to Burke and followed the winding cañon road until they came to an old trail that led up a mountainside.

"I thought the claims lay on the other side of the cañon," Nash protested.

"They do," Slim told him. "I'm going to let you look at them from a distance. They may look better to you that way," he added, kidding Nash. Then he took the lead and Nash followed him up over a long ridge that rose steeply away from the cañon. They came finally to the foot of a



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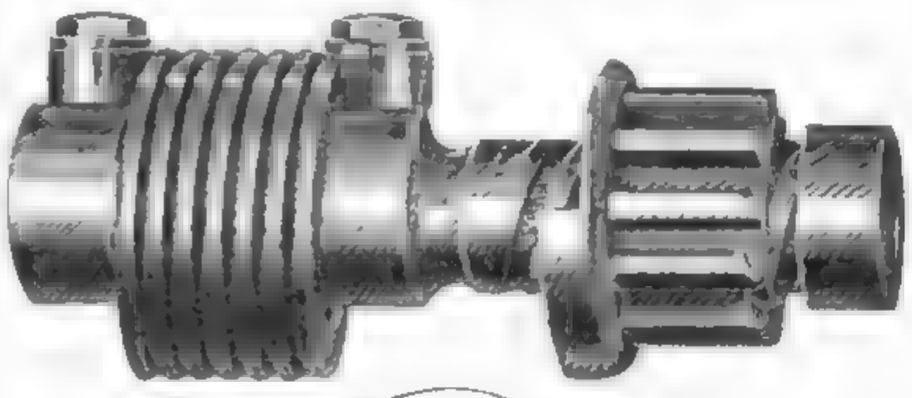

The BENDIX DRIVE

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cliff, and Slim would have stopped there to let the older man rest. But Nash laughed at him and started on up the almost perpendicular shoulder of the cliff. At the top they came to a grass-carpeted clearing where the trail ended.

Below them, checkered with sunshine and shadow, the cañon and ridges were revealed in magnificent panorama. Across from them, less than a mile in an air line, were the McKinnon claims. In the clear mountain atmosphere it seemed as if a pebble might be tossed across the cañon to the roofs of the unpainted buildings at the shaft. Much nearer, a tongue of gray rock extended into the bed of the cañon—the waste dump from the long tunnel.

"Looms up like a house afire," Nash commented as he studied the lay of the ground. The outcroppings of the ledge could be traced from east to west with a slight trend to the south. Above, rounded and almost obliterated by erosion, diverging from the outcroppings in a northerly direction, an old break in the mountain could be seen. Below, almost parallel with the outcroppings, was a shallow draw that opened into the cañon.

"Well, son," Nash said after a time, "let's see if we figure this the same. We'll assume the shallow draw below the outcroppings was once a cañon several hundred feet deep. Centuries ago the whole hillside slipped away from that old break we see above, and slid down into the draw, carrying the top of the ledge with it. We'll assume the original strike of the ledge was from southeast to northwest. This end of the hill slipped farthest, slewing the top of the ledge around into its present position."

Slim nodded in agreement.

"Go on with the story," he said.

"If I am correct," Nash continued decisively, "a three-thousand-foot tunnel should have intersected the lower part of the ledge. Now you finish the telling of it."

"All right," said Slim, "I will. But first I'm going to do a bit of dickering. Fenton now owns about an eighth interest in the property. Would there be any chance to take that away from him in the market?"

A thin frosty smile played across the mine owner's rugged features.

"I'm planning to educate Mr. Fenton," he answered.

Slim smiled at the way Nash had expressed himself.

"I thought you would be planning something like that. And I have a personal reason for wanting to see Mr. Fenton lose out on this. Another thing: I want to get hold of some of that stock of his for myself. The only thing I have with which to bid for the stock is my nerve; but I'm making the bid. There's a lady down in Wallace—a red-haired lady—I intend to marry, and I'm going to have some sort of income to enable her to live up to her desires."

"What's your proposition?" Nash asked.

"Well, to keep pace with my lady's notions I need at least a one-sixteenth interest. You take it away from Fenton and I'll open up the main ore body and then pay you for the stock out of my dividends."

Nash laughed at him.

"In other words, you want me to make you a present of a half million dollars or more."

"No," Slim interrupted him evenly; "I shouldn't call it a present. Call it an exchange—for value. I'm offering to make your control of the property worth five, ten million dollars in exchange for a bit of short-time credit."

Nash shook his head.

"I want that stock myself," he said. "You name some price within reason and we'll deal."

"Dog-gone it, mister," Slim said plaintively, "the girl I've been telling you about is powerful set in her notions. Nothing less than a sixteenth interest would let me support her in proper style."

"Oh, be reasonable," Nash urged. "I want to hear the rest of the story about that tunnel."

"Well, then, I'll tell you this much: I'll say you could drive it a thousand miles farther and it wouldn't tap the ledge. Now you get your experts to tell you the rest. And I reckon we might as well be getting back to Wallace."

They were singularly alike, those two men, as they stood there measuring, appraising each other—both tall, lean, aggressive, determined. But Nash yielded first.

"You young squareface," he said, "I believe you would let it go at that."

Slim nodded.

"But I'm honing to open up that ore body," he admitted.

"Well, go to it then, and I'll do this: There is approximately twenty per cent of the stock outstanding. If I can pick up the amount you want you may have it for what it costs me, and you may pay for it out of your dividends. Now go ahead and tell me the rest of that story."

"All right," said Slim. "The tunnel was never intended to reach the ledge. I worked in it from the day it was started. When it had been driven a thousand feet the light from the outside looked as if it were entering from a small window. At fifteen hundred feet the light wasn't visible from the left side of the tunnel's breast, and showed thin as a knife blade from the right side. At eighteen hundred feet the light wasn't visible at all. I didn't need a transit to discover that we were swinging slowly away from the ledge. For the last few hundred feet I believe we were driving parallel to it."

Nash made a final survey of the scene below him. After he had fixed the details in his memory he spoke again.

"Yes," he said, "I'm going to have to educate Mr. Fenton. Now let's be getting back to town."

During the drive down the cañon he unfolded part of his plan.

"I want you to pick up a gang of miners and go to work in the shaft again, and in the first tunnel Fenton started to drive. Have all the fun you want as long as you don't open a new ore body. I'm going to begin assessing development costs against the stock to put a crimp in Fenton's bank balance. There'll be other ways of reaching him too. If I can force him into the stock market I'll be able to strip him. After that, boy, if you fail to find the lower part of the ledge for me ——"

"If I fail to do that little thing I reckon I'll be hunting another job," Slim said. "And I know I'll have to be hunting another red-haired lady." He paused a moment, studying Nash. "Do you think a man as crafty as Fenton is could be snared by any market rigging?"

"I can't tell," Nash admitted. "This first move is just a preliminary skirmish. But I intend to have Fenton's financial hide nailed to my barn door before ever that property is put on a paying basis."

When Nash turned the management of the property over to Slim, the Lucky Mac entered into the most hectic period of its history. With Nash in open control, with Fenton deprived of any active participation in its affairs, with Nash's brokers manipulating the market, the property became the most-talked-of prospect in the Cœur d'Alenes.

Before Slim commenced his part of the work he had a heart-to-heart talk with Ann.

"I want you to keep out of the market," he told her. "Put your stock in a safety-deposit vault and forget about it for a few months. The property is safe enough, but the market won't be. So heed me, girl, and for goodness' sake keep out of it."

But because Ann was overdesirous of quick returns, overconfident of her ability, she refused to be guided by Slim's advice. And in spite of her coaxing he would give no reason for what he said, fearing some word, some hint of Nash's intentions might reach Fenton.

For Slim, that winter passed with interminable slowness, although seldom a week went by without some acquaintance, uninvited, visiting the claims in an effort to secure first-hand information regarding the condition of the property. To these Slim made a great show of secrecy, refusing even his best friends permission to go underground. That was because the idea was to minimize the importance of the work being done, while as a matter of fact most of it was to good purpose. The ore body lying near the surface was being blocked out ready for mining. In the bottom of the shaft a station was being cut preparatory to sinking an incline winze which would later be connected with the long tunnel and used as a ventilating shaft.

From time to time reports of these activities became public; were followed by periods of active trading in the stock. Then without apparent cause, or upon the heels of some adverse rumor, would come a selling stampede and the price would be hammered down again. Stories of this mad market reached Slim occasionally. Miners coming up from Wallace would tell of this operator or that who had made a killing, or, caught on the wrong side, had been cleaned out. One day, late in February, one of the

(Continued on Page 93)

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(Continued from Page 90)

men who had been taking a short layoff returned to the claims and called Sam to one side.

"Maybe I'm butting in where I have no business to," he said, "but down in Wallace I heard some news that may interest you. I heard Miss Branton was caught on the wrong side of the market. I heard she's suffering from a nervous breakdown, and that her affairs are in the hands of a receiver."

That same afternoon Slim reached Wallace and hurried to the hospital where Ann had been taken.

"I want to see Miss Branton," he told a nurse who happened to be in the hallway when he entered.

She took him into a room where a number of persons were waiting, and called a physician.

"You can't see Miss Branton now," he said. "Not for several days."

"Why not?" Slim demanded belligerently. "Who's going to stop me?"

Fenton rose from beside one of the windows and came forward.

"Miss Branton's condition is decidedly precarious," he explained. "It would be dangerous for her to talk to anyone who might remind her of her recent experience."

"Would it?" said Slim. "How do you know?"

He turned abruptly and left the room, closing the door behind him. In the corridor he stood wondering how he could find her room, when the nurse to whom he had first spoken came silently to the head of the stairway that led to the second floor. She beckoned and disappeared. Slim went up the steps two at a time. The nurse was not to be seen, but down the hall a little distance a door stood open. He hurried to this room and glanced in. On a white cot Ann lay, her face turned to the wall. He went in and closed the door behind him. She did not move as he approached the bed, so in an undertone he began to hum:

"Oh, the bear came over the mountain,
The bear came over the mountain ——"

Then she turned toward him.

"You've been a long time coming to me," she chided.

He knelt down on the floor beside her cot and, slipping his arm under her pillow, drew her gently to him.

"Poor little kid!" he whispered. "Poor little kid!" He began to caress her hair, brushing it back from her brow. "Beautiful hair," he told her after a moment's silence. "And I've always known that sometime a red-haired lady would bring me luck. Just yesterday I received a letter from Nash telling me to go ahead and open up the lower part of the ledge for him. That little job will take a month or two. Anyhow, by the first of June I'll be ready to take a trip to Seattle. Dearest"—he leaned down and touched her cheek with his lips—"I know now why I've never made that trip. I've never really wanted to—alone. I've been saving that for my wedding journey. Will you be ready to go with me this summer?"

Slim's presence, the touch of his cool strong hands, the soothing cadences of his voice, were a tonic to Ann's disordered nerves; but at first the import of his question did not impress her overwrought mind.

"Slim, I had it made," she told him piteously, voicing the thought which had been dominating her mind. "Not a million, but enough to make me independent. I had it made, but I wouldn't follow your advice. I thought I was market wise. I thought I could beat Nash and his crowd at their own game. I could have, Slim, if Fenton had played fair. But he didn't. He quit just when I needed him most. He saved himself. You told me to keep out."

"What difference?" Slim jested. "I'd hate to marry a woman who had more money than I. Now I'll have a reason for settling down and saving what I earn. I'll have to keep hustling to buy the kind of clothes I'll want you to wear—dresses like the one you wore that evening you gypped me out of my trip to Seattle. Do you remember?" He paused and turned her face so he could watch her eyes. "Dearest," he whispered, "will you mind giving up all you've hoped for and taking a chance with a ten-day man like myself?"

"I've always wanted to go with you," she told him. Then she relaxed wearily in his arms and began to sob. "Always—just with you—Slim," she repeated a little later, still sobbing softly.

After that she slept. A little later the nurse came in and helped make her comfortable.

"It isn't always medicine a woman needs," she said sagely. "This is the first natural sleep Miss Branton has enjoyed since she was brought here. She'll begin to improve now."

Fenton was still keeping his lonely patient vigil when Slim, leaving the hospital, called him. They went outside together.

"I do not know how much you care for Miss Branton," Slim said. "A great deal, I suppose, in your fashion. But I happen to know she does not even like you. When you first met her she was obsessed with a desire for wealth. She has outgrown that obsession now. As soon as she recovers from this attack of nerves I am going to marry her. I'm telling you this so as to make matters easier for both you and Miss Branton when you see her again."

Fenton smiled with a faint suggestion of contempt.

"Miss Branton has promised to marry me," he reminded Slim. "I believe she has never broken a promise. I expect to fulfill my part of the agreement within a few months. And I believe Miss Branton will abide by her promise. Is my position sufficiently clear?"

Slim heaved a great sigh.

"Mr. Fenton," he said, "just yesterday I received a letter from Mr. Nash in which he said that during this first effort of his to eliminate you, Miss Branton's Lucky Mac stock had come into his possession. I blame you for that fact." Slim didn't add that the stock had been credited to himself, subject to future payment. He intended to explain that matter to no one but Miss Branton, and then only after she had become Mrs. Slim. "Now that Mr. Nash has decided you can't be reached by indirect methods he is going to eliminate you by direct methods. I suppose you are already aware that this morning I put a crew of miners to work in the lower tunnel. Well, Mr. Fenton, just as soon as we open the ore body we are going to shut down again. We are going to stay shut down until you are frozen out.

"I don't know why Mr. Nash has ordered me to open the lower part of the ledge," Slim continued. "The obvious thing to do would be to shut down now, while the property is in disrepute. But no doubt Mr. Nash knows what he is doing. In all events, I know he plans to make it impossible for you ever to give Miss Branton a million-dollar gift from your profit in that property. Does this make our position sufficiently clear to you?"

With a gesture of disdain Fenton dismissed Slim, and reëntered the hospital. He went back to his seat in the waiting room, and now his eyes were shadowed with fear and hatred. He couldn't understand why Nash had ordered Slim to open the lower part of the ledge. By all the canons of logic the opening of a large body of ore would have only one effect, and that would be to enhance the value of Lucky Mac to such an extent that men would contend with one another for the purchase of any stock that might be offered. Fenton did not know that Nash, vindictive, relentless, had men watching his every move—agents who, the moment the ledge was opened, would make him attractive offers for his stock—offers which, accepted, would entangle him in expensive and endless litigation. Nash had the reputation of never forgetting a friend or never forgiving an enemy. Fenton should have known better than to try to double-cross a man as powerful and remorseless as Nash.

During the last week in February Slim's miners went to work in the long tunnel and, driving on an easy curve, started toward the ledge. Slim believed he would be able to reach the ore sometime in May; perhaps sooner. Fenton's estimate of the required time coincided with Slim's. In order to keep in close touch with the progress of the work he established his headquarters in Burke, the little mining town just below the claims, and then bribed one of the men who worked in the tunnel to keep him informed regarding each new development.

As soon as Ann was strong enough to leave the hospital Slim rented a furnished house in Burke, secured the services of a trained nurse and a housekeeper, then went to Wallace and brought her back with him. He intended to hurry her convalescence as much as possible. For him the days were passing rapidly now.

But for Fenton the time passed with indescribable slowness. All through March

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the hills lay locked in the snow-bound grasp of a severe lingering winter. April opened with a warm chinook wind that blew steadily for several days. As the snow began to soften, little feathery slides began breaking away from the steep ridges. One of these, starting from the crest of one of the hills between Burke and Wallace, gained in momentum and size as it swept down the slope until it became a devastating avalanche carrying everything before it. For a distance of an eighth of a mile along the bed of the cañon it piled up a fifty-foot barrier of packed snow, bowlders, twisted and broken trees. Telephone and telegraph wires were torn down and Burke was left isolated, shut away from the rest of the world. Then winter resumed its sway and a still terrible cold settled down over the hills.

The day of that dreadful freeze Slim worked in the breast of the tunnel with his miners. At times his voice rose in snatches of riotous song above the crashing roar of the power-driven drill. Now and again he paused to catch a handful of the pulverized rock that fell away from the swiftly moving steel. In the fitful light of his miner's lamp he could see the soft gleam of the ore. Time was forgotten as each hole was drilled to the last inch of the longest steel. Dynamite and fuse were ready when the last hole was finished. Slim loaded the round and lighted the fuse. Halfway out of the tunnel the men paused to count the explosions.

"A clean break," they said, as the reverberations of the last shot died away.

Then they hurried out to a belated supper. When they had bolted their food the whole crew followed Slim back into the tunnel. In single file they tramped along the narrow path of planks between the close-set rails. They paid no heed to the gas and smoke that hung in festoons, like rank and odorous fog, along the low roof of the tunnel. They came at last to the exposed ledge, and there, beyond the sloping pile of blasted rock, a wall of rich galena gleamed in the dim light. For a time Slim stood with the men gloating over the ore. Then he put some samples in his pocket and hurried back to the building he used as an office. He secured a pair of snowshoes, put on his mackinaw, and started down the trail that led to Burke. He intended to send some telegrams to Nash. A code had been arranged for this purpose.

When he reached the little town he went directly to Ann's house. He poured some of the samples of ore into her lap.

"Girl," he told her joyfully, "we sure get our trip to Seattle this summer. Just now I'm on my way to the telegraph office to send the good news where it will do the most good. Then I'll come back and tell you about the honeymoon we'll have."

Ann smiled up at him affectionately.

"Your messages will have to wait," she told him. "The wires are down between here and Wallace." She went on explaining, telling him about the slide and the damage it had done.

Slim shrugged his shoulders indifferently.

"I must get word through to Nash," he said. "I'll have to hike to Wallace—at least as far as one of the railway stations down below the slide. If I go to Wallace I'll not be back before tomorrow afternoon. But as I said, when I get back we'll plan our honeymoon trip."

He took her hands in his and stood hesitating, wondering if he should tell her about the Lucky Mac stock Nash had bought for him—her stock; decided he would abide by his first decision and keep the news as a wedding gift. Stooping quickly he kissed her and then went out into the night.

Slim was on his way down the cañon when Fenton was disturbed by a stealthy knocking on his door. He spoke, and the man he had bribed to keep him informed entered. Fenton peered into the fellow's face for an instant, then clutched his arm.

"What is it? Tell me!" he exclaimed, and his voice, usually flat, rose shrilly.

The man took some samples of the ore from his pocket and gave them to Fenton.

"There's lots of it," he said. "Reynolds came in just ahead of me on the trail. He came to send some telegrams."

For a breathless space Fenton stood fondling the glittering ore. Wealth—and a woman! His were the dominating desires of all mankind—the desires upon which the beginnings of civilization were established; to gratify which nations have since been sacrificed. Fenton stood fondling the glittering ore for a long moment, his features relaxed, his lips smiling. Such wealth! And such a woman! Then he awoke to action. Slim had discovered ore—lots of it. That meant the price of Lucky Mac would skyrocket to one dollar—two dollars—perhaps three dollars—depending upon the width of the ledge.

Fenton believed a fortune was to be made if he could begin buying before news of the discovery became public knowledge. Unaware that Slim had acquired Ann's former interest in the property he decided to make some sort of deal with Slim—to bribe him, buy him, take him into partnership if need be—anything to keep him from sending the word to Nash for twenty-four hours. Of bitter knowledge he sought Slim at Ann Branton's house. He crowded past the housekeeper into Ann's living room.

"Where is Slim?" he demanded.

Ann hesitated; then told him.

"Mr. Reynolds started to Wallace a few minutes ago," she said.

"Wallace!" he repeated. "He couldn't make the trip on such a night as this."

"He'll make it, all right," Ann said.

Fenton considered this for a moment. It was a fearful night for a man to be out in the open. And he doubted if anyone could pass the slide that blocked the cañon below the town. But if Slim had gone, then he must go.

"Slim told you he had tapped the ledge?" he questioned.

Ann nodded.

"Well, my lady," he said softly, bitterly, "tonight I'm worth my million. If I can reach Slim before he gets to Wallace I'll be able to arrange matters so that I can cash in immediately. Then I intend to marry you, Ann."

She listened to him, unmoved.

"You surely do not think you can influence Slim, do you?"

"Why not? And if I can't influence him I can at least get to Wallace by the time he does, and that will help some."

Ann, still weak from her illness, rose, wan-faced and worried, and went to his side, pleading with him, trying to restrain him, trying to make him realize his strength was unequal to such an ordeal. The quick pity in her glance provoked him to anger and he brushed her outstretched hand aside and left her. At the door he stopped and looked back at her, studying her features, her slender body, until she turned away, her cheeks flushed with embarrassment, and drew her knitted shawl across her breast as if the dress she wore was not sufficient protection from his appraising eyes.

"A million dollars!" he repeated. "Quite a price to pay. But, my lady, I believe you'll be worth it. And now good night," he added, his thin lips lifting at the corners as if he found pleasure in her discomfiture, "and pleasant dreams."

Then he opened the door and left her. He went back to his hotel and slung a pair of snowshoes across his shoulders. He was not sure he would need them along that cañon road, but he knew he couldn't hope to climb over the slide without them. At first he tried to conserve his strength, but in spite of his resolve the thought of Slim far ahead of him quickened his pace until he soon began to run. When he realized what he was doing he forced himself to a walk. Gradually, unconsciously, he increased his speed again. The snowshoes became monstrous things, flopping there against his shoulders. Once and then a second time he slipped and fell on the rutted icy road. Before long he was perspiring freely, and the chill of the white silent night began to numb his heated flesh. He continued running, slipping, tripping, cursing constantly to himself. Then grim and forbidding, the slide barred his way.

Slim was somewhere ahead, so he could not hesitate. With numbed and fumbling fingers he fastened the thongs of his snowshoes; with desperate courage fought his way up the treacherous breast of the barrier. Hidden branches clutched at his feet. Jutting sharp-edged bowlders hindered him. Where a spray of snow had been tossed by the slide into a shallow crevice the sustaining crust of ice broke under him. He fell, and was caught in the smothering grip of the clinging snow. He struggled to solid footing again and for a few moments lay exhausted, his body heaving, his breath coming in choking labored gasps. The cold was biting deeper now, and at last he rose and started climbing blindly upward, the thought of Slim spurring him to new effort. He must overtake Slim! As he was making his way past another bowlder he tripped and fell again. He got to his knees and would have crept forward, but his snowshoes dragged like leaden weights. Then he lay down, forgetting this was the way men froze to death, and rested his cheek on his gloved hand. At daybreak the next morning some miners found him there, his cheek still resting on his hand.

The first of June had come again. Nash and the engineer, Williamson, were returning with Ann Branton and Slim from an inspection of the Lucky Mac ledge. After leaving the tunnel they stood for a moment enjoying the summer sunshine.

"What do you think of the property by this time?" Slim asked.

"A regular mine," Nash said. "It should be paying dividends for twenty years to come."

"It should," Slim agreed. "How much do you figure my stock is worth?"

"Your stock?" Ann interrupted, thinking Slim was jesting.

"My stock," he told her complacently. "And I'm asking Mr. Nash the value of it."

"The present market value should be approximately three-quarters of a million," Nash decided. "But why should you want to sell? Better keep your interest. Eventually it will pay more than its present value in dividends. Besides, we want you with us. We have a number of mines we want you to look after."

"Who said anything about selling?" Slim asked. "I just wanted to make sure of my financial standing, because this is the first of June and I'm laying off for a trip to Seattle, and I'm broke—as usual. I'm going to have to raise a thousand or two to make the trip in proper style."

Nash smiled.

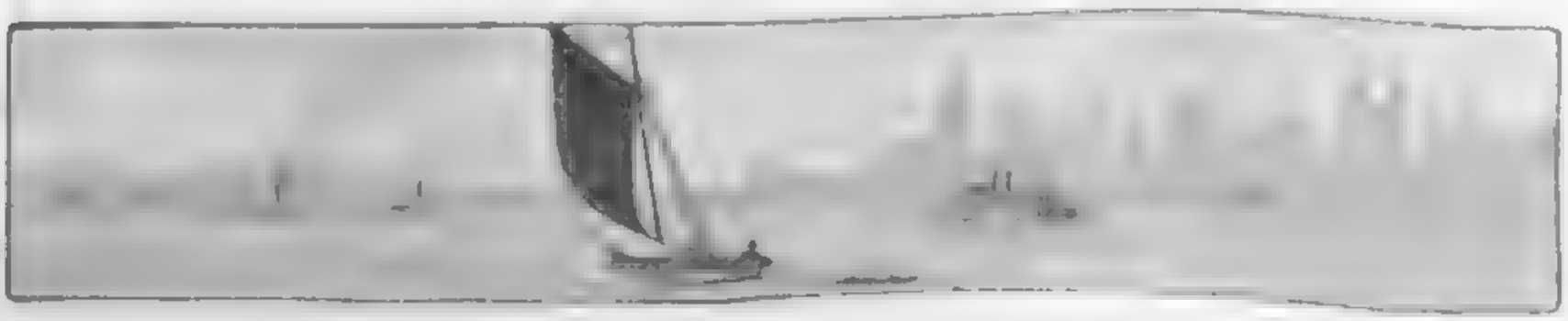
"Draw on me for all you need," he said.

"I will," Slim promised, by way of thanks.

Then Ann spoke. During the weeks of her convalescence she had given up her dreams of wealth. In the fullness of her love for Slim she had reconciled herself to the prospect of a wandering, irresponsible life such as he had always lived. She believed he and Nash surely must be jesting.

"Three-quarters of a million?" she repeated incredulously. "How did you ever manage to acquire that much stock?"

"Li'l' ol' two per cent theory," Slim answered. Then after a word of farewell to Nash and Williamson he slipped his arm around Ann's waist. "Good li'l' ol' theory," he told her as they started down the trail toward a car that waited in the cañon. "I've always known it would get me to Seattle according to schedule when I found the right red-haired lady to take with me." He drew her closer to his side, and his voice rose in a joyous, carefree carol. "Count your many blessings ——" he sang. And Ann's silvery laughter chorded with his song as she urged him to hush—to mind his manners.



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MORE PRECIOUS THAN RUBIES

(Continued from Page 24)

closely than that of the criminals who may steal them. Jewelry collections are catalogued like libraries, and are examined at regular periods just as one's teeth are examined.

All big jewelry establishments keep research departments which are more complete than the morgues of newspaper offices. In them they have newspaper clippings containing stories of famous gems and mounted pieces and any other historical records; card indexes of the owners of valuable jewels; records of the cuttings of stones and any work that has been done on them; the disposal of jewels in wills; their present location—in fact any slight information concerning stones of value. Through these files and cross files stones have been traced and restored to their owners in spite of the machinations of dishonest dealers.

In one instance a ring was sent by a woman to her own jeweler to have a design made for remounting the stones. The jeweler turned it over to a designer who specialized in that work. When the ring came back the jeweler saw at once that the stones, three diamonds and an emerald, were different. The designer protested volubly that the stones were the same, and only broke down when he was confronted with the Bertillon-like records of the stonecutting. He tried several times to substitute inferior gems, and finally, admitting that he could not get the original stones back, was forced to replace them with diamonds that were, if anything, more perfect.

A more noteworthy instance of the success of these exhaustive records is the recovery of the famous Wellington emerald. This heirloom of the Iron Duke was found last year in a pawnbroker's shop in Italy, after a disappearance of five years, and was identified only because such a perfect record of its cutting had been kept.

The Who's Who of Buyers

Another important feature of these cross files is the department devoted to the names of potential buyers. These are as carefully guarded by the jewelers as the jewels themselves. They link Europe to America, and are a precious aid to the agents in various countries who serve as liaison officers between the headquarters and the branches of the great jewelry firms. The list of names of buyers is much more complete than the Social Register. When a man actually becomes a purchaser, his fraternity, club and social connections are investigated and his fellow members listed in the jeweler's files, for the supposition is that like will be interested in like, and when something comes into stock these prospects are approached by subtle advertising. It is these thorough methods that bring you the personal advertising letters in the morning mail which make you marvel as to how they got your name.

In the fluctuating gem markets diamonds and pearls alone have remained stable. One season sapphires will have supremacy over emeralds, while the next season another precious stone will have first place. As we have said, rubies are the rarest; but, though very expensive in the initial purchase, are difficult to sell. They lose in value as soon as they become a personal possession. Diamonds, of course, according to their degree of fineness, are almost currency in carats. Pearls have remained stable because of their lustrous beauty and their utilitarian value, for they lend themselves so readily to combination with other stones. Opals, amethysts, topazes, star sapphires and turquoises come and go with the mode, and are also enhanced by the novel and interesting settings that the designers introduce.

The amounts spent on jewelry each year are really staggering to the average person. It is a great industry, steadily growing—growing so rapidly in fact that it has outgrown its greater center in downtown New York, and it has had to take the subsidiary district uptown, for several large new buildings are being erected for the diamond and jewelry trade, which is fast finding its world center in New York.

The great capital that is tied up in the stocks of fine jewel merchants must necessarily be guarded by a perfect detective system both during business hours and when the shop is closed. A clever detail of it is that the purchaser must never feel any supervision. The other day we were asked to come and see some of the recent acquisitions of a distinguished New York jeweler. Seated in a delightful little room, hung with gray velvet draperies, he commanded the jewels to be brought forth. He spread them carelessly over a gray-topped table. He was in the midst of details about a great emerald, which looked as if it had been cut from the heart of the sea and was worth as much as a principality, when an attendant said he was wanted on the telephone.

"You will forgive me for leaving you?" he asked politely as he left.

Forgive him? We almost fainted at being left alone with the ransom of any number of kings on the table before us. We described the fearful strain to him when he returned, and he laughed casually as if his trust in human nature was infinite; but somehow we felt that the curtains, like their famous predecessors in the Tower of London, had more than air behind their folds.

A Sporting Proposition

The spectacular immensity of such great amounts of money for such small bits of beauty is both fascinating and appalling. It is startling to think that a pair of emerald-and-diamond earrings would buy lands that would take you a day to traverse on horseback. There is a strange instinct that makes people buy jewels as soon as they have the money. Perhaps it is because this is such an immediate way of showing triumph, admiration, joy and love; perhaps it is because the barbaric impulse for decoration is as old as the race. Diamonds invariably mark the first plunge into the acquisition of jewels. They are the goal of the nouveau riche. When they think of wealth they think of diamonds. The great rose diamond is the first to bloom on the bosom of the plumber's wife and in his scarfpin.

After people of great resources have been buying jewels for some time their taste becomes more exacting. They must have the most perfect of everything, whatever the cost; but no matter what they are willing to pay, there is always an element of chance in procuring perfection. An important connoisseur recently found in Paris, after a great deal of searching, an immense black pearl, a glorious thing with pink and purple lights in its dusky depths. He brought it to this country and took it to a well-known jeweler to have it set. A few days later the head of the firm sent for him.

"Mr. Z," he said, after they were seated in the invariable little office, "I'm afraid I've got something very disagreeable to tell you. I believe your black pearl is an imitation."

"Why," laughed Mr. Z, "that's impossible! I paid $100,000 for it at your own Paris house."

"Nevertheless," said the jeweler, "I do not think it is genuine. And there's just one way to find out—it seems to be such a perfect thing. If you are a very good sport you will let us crack it open. If it is the imitation we believe it to be, we will assume the responsibility for our Paris house and replace it. If it is real—well, you lose."

"Crack away," decided Mr. Z, after a slight pause.

The pearl was imitation.

Even real pearls are not always beautiful. Some are as ugly as the lives of their wearers, for they reflect to some extent their moods. The most glorious pearl necklaces may become yellow and seared with age if they do not have the proper surroundings and attention. This is particularly noticeable in some of the pearls of the nobility which have been offered for sale. Though obviously real, certain strings of them have had a peculiarly animal-like quality which has made them most disagreeable.

The joy of possessing real pearls has become largely emotional, since the imitations have been made so beautiful and so perfect. The nouveau riche are much more apt to wear real jewels than the wealthy aristocracy. With the security of their position, most society matrons feel no hesitancy about wearing imitation pearls, now passed far beyond the stage of being called paste, which are copies of their real strings in the safe-deposit vault or perhaps just bought for their own sake as pretty beads.

The psychology of women in connection with imitation jewelry of all sorts is most interesting. There is the really poor woman who feels she is lucky to get a few flamboyant pieces from the five-and-ten-cent store, and wears them with pride and pleasure, real gems being as far out of her reach as yachts. There is the woman of the middle class whose income does not extend to precious stones, but who feels that it would be as dishonest to wear an imitation stone—always excepting pearl necklaces, which have become a case in themselves—as it would be to pretend to a title. There is, finally, the independent rich woman who wears stones that please her, no matter what their authenticity or value. Square-cut emeralds are often a luxury beyond even the fat purse. To solve this difficulty many smart women have been buying the great synthetic green stones, set in white-gold rings instead of platinum, for about thirty or forty dollars, and wearing them with as much debonair pleasure as if they had cost the price of a country house.

This audacity in wearing imitation gems has been developed because of the vogue for sets of jewelry to match the different costumes. Even the opulent would find it difficult to afford complete sets of sapphires, emeralds, diamonds and rubies, comprising earrings, necklaces, belts, shoe buckles, rings and pins. So exacting is the present mode that it is considered bad taste to wear gems which do not match; therefore synthetic jewels are having their innings. It must not be thought that these hard bits of color are in the same class with the old and cheap stage jewelry. They are comparatively expensive, because of the complicated process of making them, the cutting, the mounting and the fashionable demand for them.

People who cling to real jewels because of a definite feeling for them, or because of rich legacies, find it a difficult matter to look after them while traveling. The fashion for carrying the jewelry box has gone out, for it is not only a ready target for the sneak thief but a nagging responsibility for the owner. A new custom has accordingly developed. Many leave their precious jewels at home when taking trips abroad and substitute for them pieces rented from establishments on the Continent which rent real jewels as a definite business. This custom is rapidly gaining in popularity among the wealthy Americans abroad, who are able to satisfy their craving for decoration with the minimum of risk.

Bait for Prospective Buyers

Occasionally, however, complications arise from this practice. An American widow, more clever than opulent, recently rented some pieces in Monte Carlo which had once belonged to a celebrated courtesan. Their success was even greater than she had anticipated. Night after night as she went to the Casino she was approached by admiring compatriots who had heard of her jewels and were anxious to see them. She grew more and more embarrassed as she became known for the jewels, which she had had every intention of returning to the shop she had rented them from. When the situation was further complicated by an invitation of a powerful society leader from the same town, saying, "I want to give a dinner for you and your jewels when I get home," she felt that her social future depended upon owning them permanently. Though they were far beyond her means, she mortgaged her house and bought them.

In the floating markets conspicuous pieces have a mysterious means of finding their way around the world. A friend of ours was startled the other day to see a curious sapphire bracelet that she had rented for a season on the Riviera offered for sale by a Sixth Avenue dealer in New York. She could have wept for it, torn from its lovely surroundings by the Mediterranean that rivaled its own stones in color, and dumped into the dusty corner of a cheap window. She went in to buy it; but it was still beyond her means, for no matter how dingy the surroundings, shopkeepers do not lose their sense of value. Dinginess and dirt are even used as bait for the purchaser, who thinks he must be getting a bargain.

The gem shops cover a wide range, from these dingy little cubby-holes to whole buildings in fashionable business districts. The jewel centers move with conditions. Once Antwerp was teeming with diamond

Continued on Page 101

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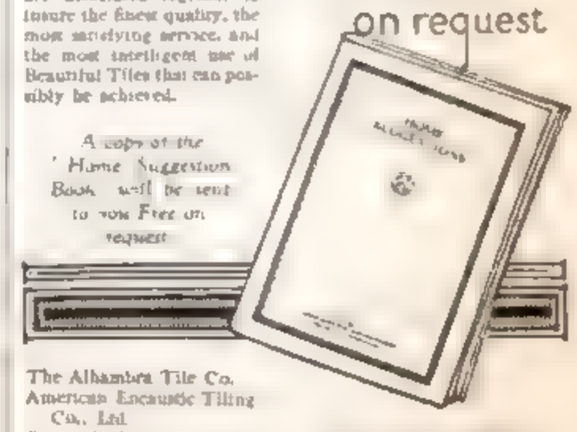

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(Continued from Page 99)

merchants, then Vienna became the Mecca for these dealers, for after the war it was the logical clearing house for all Europe, due to its proximity to so many fallen crowns. Even poor derided Brooklyn now comes in for its share of glory, for it is the center of the diamond-cutting trade.

In the jewel business, perhaps more than any other, price is a movable feast. It fluctuates almost with the weather. A necklace which was one day sold for $5000 was resold the following day for $15,000. It is not only those two old friends, supply and demand, that drive prices up but also deliberate intrigue. And it is not always the purchaser who gets the short end of the transaction. A few years ago in Paris a Frenchman went into a jewelry establishment and asked to see a very nice pearl. One for 15,000 francs was produced.

"Oh, no," he said; "I want something better than that." Pearls for 20,000, 25,000 and 30,000 francs were shown by the salesman.

"You don't understand," said the customer; "I want something very special. This is an anniversary present for my wife."

The salesman, becoming flustered, summoned the proprietor, who finally found a really beautiful pink pearl, costing 50,000 francs, which pleased the customer.

A few days later the man reappeared at the shop, summoned the proprietor and said, "My wife is enchanted with the pearl. She thinks, however, that she would like one to match, so that she can have a pair of earrings made."

"But," protested the proprietor, "that is a unique pearl. I doubt very much if I could find another. At any rate, a pair of such pearls, matched, would be worth more than the double price of a single pearl, you understand."

"That makes no difference," said the customer; "my wife wants it. I am prosperous now. She must have it. I will pay 60,000 francs."

"I will see what I can do," said the jeweler, "and I will keep in touch with you."

After some time the customer reappeared.

"No luck," was the report.

"But I must have the pearl," said he. "I will give 70,000—80,000 francs."

Agents in the various gem markets were at work on the order. India, Persia and South America were being scoured for a mate to the pearl. After eight or nine months the customer phoned to the jeweler: "I am going out of town. I want you to keep in constant communication with me; wire me if you hear of a pearl, and I will go as high as 100,000 francs."

Private Smuggling

It was only a short time after this that the jeweler heard from an agent in South America that he had bought a pearl that was almost a perfect match, for the price stipulated -100,000 francs. He immediately wired his client in triumph. When he got no response to repeated telegrams he sent a messenger, but there was no such person at the address he had given. All efforts to find him were unavailing. No doubt he was traveling in splendor on the handsome profit, for when the pearl arrived from the agent the jeweler found that it was the original pearl, planted in South America by the purchaser and changed just enough to prevent its detection until he had got safely away.

Another peril in the path of the reputable jeweler is smuggling. Private smuggling has increased to such an extent in the last four years as to become a real menace. Considering that even our best families are succumbing to the temptation of buying jewels for less money abroad and bringing them in in highly informal manners, the demand for jewels in this country naturally suffers. The jeweler, of course, buys abroad, too; but in addition to being honest, he is also well known at the customs office; so the duty is inevitable. A private individual, caught smuggling, would be reprimanded and fined; but a well-known dealer in gems would be discredited. A prominent jeweler said the other day that so many of his clients have bought jewels from impoverished nobility and got them in by one way or another that his sales had decidedly fallen off.

The ways of smuggling are notoriously ingenious, ranging from concealment in the specially made collar of a pet dog to the elaborate fashioning of a false crown in a hat.

The latter method brought in a string of real pearls for a woman from the Middle West. She wore them happily for a few weeks, then suddenly developed a conscience, perhaps because the papers were at that time filled with the account of an important smuggling detection. She felt that Nemesis would get her, too, and immediately stopped wearing the pearls. She felt that she couldn't face the publicity of confessing her deception to the Government and taking the consequences; so, after a good deal of mental torture, she hit on this scheme: A hard-working school-teacher was engaged for a trip abroad of several months with the stipulation that she take the pearls with her and wear them in on her return, paying the proper amount of duty. They were then to be returned to their owner so that she might enjoy them without fear of a belated summons from the customs office.

One of the most picturesque smuggling incidents of recent time occurred a few years ago when it was thought that some of the Russian crown jewels had been smuggled in in a sailor's coffin and buried with him in Brooklyn. This was antedated by a sensational coup which was actually brought off in 1831 during the presidency of Andrew Jackson, when other royal jewels, those of the Princess of Orange, were stolen. These were brought in by an Italian named Pilori, who hid them so successfully that it took many years of sustained searching before they were found and restored to the princess.

From Father to Son

At one time last year it was estimated that $4,000,000 worth of Russian jewels had been smuggled into this country. Lately, however, the shadow of doubt has been cast on this romantic estimate. Though it is true that many important pieces have worked their way in, numbers of them are more vivid than valuable, more storied than salable, and it is doubtful if some of the so-called royal jewels have even approached the outer fringes of a court function. The general haziness as to pedigree makes misrepresentation a simple matter. Authentic pieces of the Russian crown turn up in as many places as Washington's headquarters.

It must not be thought that these Russian and other foreign jewels are more than a crumb on the table of the American gem market. Pieces of exquisite line and workmanship, set with stones which would have made even an empress envious, are everyday products of American workshops. The magnitude of the jewelry business in this country, if one includes machine-made articles, is astonishing. Jewel mines flourish and beautiful gems flow into the market, adding to the number which are resold from private ownership every year.

The jewel business is one of the few survivals of the old guild system, where being a goldsmith was an honor to be passed on to one's son. Most of the great houses today are hereditary, founded two or three generations ago. To be a really successful jeweler it is said that one must grow up in the atmosphere of the business, for there is so much to be learned, not only about gems themselves but about people, that a lifetime offers barely time enough. Apprentices are taken on very young and given the most complete and intensive training.

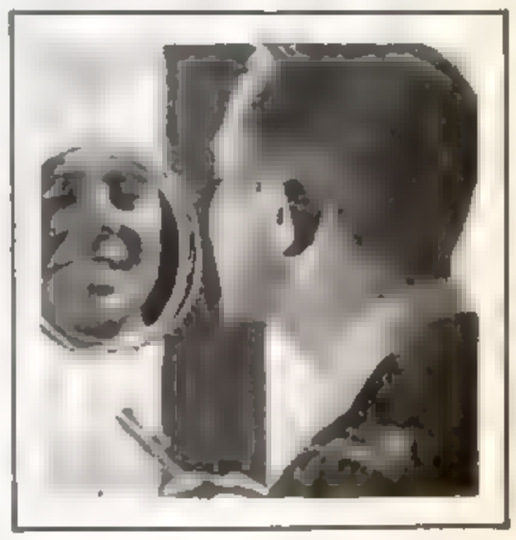
In the good houses all that is best in the world of art is set before them, as if they were scholars. They are taken to museums and cathedrals as part of their curriculum. Arches, doors, gracious carving and works of the old masters like Cellini are pointed out to them, recommended as perfect art and inspirations for design.

Good houses believe that only real gems should be seen by their beginners. Like the banks which never show counterfeit bills to their clerks, they believe that familiarity with the genuine thing is the surest means of recognizing the imitation. This system does not apply to human beings, for part of the training of one establishment is to send their new men to the Rogues' Gallery to study the criminal types.

Jewelers are as reactionary as lawyers. Their sense of having to protect themselves and their wares makes them so. Study of character comes next to the study of art, for not only face values but motives must be recognized immediately. They must stand by their snap judgments, and though to the eyes of their clients service is the first consideration, every transaction is backed by years of solid sagacity.

Temporary cleaning cannot stop decay

This tooth paste increases the natural protective fluids of the mouth



There is something about strong shining white teeth that adds to any man's personality. Pebeco not only cleans and polishes your teeth, it leaves your mouth in an invigorated condition, alive and healthy.

BRUSHING the teeth two or three times a day cannot take the place of the natural protective cleansing which nature meant your teeth to have.

The salivary glands, when they work properly, keep your teeth cleaner than you can brush them. For they neutralize the acids which cause decay as fast as they form—day and night.

But the salivary glands need help. Our present soft diet does not give them the exercise that hard, tough foods gave them.

Pebeco has a stimulating effect on these mouth glands—it makes them work in a normal, healthy fashion.

As soon as Pebeco enters the mouth, the fluids from these glands begin to flow more freely. They wash all through the mouth; in between the teeth where the toothbrush cannot reach. They neutralize the acids as fast as they form.

Pebeco leaves your whole mouth in a healthy, live condition—your gums, your palate, the entire oral cavity.

Pebeco cleans and polishes the teeth as thoroughly as any dentifrice can and it cannot scratch the enamel.

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Send me free your new large sized sample tube of Pebeco.

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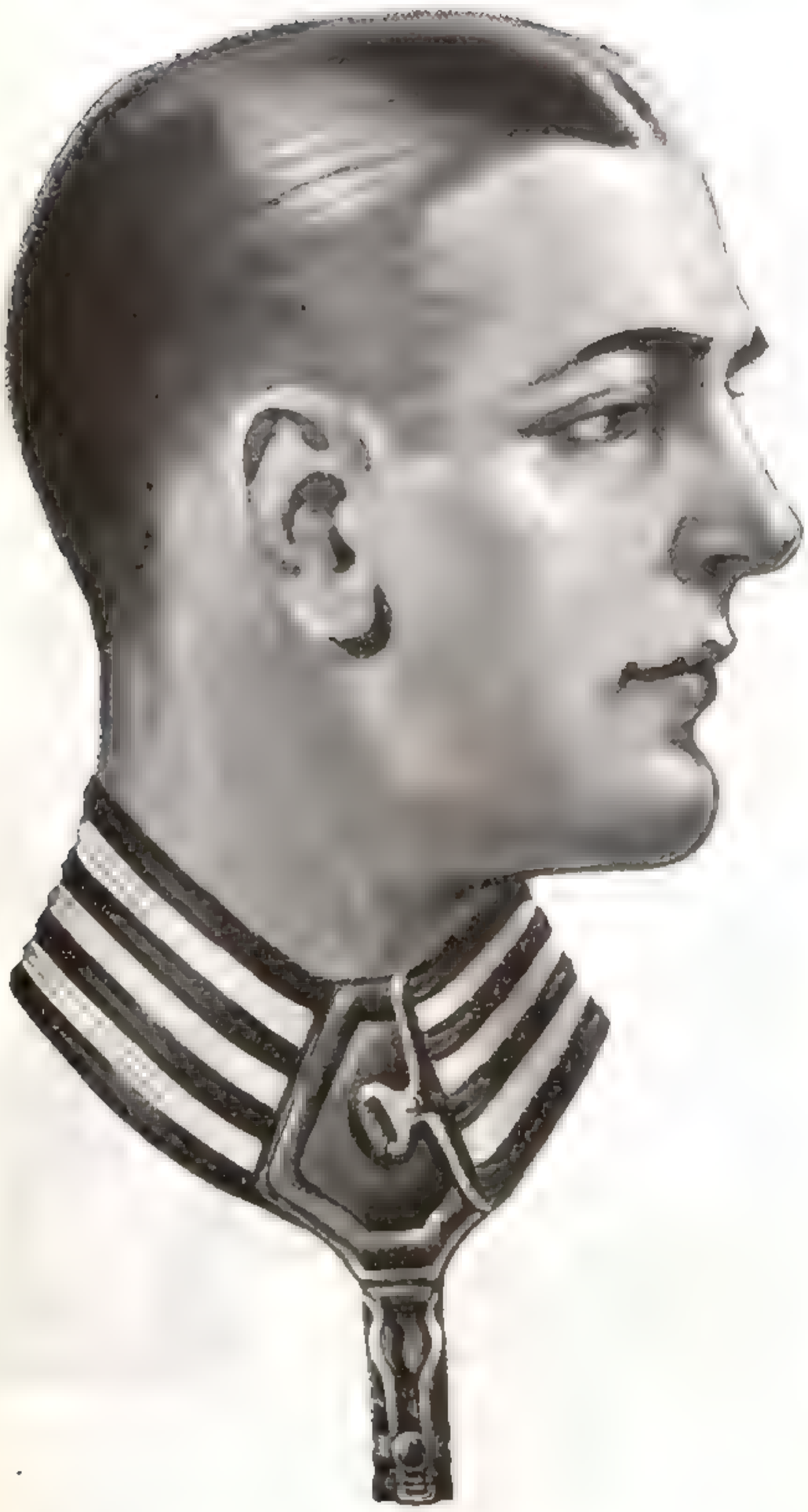


IF Garters were worn around your neck you'd change them frequently.

Buy a fresh pair of

PARIS GARTERS

No metal can touch you

today.

as low as 35¢
and up to $1.00

CHICAGO A. STEIN & COMPANY NEW YORK 14

THE AMATEUR INVENTOR

(Continued from Page 25)

Another of the common errors of inventors after they reach the selling stage of their activities is to attempt to raise money by disposing of state agencies. This method has been used successfully, but it often fails, even in the hands of competent promoters, when conditions are not propitious for raising money. The promoter will sell the exclusive agencies for Pennsylvania, New York, Ohio, Indiana and several other states. In return he will guarantee production and delivery of a certain number of articles covered by patent. Not infrequently the men who purchase these state agencies will subdivide them and resell portions. In their turn these subdivided portions will again be split and sold.

But let us assume that money is thus raised and the invention is manufactured as provided in the contracts. All specified goods are delivered. The organization, however, has become disconnected in the meanwhile. Several of the state-agency buyers have cleared a profit and stepped out. Others failed to clear a profit and stepped out at a loss. Western Pennsylvania, Eastern Ohio, and upstate New York are fairly well spotted with local agents who will dispose of the product as delivered; but the organization doesn't cover all of any state. It is a patchwork. Moreover, the cost of selling these agencies and producing the first lot of goods called for in the contracts has about exhausted the company's capital. In order to succeed it must have large and prompt orders. Some of the agents do send in reorders for larger quantities, but others fail to respond. The company fizzles out to a slow and painful death.

Now you would think that though the inventor suffered the unfortunate penalties of his insufficient knowledge of business organization, the public would, nevertheless, receive the benefit of the invention. But strange as it may seem, that is not the case. Very often such inventions go into the discard, either permanently or for a long period of years, even after thousands of articles have been sold and are in use. The reason for this is that there may be no crying demand for the article in spite of its value and usefulness. It may be the sort of article that can be introduced to the public only by energetic and persistent advertising. The public's lethargy with regard to several notable inventions is nothing less than astounding; is, indeed, almost incredible.

Blowing His Horn

The most apt illustration of this point is the story of a certain horn for automobiles. The real cleverness of its inventor was in seeing the need for it. Automobiles, at the time, were comparatively new and people had not yet become accustomed to gauging their rate of speed. The consequence was an appalling number of accidents, considering the number of cars in existence. Most of the horns or bells then in use gave only a gentle, soothing sort of warning of impending disaster. This inventor produced a horn that gave a short, sharp, unmistakable notice of the presence of danger. In fact, that horn was later used in the trenches to give notice of gas attacks; it could be heard above even the roar of battle. The need for it was certainly obvious at the time of its invention, for traffic regulations were then so primitive that a chemist might describe them as a trace. But did people buy the horn? They did not. Did it occur to them that such an invention was needed? Not at all. According to all precedents in connection with inventions, that horn was scheduled to arrive very shortly on the scrap heap, with its inventor nursing a headache and wondering whether he hadn't better open a grocery store.

But it happened he wasn't that kind of an inventor. On the contrary, he was one of the exceptions who faced the situation without a quiver and proceeded to advertise. Demonstrations as well as printer's ink were mobilized. He threw nearly all his royalties into the publicity fund and proceeded to take an agency for his horn. He felt sure the public would buy it if only he could get their attention. Within a few months it was as difficult to remain ignorant on the subject of that horn as it was to avoid knowledge that a circus was in town. He made a fortune off the horn. I quote his testimony on successful invention:

"Eighty per cent of success in any business is due to advertising. As for inventors, their case may be stated by amending Edison's epigram, 'A successful invention is 2 per cent inspiration and 98 per cent perspiration,' by adding that 80 per cent of the perspiration is commercialism, of which 75 per cent is advertising."

This man was at one time associated with Thomas A. Edison, and it happened to be the time when Edison had just fulfilled his promise to produce a rather remarkable storage battery. No one supposed there would be any difficulties about selling these batteries; Edison's name is in the primary-grade schoolbooks. Nearly everyone is willing to concede that Edison is an inventor. If he said he had a new storage battery, lighter and more rugged and efficient than those then existing, there seemed at least a probability that people would try it out. But they didn't; anyway, not many of them. The new storage battery lagged. So the inventor of the horn asked for an appropriation to advertise the battery. The results proved successful.

Natural-Born Wallingfords

But we are considering the case of the unknown inventor with a good patent who is trying to make something out of it, and the point of the preceding story, in its relation to our hero, is that the latter seldom has fifty thousand dollars. Generally he depends upon a ready acceptance of his article and plans only far enough ahead to achieve production. If he accomplishes that result, and then fails, his invention is often forgotten by the public. He gets a job and grieves over the failure for the rest of his life. Indeed, the failure is sometimes of such a disastrous nature that a year or two of his grieving may be done in the penitentiary. Not being a financier or promoter, he sometimes plunges into the most hazardous sorts of financing, eventually arriving before the bar of justice. There his real defense should be that he believed the invention couldn't possibly fail of immediate success—but that isn't much of a legal defense.

One patent attorney told me a story from which I shall quote only the paragraphs pertinent at this point:

"After I got the patent, this man, who was a farm hand, begged me to help him finance his operations. Knowing something of inventors as business men, I never become involved in that phase of their activities and I told him so. During the succeeding five months he wrote frequently, outlining various plans of organization, and I marveled at his ingenuity. He had hit upon nearly every form of crooked organization I have ever heard of; some of them were the sort that would be used to crook the other fellow and some were the sort ideally suited for others to cheat him. He was a natural-born J. Rufus Wallingford; however, without a rudder or balance wheel. In other words, his schemes shot both ways. The last I heard of him he had rigged up some sort of an organization to sell five hundred thousand equal shares in his invention and I think he was operating by mail. You can see where that might lead. And yet the man isn't a crook. He's just an inventor. There are many like him."

In order to make clear to the reader just what that inventor's system of raising money would do to the value of his patent I shall quote a few lines from an authoritative source with regard to joint ownership of patents:

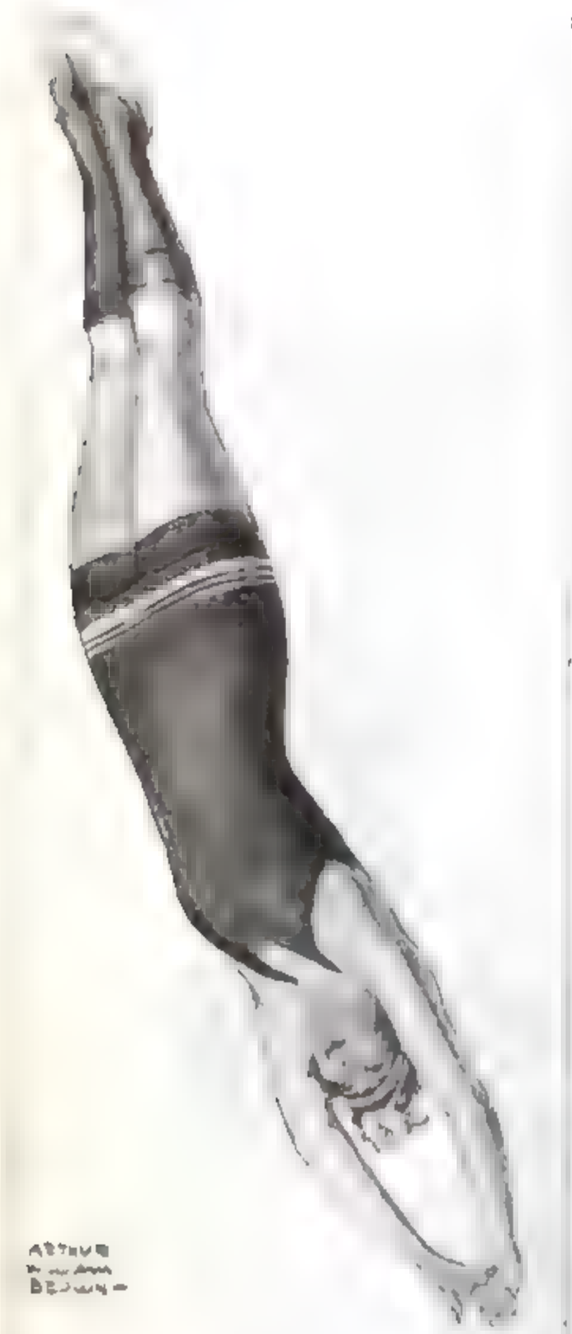
"The burden is on every plaintiff to establish the sufficiency of his title, and a suit against an infringer by one of several joint owners or patentees will be dismissed for insufficient title, otherwise each coowner might sue in turn and compel an infringer to pay his liabilities over and over again."

Quite obviously, if the farm hand's patent is ever infringed, all the owners would have to join in the suit and it might not be easy to find them. But let us suppose his patent relates to a process rather than to an article. On that subject I again quote from an authority:

"Each joint or coowner can make, use or vend, and license others, under a patent, without accounting to any of the other owners thereof, and a license from any part owner is a complete defense against any other part owner. In fact, a one-hundredth part of a patent is as good as the remaining ninety-nine per cent, and for that reason an

(Continued on Page 104)

Time to Re-tire
Get a FISK
THE FISK TIRE COMPANY, INC.
CHICOPEE FALLS, MASS.
Norman Rockwell



Know *this* thrill

—sailing through space from the springboard!

Do you dive? It's the sport of sports! Nothing else can afford you that *exhilaration of motion*—that momentary freedom from gravity—which divers know.

And nothing else can give *ease of diving movement* like a Jantzen.

The original Jantzen-stitch gives with every body movement. The Jantzen *keeps its perfect fit*—doesn't bind or sag. Patented bow-trunks and non-rip crotch insure plenty of room for action in the suit, without straining its seams or its all-wool fabric.

Ask to see Jantzens at your department store, sporting goods dealer's or men's wear shop. In 1924 colors for men, women and children. Illustrated style book and sample of Jantzen-stitch fabric sent free on request. Ask dealer for red diving girl windshield sticker, or send 4c for two

JANTZEN KNITTING MILLS
PORTLAND, OREGON

Jantzen
The Nation's Swimming Suit
THE SUIT THAT CHANGED *BATHING* TO *SWIMMING*

(Continued from Page 102)

inventor who has been induced to part with a small interest in his invention in order to raise money for protecting or developing it may subsequently realize that he has lost all chance of ever realizing any profit from his patent."

That may forecast dismal days for the inventor, but it would seem that the public might still receive some benefit. However, it doesn't always turn out so. A patent sometimes becomes clouded by conflicting rights until there is scarcely any inducement for capital to take a chance on it. Dozens of inventions have thus been lost to both the public and the inventor.

There is a certain type of genius to whom money means nothing—as everyone knows—but it is quite generally assumed that all these geniuses forget to ask for their money, or leave wads of currency sticking in an old overcoat pocket, or give it away without thought of tomorrow's needs. Such persons exist, but along with them is the man who, if asked to name his price, says a million dollars, without for a moment considering how much money that is. Money means nothing to him, therefore it is easier for him to say a million dollars than a hundred thousand dollars. He is hard to deal with, not because he is essentially grasping, but because money means nothing to him and big figures have more glamour than smaller ones. Many inventors come under the latter classification and owe their failures to that fact.

Too Many Nuts

A man who holds several hundred patents on his own inventions and is a business man of astounding ability conceived the idea some years ago that he would extend his operations to financing the inventions of others. He had amassed a large fortune, his position in the business world was secure, his technical training was such that he felt competent to pass upon almost any kind of mechanical invention. With such a wealth of both tangible and intangible equipment, he launched his enterprise. Out of it came very little profit. He discovered that the net results for him were much time consumed and too little attention given to his own inventions. He let the business of helping other inventors gradually decline. Though not putting them out of the office, he ceased inviting them in. If they came they got a hearing. I asked that man why the venture was not a success. His answer was brief and to the point: "Too many nuts."

Going into more detail, he said not many of the inventors had anything worth examining; but the real tragedy was that he could deal with very few of those who really had something. The obstacle on which negotiations smashed, however, was the inventor's lack of business knowledge. Nearly all of them wanted him to pay them a flat sum in cash for their ideas. Royalties are usually the basis of fortunes for inventors, but the amateur nearly always wants a very large sum in cash. What they generally brought in, he said, was an idea only partly developed. One of the many things his organization was equipped to do was obtain advice from specialists on each problem entering into commercial production.

For instance, they would build a machine according to the design and then run it under a heavy overload to see what part would break or wear out. They were thinking not only of the patent but of getting something ready for the market that they could guarantee would stand up in service. They didn't try to sell the idea until the machine had been demonstrated in actual use under conditions calculated to test it thoroughly. All this wearied the inventors beyond endurance. They wanted their million-dollar checks more promptly. As for royalties, most of them thought a dollar a dozen or half a cent apiece or three cents a gallon wasn't worth bothering with—although the inventor who started that business made his fortune off royalties.

At first thought it doesn't seem probable that a man who has worked for several years on an invention, expecting to realize a million dollars from it, would walk off without a cent. But he is precisely the man who will do it. Here is a case in point: Years ago, when the typewriter was newer than it now is, a clerk in a county courthouse decided that this implement needed an attachment that would count the words. Meters were already in existence, so he devised an appliance that would attach one to the space bar of a typewriter. When he had it in working order he took it to a company manufacturing typewriters. Like so many others, the price he had in mind was a million dollars cash. His invention was examined and found very clever. But it happens that the law of averages will count the words on typewritten pages about as accurately as anyone requires. The clerk hadn't thought of that. There had been no call for a machine to count the words, but there was insistent demand for many other improvements; the typewriter was young then. Nevertheless, the company offered this inventor five hundred dollars and a royalty agreement.

"It made me sick at my stomach," the inventor said. "I took the model home and threw it in the barn. I guess it is still there. I had worked on it a year."

However, that job could probably have been done by a professional inventor familiar with typewriters in a few weeks. In fact, a great many of the improvements one notes from year to year on standard machines in general use are produced by professional inventors employed by the manufacturers. Executives of these companies realize the truth of Mr. Edison's statement that invention is largely a matter of perspiration, so they pay the inventor a salary in order that he may eat while he experiments. Most of these inventors are engaged in producing devices for which there is an obvious need expressed, usually in the form of customers' complaints.

But in the electrical field basic problems, as well as devices, improvements and attachments, are under consideration. Electricity and other comparatively new elements still offer a tremendous field of exploration to pure science—as distinguished from applied science. Many of the most noted scientists of recent years, especially in chemical and electrical lines, are or were employes of large corporations.

Sometime in the future students of the civilization of this century will set down the unprecedented fact that corporations organized primarily for profit have made and are still making annual contributions amounting to millions in order that pure science may extend its borders farther into the unknown. No civilization in all the preceding history of the world has ever achieved anything comparable to this. Whatever tribute of praise this fact brings should not ascribe idealism to the corporation executives, for it will miss the point if it does. The tremendously important fact is that we have now arrived at a phase of economic organization where it becomes profitable and sensible to appropriate vast sums for the advancement of science—and that business conducted for profit has produced executives with vision broad enough to tell them it is worth doing.

Shrewd Procedure

Idealism comes and goes, waxes and wanes. If half a dozen of the largest corporations on earth suddenly decided to donate half a billion dollars to science the event wouldn't be very important in the history of the world. But the fact that our material civilization is now so organized that these half dozen and many more large corporations mobilize both men and money for pure science marks an era. That was the dream of Bacon and it has been the dream of thousands of other scientists, philosophers and mechanical geniuses, some of whom starved to death. If any one of them ever harbored in his mind the actual conviction that any such dream would be realized by humanity he failed to write it—or the writing has been lost. But the dream has come true!

Not very long ago an artificial lightning storm was produced in an American laboratory at the expense of a corporation. That company isn't planning to sell lightning storms. It was merely playing its part in helping the human race to find out a little more about electricity.

No charity in the enterprise. Strictly business. And that is what makes the event really notable.

But let us return to the wandering inventor with his patent papers in his pocket and a blue print under his arm. Perhaps he will consent to listen while the following interview takes place between the writer and a man of wide scientific knowledge who holds several valuable patents. He is discussing one of his inventions, a process for improving a certain grade of paper:

"I first found out which company produced the largest quantity of that kind of paper, then I laid my process before them. They were not in very good financial condition at the time and pointed out to me that the process called for a new plant that would cost about two hundred thousand dollars. We couldn't agree on terms and that ended the matter. Sometime later, I discovered by accident a sheet of paper that had evidently been manufactured by my process, and traced it to that company. Then I employed counsel and served notice of impending suit for infringement. They answered through counsel and we finally settled the matter without suit. They paid me five thousand dollars, and I think it wasn't worth over ten thousand at the outside. There isn't a great deal of that kind of paper used. I think they infringed deliberately to bring me into court so they could get a reasonable price. I asked too much at first."

The opinion is expressed quite generally among those who deal with inventions that infringement is sometimes practiced in order that the court may decide issues the various parties have never been able to agree upon. Nevertheless, it is still true that patents are also shamelessly infringed. The Government employs no special police to chase such thieves. It is up to the inventor or patentee to protect his own rights. If he happens not to know what is going on, that is his hard luck. It has always been distasteful to a large part of the human race to pay for brains; they know only one kind of labor and that is manual.

Importance of Priority

There are a sufficient number of these theft cases to call for an offsetting story of good luck on the part of an inventor. The patent attorney tells it as follows:

"This manufacturer had a turn for invention, so he began experimenting with some valves that were giving trouble in the plant. Eventually he worked out a design that proved very successful. He told me that he was thinking of having it patented, when a mechanic called on him and showed him a design precisely like his own. This mechanic had come from a long distance and brought with him incontrovertible proof that his invention was original. The incident was the more remarkable because the strange mechanic had drawn his design to the same scale as that of the manufacturer. He also used precisely the same kind of paper and ink, but that was less remarkable than the scale. The mechanic's proofs plainly showed that his invention antedated that of the manufacturer by some three or four months. In order to protect himself the manufacturer then had the stranger's invention patented instead of his own and paid him a royalty. There was no delay at all, because the valves were already in use."

This case serves to point a moral that the amateur inventor very often knows nothing about—or neglects. That strange mechanic's success was due almost entirely to the fact that he had proof of the date when he began work on his invention and when he completed it. Documentary evidence of this sort is very important to establish priority, for that is what counts in the Patent Office, and not the date of filing application. It very frequently happens that two men are at work on the same invention at the same time. In fact, the whole spirit of invention seems to go in waves. For no known reason men on several different continents will suddenly begin trying to make flying machines, while ten years later—equally without apparent cause—another twenty or more will begin working on prospective submarines. Some years the flood of invention swamps all patent lawyers; other years are dull. About the only generalization I heard on this interesting subject was that war is a very powerful stimulant to inventive genius. But everyone doesn't make a gun in time of war. The output ranges from bullet-proof clothing to noiseless soup spoons.

No matter what an inventor is working on, he may safely assume that someone else is doing the same thing and it would be well for him to have some sort of proof of the dates. The document may be ever so crude, but if dated and witnessed it will help to establish his claims in the event it later proves necessary.

There is an old saying among patent attorneys and professional inventors that a patent is a license to sue—and they might add, to be sued. The latter phase of the matter harks back to another common error of the amateur inventor who has something

(Continued on Page 107)

Floor flooded? Don't worry!
Just mop it up, and the
Bird NEPONSET Rug is as good as ever!
That's because these rugs are WATERPROOFED top and bottom. Liquids—even greasy substances—can be cleaned right off, leaving no stain behind.
The Red Waxed Back (an exclusive Bird feature) prevents these rugs from rotting at the bottom or sticking to the floor.
There is extra DURABILITY in Bird's Neponset Rugs! They wear, and wear, and wear — keeping their splendid colorings, their bright, new, cheerful look.
Bird's NEPONSET Rugs are Inexpensive
There is no home too modest to afford one—no home too fine to need one. Prices, $9 to $18 for standard sizes. The patterns are varied and beautiful. There are tile, floral, or Oriental designs, rich or simple, suiting every taste, every need, every room.
BIRD & SON, inc., EAST WALPOLE, MASS.
Established 1795 Pioneers in felt-base floor Coverings
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Satisfaction Guaranteed
This seal on the rug assures you a double guarantee: ours, and your dealer's too.

Bird's *Neponset* Rugs

DEFY WATER AND WEAR

Announcing

TANGLEFOOT FLY SPRAY

Here it is . . . the greatest of them all . . . an entirely new and scientific fly-exterminating household insecticide backed by a name and reputation known around the world.

Tanglefoot Fly Spray is announced by the makers of the famous Tanglefoot Fly Paper. Instead of rushing into the market with an ordinary liquid insecticide, we have taken our time and developed a product of the same superior quality that distinguishes all Tanglefoot products from the rank and file.

Now you can know the joy of a summer free from disease-spreading flies and mosquitoes and troublesome moths, gnats, fleas, and bedbugs. Wherever you are . . . in home, store or camp . . . use Tanglefoot Spray every day. Tanglefoot quality costs no more, and when *it* kills it *kills*.

Tanglefoot Spray is non-poisonous and non-irritating. Its odor is pleasing, its action quick and positive. It kills flies and mosquitoes wholesale. Just spray freely into the air. In a few minutes the flies are dead. Here is the greatest investment you can make in health protection.

Every dealer has Tanglefoot or can obtain it quickly. Get your supply now and be free from insect troubles all summer long.

NOTE TO DEALERS: You need not hesitate to recommend Tanglefoot Fly Spray above all liquid insecticides. It is fully guaranteed. There is positively nothing better for quickly exterminating flies, moths, mosquitoes, bedbugs and fleas. Tanglefoot Fly Spray meets the demand for a powerful, general household insecticide. It does not replace Tanglefoot Fly Paper, which has a field of its own. You need both . . . as does every storekeeper and housekeeper. Order directly from your wholesaler

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TANGLEFOOT

HOUSEHOLD INSECTICIDES

FLY PAPER—FLY SPRAY - FLY RIBBON - ROACH & ANT POWDER - TREE TANGLEFOOT

Continued from Page 104

valuable and doesn't know how to market it. Let us suppose that his device will lift more coal in less time and with less power than any other appliance in existence. It is more likely to be something of that sort than a totally new principle of producing or applying power. Now coal has been lifted ever since it has been mined, and the new device probably will prove to be no more than an improvement on other devices. At any rate, every part of it will hardly be new.

Our inventor will have made use of anywhere from one to six other patented inventions. Still, he has something new and it can be patented. His first difficulty is to find an attorney who knows how to analyze the machine and draw a patent that will be worth something.

Drawing up patent applications is very much like filing the original petition in a suit; you can't allege damages for personal injuries and then prove default on a promissory note. You have to put into your petition the facts you are going to prove. So in a patent application you claim for the invention everything that can be claimed. The Patent Office will not assist by correcting oversights any more than the judge will revise your petition in a civil suit.

The Bow and Arrow

But let us assume that the inventor emerges with a patent covering the vital features of his machine for lifting coal. What he ought to do next is reach some sort of agreement with all the other inventors whose devices enter into his, then demonstrate a machine in service and have every detail in readiness so that a sale or royalty agreement can be closed without undue delay. What he usually does is offer the idea—and a prospective purchaser hesitates because he doesn't know what the other inventors will ask or where he might wind up by taking a chance. Sometimes in cases such as this, if the invention is very valuable, some company may take a chance and infringe it. They can stand the expense of litigation longer than the inventors. The result usually is that they settle for nominal sums or perhaps fight the inventors to a standstill, as the saying is, and eventually get away without paying more than one out of six, if any. But in that case the invention does finally come into use and the public, at least presumably, obtains some benefit.

On the subject of very valuable inventions Hudson Maxim is of the opinion that the public generally receives some benefit eventually whether the inventor does or not.

"The most important inventions," he said, "because the most revolutionary and the most useful, were the bow and arrow; and the next most important invention was the preheating of air for the blast furnace, which made modern steel manufacture possible."

The point to be made here, however, is that the inventor of the bow and arrow probably didn't make much out of it. It must have been quite a distinct improvement in its early days, nevertheless. Consider, for instance, the advantage of shooting a bear with arrows over cutting his throat or delivering an effective knock-out with a stone hammer while depending upon rapid footwork to avoid a wrestling match.

In spite of all the difficulties to be overcome before a useful invention can be made commercially valuable, there is and always has been a market for them in this country. George Washington spent hours prodigally when inventors assailed him. Benjamin Franklin had a passion for invention. Many men whose fame lies entirely in other fields of endeavor were occasional inventors. Incidentally the record shows that Mayor Hyman, of New York City, patented a keyless watch in 1893. Some of the most conservative bankers and big business men this country has ever known—among them men who were cordially disliked because they were regarded as too tight-fisted for pleasant association—would lend ear to almost any inventor. One reason for this is that inventions, when sound and ably promoted, have given fabulous returns.

On that subject one might write a volume, but the following statement by a man who made a fortune from his own inventions, besides financing those of several other men, will perhaps suffice.

"When Alexander Graham Bell gave the public the telephone, even those who heard the proof of his statements with their own ears feared to back him with money. The lawyer who organized the company, and who subsequently became governor of Massachusetts, refused to take stock at ten cents a share for his fee of three thousand dollars. Had he done so his fee would have totaled sixty million dollars by now. Some of the workmen accepted stock as part pay. Twelve dollars in stock, received by one workman, was subsequently sold for two hundred and forty thousand dollars."

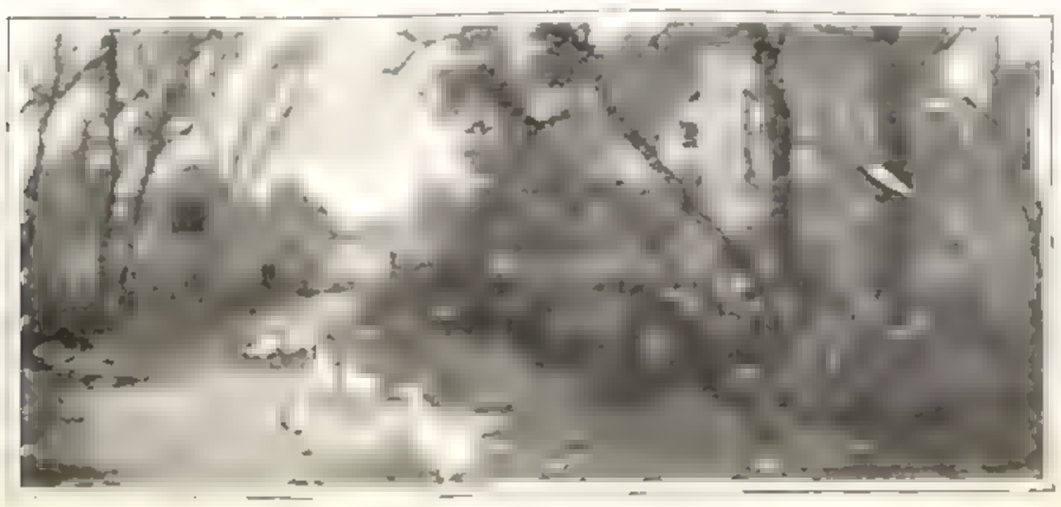
Inventions, when sound and of commercial value, properly patented and developed by men with technical training, can always obtain a respectful hearing, even though difficulties may intervene. The possibilities for profit are too alluring for even the most skeptical to dismiss without consideration.

Assuming then that his idea is valuable, what should the amateur inventor do to protect himself? First of all he should have the records examined to make sure he isn't working on something already patented. Such a search of the records will cost from five to ten dollars. Any firm of patent attorneys can make that search. Second, the inventor should have adequate proofs of the dates heretofore mentioned. Next he must have an able patent attorney. If he isn't sure on that subject, he would do just as well to get in touch with a possible purchaser while the application is pending. If the prospective purchaser has had experience with inventions, and is interested, he will at once see that defects in the application are corrected; that can be done while it is pending, but usually not after the patent has been granted.

Common Stumbling Blocks

He will not expect the patent attorney to market his invention. Usually, however, the patent attorney can give him excellent advice on how to go about finding a market. Many patent attorneys also know how to put him in touch with lists of firms likely to be interested. He will avoid joint ownerships. He will make provision for taking back his patent in the event it is not used as intended. If his device is of such a nature that time is of the essence, and he knows that at some later date it will not be so valuable, he will be ready to flood the market as soon as his patent is granted. If the nature of his invention is such that both the article and the means for producing it are new, he will take out patents covering both. Some inventors—impossible as that may seem—have patented the article and neglected to patent the process for its production.

Those are just a few of the main points, but they seem to have been the stumbling-blocks accounting for a large proportion of the disasters. The moral of this tale is that the great body of the law and of public sympathy is all on the side of the inventor. His worst enemy is usually under his own hat, where the rest of us, by the way, find ours.



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Plumb
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You know you have always had trouble with loose handles on tools, but you need not have trouble any more! Just buy a Plumb, with the Plumb Take-up Wedge.

When the wood shrinks and the head works loose, you turn the screw and take up the slack. The V-shaped wedge expands the wood against all sides of the eye, all the way in.

Good hardware stores sell Plumb tools.

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Plumb Nail Hammer

Larger face—easier to hit nails.
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Knife-edge claws—pull headless nails.
Take-up Wedge—keeps handle tight.

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DOUBLE LIFE
Hammers Hatchets
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"Look, it glistens.

Hold it, it's heavy. Tap it, it rings."

YOU tell fine glass with your eyes, hands, and ears. In the light the bowl glistens with the rainbow's colors. In your hand it is heavier than the common glass bowl. When you strike it, you hear a clear, bell-like ring.

Lead, that dull, unattractive metal, is responsible for the brilliance of fine glass. Because the lead used in making the glass gives it the density necessary to bend or reflect light rays, the glass has the lustre and color that cheaper glass does not have.

Lead makes glass heavy

Lead also gives weight to glass. The piece of fine plain glass and cut-glass you pick up may be anywhere from 20% to 50% lead. Table glass, such as tumblers and goblets, is from 20% to 40% lead. When it is struck, lead glass in most forms gives forth a musical ring that ordinary glass does not.

Lead also gives the glass a softness that makes cutting and engraving easier and more economical. Despite this softness—because of it, in fact—lead glass retains its strength and offers greater resistance to changes of temperature than ordinary glass.

How lead gets into glass

To say that the glassmaker gets beauty by mixing lead and some other materials sounds almost magical. Yet from the same lead that is used for water pipes he gets two powders, red-lead and litharge, by melting the metallic lead in furnaces where the molten lead is exposed to currents of hot air. He takes either the red-lead, or the litharge, and mixes it with silica sand, potash, saltpetre and other chemicals. Then he melts these all together and obtains the liquid glass from which various kinds of glassware are molded or blown.

One glass manufacturer in a year used 200,000 pounds of lead. The entire glass industry takes about 14,000,000 pounds of the annual lead production in the United States.

Lead makes glass an object of beauty and admiration. Both at home and on the street, lead, in spectacle and reading-glass lenses, aids the vision of many thousands.

Under the lead glass lens of the microscope the scientist segregates the germs that may cause sickness and perhaps death

The astronomer searches the Milky Way with the powerful lead-glass lens of his telescope. The chemist and the biologist invoke the aid of the microscopic lens in which is lead. The photographer and the motion picture operator with their camera lenses containing lead record the pictorial history of the world.

In the millions of buildings that are lighted by electricity, lead in electric light bulbs is helping to make night as much like day as possible. The glass used in other ways for illuminating purposes is also generally lead-glass.

Lead as paint

LEAD in glass is very bashful and conceals itself so that there is no visible sign of its presence. But in its more general use as paint, you can see it on every hand. As white-lead, mixed with pure linseed oil, it protects such surfaces as wood from rot and decay. As red-lead it prevents rust from eating into and destroying iron and steel.

"Save the surface and you save all" Advertisement

For generations the professional painter has used white-lead to save the surface. From our forefathers' time it has always been the standard for surface protection. Today owners everywhere realize that it is more economical to cover their property with "lead-in-oil" than to pay for the damage that the weather can soon do to unpainted surfaces. They believe in the phrase, "Save the surface and you save all."

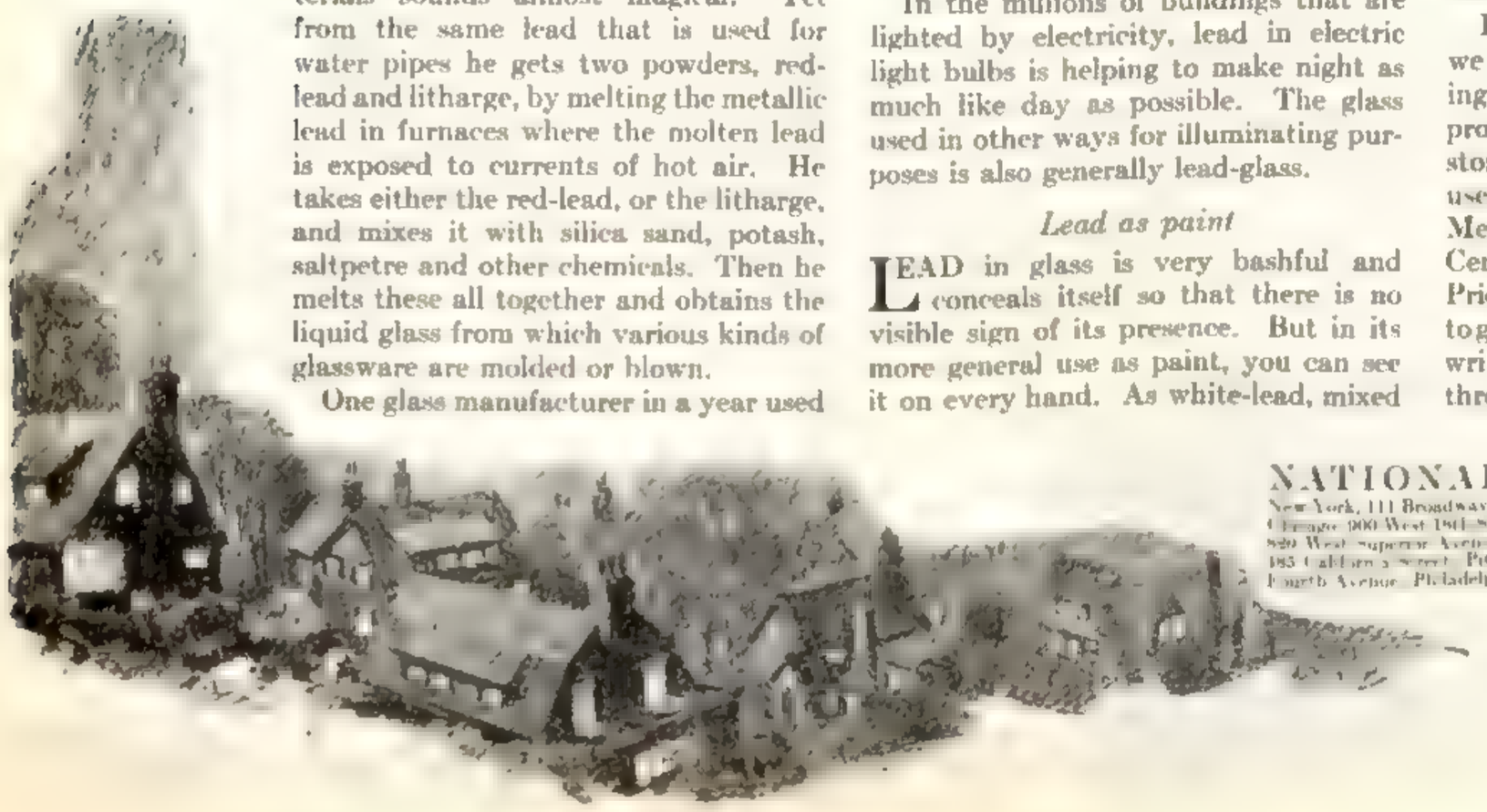
Producers of lead products

Dutch Boy white-lead is the name of the pure white-lead made and sold by National Lead Company. On every keg of *Dutch Boy white-lead* is reproduced the picture of the Dutch Boy Painter shown below. This trade-mark guarantees a product of the highest quality.

Dutch Boy products also include red-lead, linseed oil, flatting oil, babbitt metals and solder.

National Lead Company also makes lead products for practically every purpose to which lead can be put in art, industry and daily life. If you want information regarding any particular use of lead, write to us.

If you wish to read further about lead we can tell you of a number of interesting books on the subject. The latest and probably most complete story of lead and its many uses is "Lead, the Precious Metal," published by the Century Co., New York. Price $3. If you are unable to get it at your bookstore, write the publisher or order through us.



NATIONAL LEAD COMPANY

New York, 111 Broadway Boston 131 State Street Buffalo 116 Oak Street Chicago 900 West 18th Street Cincinnati 659 Freeman Avenue Cleveland 820 West Superior Avenue St. Louis 722 Chestnut Street San Francisco 183 Califor[illegible] Street Pittsburgh, National Lead & Oil Co. of Pa. 316 Fourth Avenue Philadelphia John T. Lewis & Bros. Co. 437 Chestnut St.

THE HAPPY LANDING

(Continued from Page 27)

him to demonstrate the fireproof wing dope with which their Umpty-five was painted. That meant setting the plane ablaze with gasoline and driving it like a meteor through the sky until the flames had been beaten off by the wind

He opened Eve's letter slowly.

Dear Allan: Just half a note, in hopes that you will get it before you leave. I don't think it will be wise to talk with dad now. I have drawn mother out and I know just about how he feels that he would explode at the idea of my marrying anyone in the flying game. What he really hopes for is that I will marry some man who can go into the factory and carry on his business. He doesn't demand that he is really too much of a dear—I am sure you understand. He says the flying game is like a Wild West show only worse. We will just have to show him that it isn't! But don't dare to think of talking with him until we can really prove it. I wish you could get some other pilot to do the things that look so awfully dangerous. Couldn't you? I know it would impress him. We will talk it over when you come. I must rush this off. Love to Janeth and Bill. I love you.

EVE.

He read it over a second and a third time, then sat there scowling. How could he throw over the flying game? It was the one thing which had paid the butcher and the grocer since his father's death, when the Brent fortune had collapsed. If it hadn't been for flying—the only useful thing he knew how to do what would they have done?

And what would Janeth and Bill Seadog think if he told them that he was going to throw the whole game over, let the Brent Aviation Company go smash—for a girl! Bill Seadog, who had been his inseparable companion since one day late in the war when fate had introduced them by tossing them into adjoining beds of a French hospital, had broken with his brother and given up his income, just so that he could stay with them. Bill Seadog wouldn't quit! Janeth wouldn't quit!

"I suppose Jim Holland thinks I like to risk my neck!" he remarked bitterly. "Hell's bells! A man has to stick to his own game!"

The engine of the Umpty-five began roaring, and he looked up. Janeth was in the cockpit. Allan studied her, wishing that Bill Seadog had bluffed her out and taken the plane up for its test flight himself.

Bill Seadog—otherwise Lord Willard Towar—had settled his long frame upon the end of an upturned suitcase and was reading his mail. The wind from the propeller fluttered the letter and made his disheveled blond hair wave. His thoughts were so deeply engaged that he looked up, startled, when the Umpty-five rolled down the field and took to the air. He watched it for a moment, then returned to his letter.

He and his brother, the present Duke of Tallbout, had never been able to get on together peaceably. Seadog had been six years old when his father had died, and he had grown up fearful of his brother's temper and bullying. At Eton he had decided to run away and be a sailor—hence the name Bill Seadog, which had clung to him ever since. Detectives had found him, hungry, miserable, but still full of fight, upon the quays of Liverpool and had delivered him home again for the inevitable thrashing.

With cool deliberation Bill Seadog abandoned his ideas of becoming a sailor and spent the next three years in strict training. His pocket money went for boxing lessons. The result became a public scandal. One afternoon, when his judgment told him the moment was propitious, he commenced work upon his grace, and did so punctilious a job of returning the accumulated thrashings of his youngsterhood that the Duke of Tallbout was indisposed for the next three weeks. Having attended to that matter—at the sacrifice of his allowance, of course—Bill Seadog made an official entry into British sporting life by fighting in the preliminaries of a prize fight and sending an aspirant known as Puma Joe Dawes to sleep. The war interrupted that promising career.

Bill Seadog's brows contracted over the letter. He crossed his legs, sank his chin in his hand and read slowly. It was by all odds the nicest letter he had ever received from his grace

"Must be sick," he thought. "Sure enough!"

"My health has been abominable," it read, "since last July when I came a cropper at Betty's."

"Always was a rotten horseman," Seadog commented unfeelingly. "Thinks that reins are something to keep him on a horse. Poor sap!" He continued reading.

"Nothing serious, we hope. I am having Caruthers and Bentley make several examinations. They are the best men available." Seadog mumbled an unbrotherly prayer that the specialists would make their bills large enough to suit their fancies. "The burden of the estate is growing constantly and becoming more difficult to handle because of the taxes. I have been considering the idea of letting Tallbout House go. It seems useless to keep a house in town for a few weeks a year. You have heard, undoubtedly, that Devonshire has come to that."

It was a long letter, in the most amiable terms, asking him to come home at once and to assume his share in the management of the estate. His grace, however, neglected to say that this newborn amiability would go so far as to let Bill Seadog have the use of his own rightful income if he chose to remain in America

"He's sick, all right enough!" said Bill Seadog vengefully. Sympathy touched his heart with a light finger, and his heart recoiled. He hesitated for a moment, folding the letter, then arose and stuffed it in his pocket.

"Squirm, you blighter!" he said angrily. "I'll go back when I'm damn ready!"

He glanced up and saw the Umpty-five wheel about, high over the field. And he asked himself, wrath still boiling within him, why he should go back home and help an estate, already too large, to hold its own against tax laws. His grace could sell Tallbout House if he didn't have guts enough to limit his own expenditures and keep it in the family. But why should Bill Seadog go home, and leave the dearest friends he had ever known to fight it out alone? Leave Allan—and Janeth!

"Fine idea!" he commented bitterly. The flying game might be rummy; but, rummy or not, he would stick as long as Allan and Janeth stuck! Everyone in England would say that it was his duty to go back, duty to his family.

"But what of it?" asked Bill Seadog, and he swept the conflict from his mind. Duty to Janeth and Allan rose uppermost, unassailable.

High above South Field, Janeth sniffed at the thin cool air, and drew a deep breath, which became a sigh of utter contentment. Confidence flooded into her, dispelling all the tormenting thoughts of a few minutes before, and she said to herself that there was really nothing in the world so delightful and thrilling as flight. Strange that she had been sitting down there upon the veranda, hating the very idea of it!

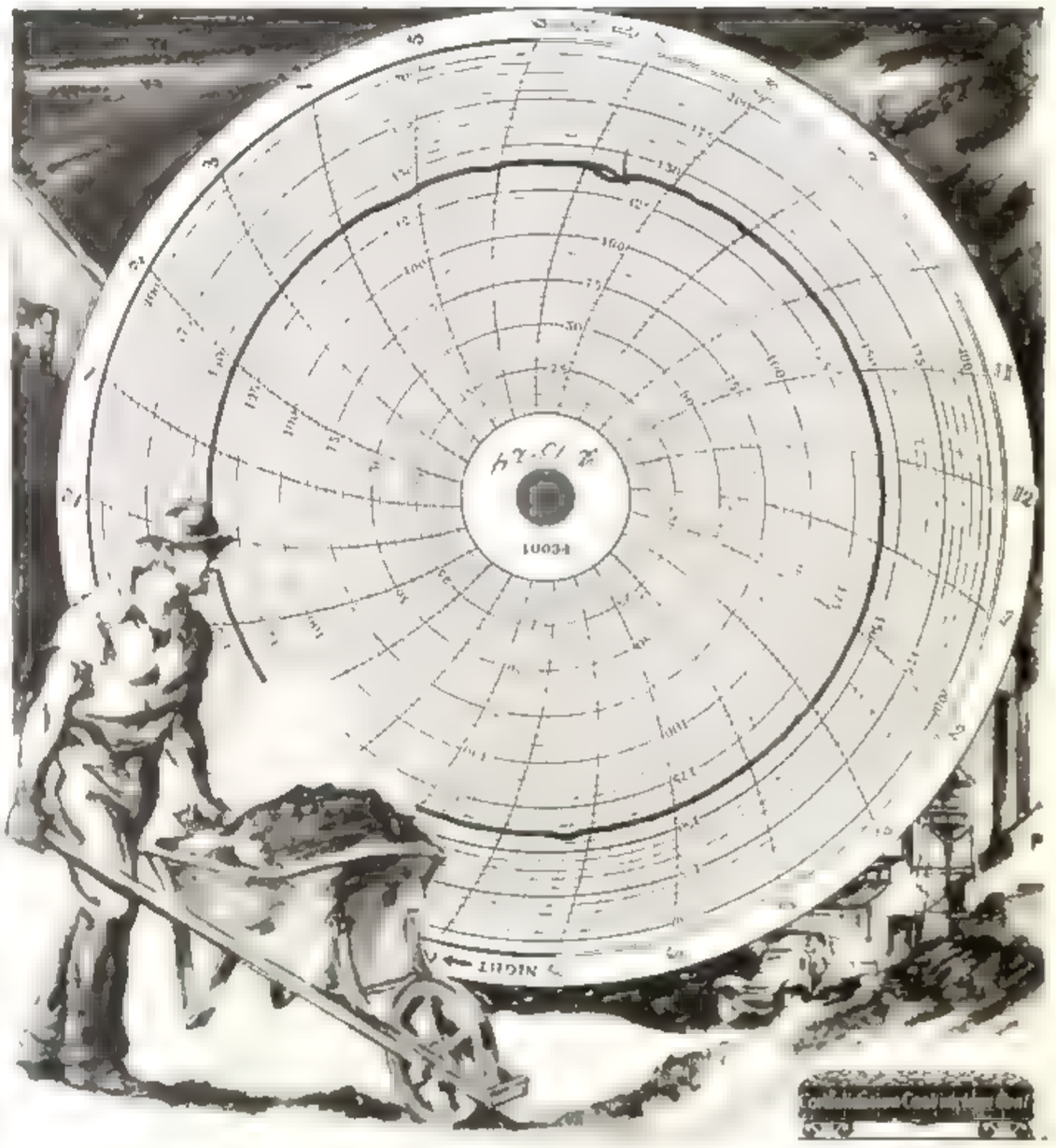
But of course, she added, it wasn't about herself that she had been worrying, but about Allan and Bill Seadog. They took chances—and spent the rest of their time in a conspiracy to keep her from doing any but the safest and sanest flying. They had forbidden her to attempt anything that narrowly resembled a stunt. It was unfair!

She slapped the control stick over to the left and pulled back, yanking the old Umpty-five about in a steep turn. The countryside, with its woods of red and dull green, wheeled beneath her, and the flat blue expanse of the Sound slid into place. She slapped the control stick to the right, and completed a figure eight. Neither of them could have cut a figure eight more neatly, she assured herself. After that, plain sauntering through the air lost its interest.

"Guess I'll try a loop," she said tentatively, far from sure whether she would or not. She squirmed in the seat and fingered the controls nervously, rehearsing in her mind each maneuver, trying to anticipate the sensations.

"Well, why not loop? Are you going to? Are you afraid?" Her jaw set, making her look more than ever like Allan's younger brother. "Of course I'm not afraid!"

Unwilling to risk further debate with herself, more searching inquiry into her state of mind, she pulled back upon the stick, and the Umpty strained upward in vertical flight. Earth dropped away as though it were hinged far behind her, and a flat section of sky took its place. She counted slowly, "One—two three," and shut the throttle; then earth again, upside down,



If this Steam Record could talk

In Wisconsin is a paper mill which recently began to use Consolidation Clean Coal. What Consolidation Clean Coal now means to that plant is revealed by the steam record here reproduced.

The heavy black curve, with scarcely a fluctuation, shows that between 7:00 A. M. of one day to 7:00 A. M. of the next a steady steam pressure of 140 pounds was consistently maintained.

Imagine what this means.

No calls for more steam. Engines running smoothly all day. Pulp and paper machines working at full power. Paper produced with the utmost rapidity and economy.

But the steam record does not tell the whole story. The story of its low ash content was told in the ashes removed. Consolidation Clean Coal substantially reduced the volume of ashes.

Thus did Consolidation Clean Coal demonstrate what its high heat value and its low ash content mean.

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and the breath-taking sensation of dangling with nothing but a frail leather strap between herself and eternity. The control stick flapped uselessly in her hand.

Suddenly the plane writhed about and she felt a puff of air against one cheek. The Umpty, failing to complete its loop, had slipped sideways. It whipped in the air violently; then earth, woods, houses and the Sound became a mélange of whirling blues and greens and reds before her eyes. Despite the confusion of her senses she knew that this was a spin—and that the remedy for it was to center all controls.

The spinning stopped as suddenly as it had begun, and the Umpty settled into a straight dive earthward, wind making the stay wires shriek. Before her eyes the hangar was expanding miraculously. She drew back upon the control stick slowly, and the plane swooped out of its dive to an even keel. The motor commenced to mutter, then roar.

"Whew!" she breathed. "Guess I held it too long! Try again!" A glance at the altimeter told her that she had tumbled fifteen hundred feet, and she put the plane into a steep climb, regaining altitude.

When the Umpty had swung about in that first steep bank Allan and Bill Seadog had moved toward each other—two states of misery seeking company. They met just as the plane turned its nose skyward, and gaped at it silently, as though they had been stricken.

"Good Lord! Goin' to loop 'er!" exclaimed Allan. "Why the ——"

"Now! Come on through!" coached Seadog. "Back with it! O my God!"

The Umpty had rolled over, headed earthward, flashing in the sun.

"Center 'em! Center 'em!" yelled Seadog, arms above his head, beseeching her. "That's the girl! Stick it, kid! Stick it! Right-o!"

As they saw the plane start upward again, they faced each other helplessly, not knowing whether to be abject or wrathful.

"I wish she wouldn't!" muttered Allan.

Seadog nodded glumly. "So do I!"

Far above their heads the Umpty put its nose up once more—and turned a perfect loop. Then, under half power, it came sauntering down, wheeling idly, luxuriously.

"Bill," said Allan earnestly, "we've got to keep Jan from flying. One of these days she's going to have a crack-up, and then ——"

"Yes," agreed Bill Seadog miserably. "I know how you feel. I mean to say, if anything happened to Janeth, I ——" He floundered hopelessly and looked at Allan as though he were begging for assistance. "You see," he began again, "I think the world of Janeth. I mean—there's never been anyone like her!"

The engine of the Umpty-five, full throttle again as the plane made a final sweep about the field for its landing, began to sputter and miss fire.

Jim O'Hara, their mechanic, rushed out from the hangar and stood listening to it, trying to diagnose its ailment, while Allan and Bill Seadog waited apprehensively until they saw that she was safely clear of the woods at the farther edge of the field. They started off at a jog trot for the hangar.

"Well, anyhow," insisted Janeth, "if I hadn't kept the plane up longer than you said, you'd probably have come down with engine trouble—some place between here and Eve's. That wouldn't have been so good!"

There was no denying that argument. Janeth, still excited and triumphant, beamed at him

"Brat!" answered Allan. "Pure brat!" Then, "You and Seadog had better shove off in the Seven with the baggage. I'll be along just as soon as Jim gets the Five running decently. It is the carburetor, he thinks. Rotten gas, that last batch!"

"Hadn't we better wait?"

"No; Eve'll be wondering what's happened to us. We're late already. Tell her I'll be along in a few minutes."

With Bill Seadog in the pilot's seat, beside her own, and suitcases piled into the second passenger's cockpit behind, Janeth took a last glance about South Field, at the cottage. Once again homesickness surged through her.

"I hate to leave," she admitted to Bill. "And sometimes I wonder if we will ever live in our own house again."

His eyes followed hers to the roof of the big Colonial house which had sheltered the Brents through generations, sheltered the Brents until financial disaster came their way. It was leased now to others. Bill Seadog's eyes came back to the girl, and he nodded as though to assure her, "You'll live there." He reflected, as he motioned to Jim O'Hara to drag the blocks from before the wheels, that within two years he would be able to claim his income, whether his grace liked it or not. Already he had planned a card of greetings to send to the Duke of Tallbout when that thirtieth birthday rolled along—a conventional design of fingers and nose.

Allan waved to them to go ahead and flashed an answering smile to Janeth as the Umpty-seven rolled past him. "Nervy kid!" he said affectionately, and stood watching the plane as it circled in a preliminary tour of the field.

Thoughtfully, with the diminishing whine of the plane sounding in his ears, he turned back to the Umpty-five. Jim O'Hara had the engine exposed and was already elbow-deep in its vitals, uttering gently profane pleas to its better nature.

At the cottage an express wagon had drawn up for the trunk.

"How long 'll it take, Jim?"

"Half hour. Maybe longer."

"You'll probably miss the 2:15 train," said Allan, looking at his watch. "Give me your ticket; I'll take the fliv and get the trunk checked for you. You haven't dumped the water out yet, have you?"

"Nope."

He rattled off to the station, mind whirling from one thing to another—Eve Holland, Janeth, Bill Seadog, George Morrison and the new racing plane. Life seemed to be an inextricable tangle. He had realized for months that Bill was falling more deeply in love with Janeth every day they were together. At first he had resented it. Janeth seemed such a youngster! He had returned to Sound Brook, after being away for six years, half expecting to find her playing with dolls, and it was difficult for him to realize that she was nearly eighteen—just a year younger than Eve.

The car rattled home again, as though it knew the way. O'Hara was still struggling with the engine. Another half hour passed before he said, "Let's try 'er."

With the engine muttering evenly, getting warm, Allan studied his watch. Janeth and Bill would be at Eve's by this time.

"Jim," he said, "I'll take a run around the field. Get everything locked up, then hop aboard and I'll take you to Ashland. There's a field I can land in—right near the station. We'll get you on that 2:15 train."

It was by no means important that Jim should catch that particular train. He had nothing to do in New York except to go to burlesque shows and wait for their arrival at the factory field. But the old Umpty thundered its full power, swooped down toward the crawling train and flashed past car windows at seventy miles an hour. They scraped across a field, wheels nearly touching, hopped over a row of trees, and left the laboring, puffing train far behind. Allan turned in his seat and they grinned at each other.

"The old can's running right now!" exclaimed Jim O'Hara as he jumped out at Ashland.

"Yep," agreed Allan. "Tell Morrison that I'll write to him—about the racer."

Jim's eyes widened. "Huh?" Racing was the breath of life to him, for he had grown up in the old dirt-track game. An accident had put him out, but had not dimmed his ardor.

Allan nodded. "For next year's cup races. Wants me to fly it." O'Hara beamed. "But keep it under your hat," warned Allan. "So long. See you in New York."

He pulled his goggles down, prepared to pull off again.

"Hey—wait!" yelled O'Hara. His hands dived into one pocket after another until he brought out an envelope. "Telegram came for Bill while you were at the station."

Allan took it, slipped it into the map case attached to the frame of the fuselage, and opened the throttle. He laid the plane in a straight course for Eve Holland's, over woods, small lakes and desolate stony patches of ground.

It crashed in upon his thoughts as he circled down toward the field, two miles from the Hollands' country house, that the Umpty-seven was not there. A big open car, with the figure of a girl beside it, stood near one edge, but no bright rectangle of the Umpty-seven's wings. He lost altitude in a violent dizzy rush earthward, landed and came taxi-ing toward her. It was Eve.

He jumped from the plane, leaving the engine running. The girl, blond head uncovered, hurried toward him.

"Aren't Jan and Bill here?" he demanded.

"No; I've been waiting for hours!"

"No message?"

She shook her head. "I went back to the house, and told them to send word if you telephoned. What do you think ——"

"Forced landing some place," he interrupted. "Rotten country for it! I'll see if I can spot them." He turned toward the plane. Eve put her hand upon his arm, looked at him anxiously.

"Nothing to worry about," he said, belying the expression in his own face. "It's rotten country for a landing, but Bill can handle it. If we can't fix the bus I'll bring 'em back one at a time. You go on to the house, dear. You'll hear the engine in plenty of time to come for us. See you later." He pressed her hand, swung aboard the plane.

The country was worse than merely rotten for a landing, he remarked to himself. It was a neck breaker. Scrubby uneven patches of field, and scrubby uneven patches of woods. First, he decided, he would try a bee-line compass course for Sound Brook; then return by veering off to the south, where the country was a trifle smoother. Seadog might have taken the southerly course, especially if his engine had given him any advance warning of failure.

The Umpty-seven's engine had not given a second's warning that its work was over. One small piece of crystallized metal snapped, and silence struck their ears with all the startling effect of a cannon shot.

Instinctively Bill dropped the nose of the plane into a glide, and swept his glance over the country, looking for some opening large enough in which to land. The largest was almost directly beneath them—a sloping irregular patch of land, studded with rocks.

His breath jerked, and he looked at the girl. She, too, was searching the country desperately.

"Going to crack-up!" he announced.

She nodded. Her hands gripped the edge of the seat, and she experienced a moment of panic.

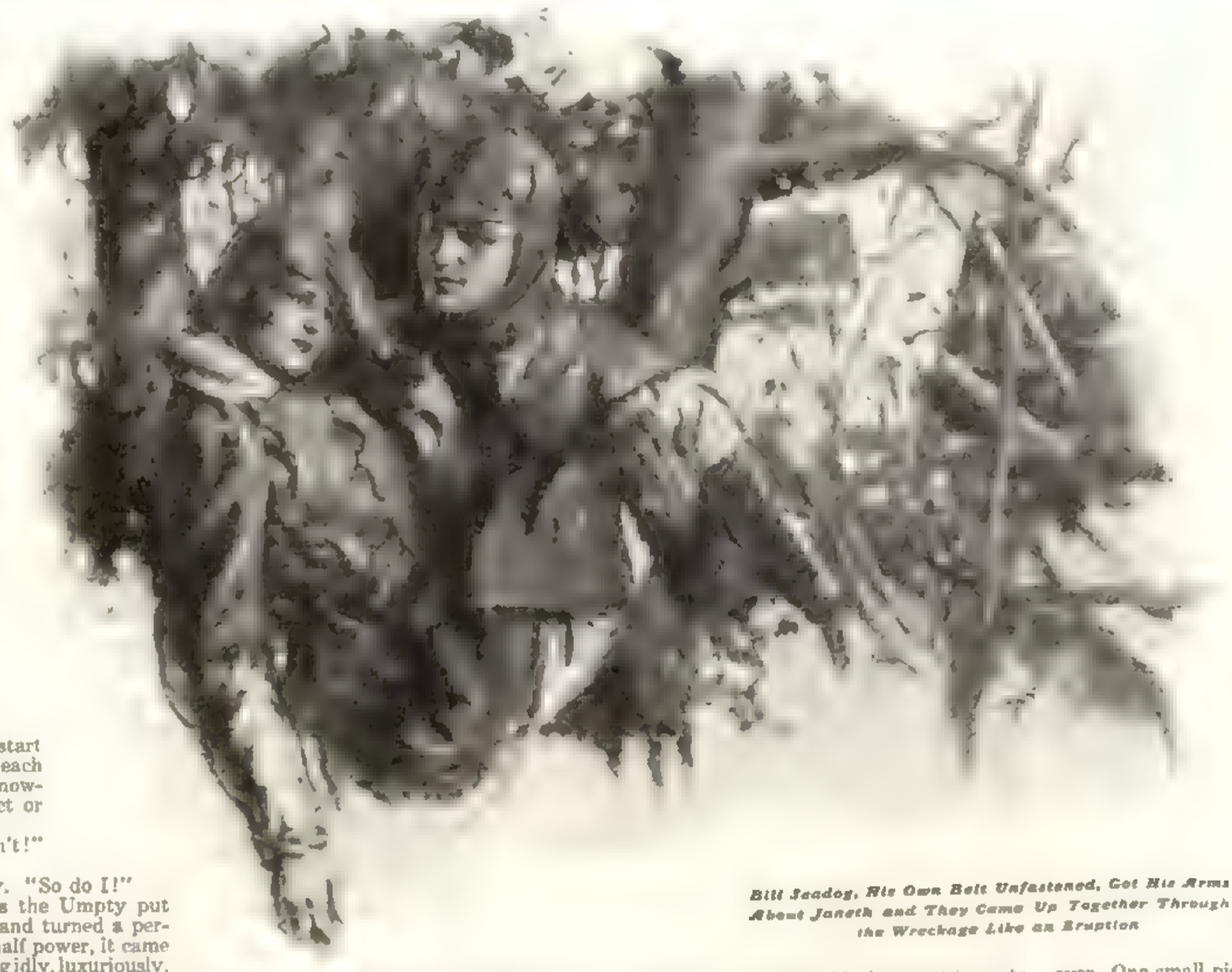
The propeller spun leisurely in its last revolution, kicked back and stopped, its blades shining unconcernedly in the sun. Bill Seadog laid the plane over in a wide easy spiral, and the earth, bearing disaster, drifted irrevocably up to meet them.

"Give me those goggles," he ordered. She stripped them off and he flung them, with his own, over the side. "Duck! I'm going to knock these windshields out!"

She bent forward, heard the tinkling of glass as he drove his gloved fist through the two shields. He touched her and she straightened. Already they were halfway to earth.

Terror at the thought of that impending crash struck her again. She looked at Bill

(Continued on Page 115)



Bill Seadog, His Own Belt Unfastened, Got His Arms About Janeth and They Came Up Together Through the Wreckage Like an Eruption

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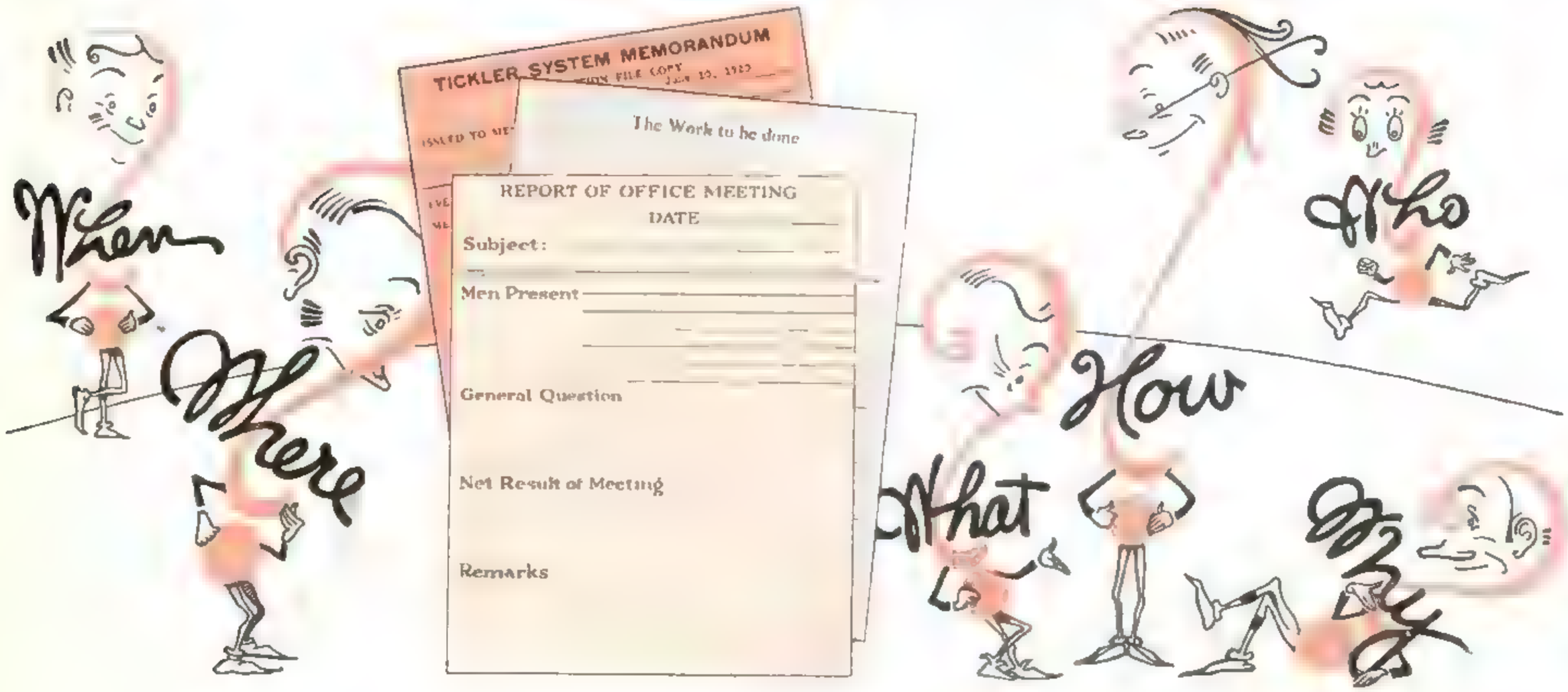

The home of six serving men

"I keep six honest serving men,
They taught me all I knew.
Their names are What and Why and When
And How and Where and Who."

—KIPLING

HAVE you a home in your office for these six serving men?

They are questions to be answered before things are done.

They keep you and your people from making mistakes. They insure accuracy and promptness and clear thinking.

If you will build them a home in your office, they will come and serve you.

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Use them on your printed forms.

The printer is the carpenter who builds their homes. Hammermill Bond is the paper they like best for the printing.

You will agree with them that you want Hammermill Bond when you check over the advantages Hammermill Bond gives you—how much better forms it makes.

When you buy printed forms, here are the things you need:

You need a good, strong, uniform paper suitable for pencil, pen, typewriter, and billing machine. Hammermill Bond is that sort of paper.

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You will need paper that is accessible—that your printer can get immediately. Hammermill Bond is carried in stock by most good printers and is stocked by our agents in eighty cities.

You will need a paper that your printer knows and likes to use, and that is true of Hammermill Bond.

When you have all these things, you want to be sure the price is right. Hammermill Bond is a standard quality bond paper at a low price.

Filler sheets for loose-leaf ring books and ledgers are now available in Hammermill Papers

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Look for this watermark—it is our word of honor to the public

HAMMERMILL BOND

The Utility Business Paper

(Continued from Page 110

Seadog. His eyes, unprotected from the wind, were nearly closed, and he peered at the ground magisterially, as though he had dispensed with emotion. She found it maddening just to sit there and wait, unable to do anything, apparently forgotten by him. The perfect inevitability of it was maddening. For the moment they were intact; within a minute or so they would be sprawled in a heap of wreckage. There was no power within themselves—or without, for that matter—which could delay for the smallest split fraction of a second the impersonal heedless working of the law of gravitation.

This was not Bill Seadog's first crack-up. She knew that from those long war tales which she had heard the two men spin. But it was her first, and she found herself gaining from him, as she watched him, some of that curious calm which had seemed, just a few seconds before, merely absence of emotion. It wasn't that. She knew how keenly he was drawing upon all his senses, demanding from them the utmost.

Confidence in him surged through her. And affection for him. It was so great that she wanted to touch his arm, just to let him know that she understood, that she trusted in him absolutely. Whatever happened, they would face it together.

There was no escape from wrecking the plane; but their own escape from injury would depend entirely upon how closely he could skirt a dozen different hazards. A few feet of altitude wasted, irreclaimably, or the slightest unnecessary speed at the moment of striking, might be enough to send them over that narrow margin wherein their safety lay.

They had descended in a widening spiral, while he inspected every angle of the small, irregular opening, and now he let the plane head directly away from it.

"Have to ram the trees," said Bill Seadog. He, like the law of gravitation, had become impersonal, and he gave his orders as though they were commonplace instructions. "Keep your belt fastened, and keep your hand on the catch—so you can undo it when we hit. Better keep your thumb behind the catch—so that your hand won't be jerked away. Don't get your body stiff when we strike. Take it easy."

For a moment his eyes rested upon hers poignantly. Then with one rapid glance backward he swung the plane about, headed for the opening. The rush of wind lessened as he jockeyed the machine, checking their speed until it seemed to wabble in danger of toppling over sideways. The tips of trees slid under them in a blur; those which stood at the edge of the clearing nearly brushed the wings of the plane.

They balanced precariously, settling earthward while the machine lost forward speed in the face of the woods which stood implacably before their eyes. The nose of the plane sought a gap between two trunks; the propeller blades snapped—a sharp prelude to the chaotic tumult of sound which engulfed them. Wings—splintering, ripping—folded back over them in an eclipse; then the body of the plane was flung downward, crashing as the under carriage gave way. Sound stopped abruptly

Bill Seadog, his own belt unfastened, got his arms about Janeth and they came up together through the wreckage like an eruption. In her unblinking eyes there was an expression of terror.

"Are you hurt?" he demanded.

"N-no!" she chattered. "Are you?"

"No." He gathered her in his arms, clambered over the wing and deposited her upon the ground. "Sure you're not?" She nodded vehemently, and began to cry, then to laugh.

He knelt beside her, took her hand. "Jan, dear!" In the face of hysterics he, too, had his moment of panic.

"G-go away!" begged the girl

"Will you lie down?"

Her head, hidden in her arms, bobbed spasmodically, and she stretched out upon the ground. As she became quiet he felt his panic—by far the worst he had experienced in this eventful day subside within h m.

At last she sat up, dabbing at her eyes. "Sorry. Couldn't help it. Whew! What a wreck!"

He was standing near her, looking from her to the ungainly remains of the Umpty-seven.

"What should we do?" asked the girl.

He was lighting a cigarette with hands that trembled "I spotted a house over there about a mile away. Near the little lake. Want to get a message to Eve, so that Allan won't be worried. We'll try to find a telephone first, then we'll get a car to pick us up. You'd better stay here, and wait for me."

"I'd rather go with you," she said earnestly.

"All right"

A few minutes later they came upon a dirt road which led in the direction of the house. Seadog's eyes told him that it had not been traveled in the past few weeks. He scowled and kept his thoughts to himself. The first glimpse of the house—a sprawling, one-story summer place confirmed his fears. The shutters were drawn over the windows, and the flower garden was blooming in luxurious neglect. Janeth turned to him questioningly.

"Did you see any other house near here?" he asked. "A farmhouse?"

She shook her head.

"Jan," he said suddenly, "we'd better get back to the plane! There's no chance of getting Eve on the telephone. Allan'll be out looking for us. We'll build a smudge on the field as a signal. When he comes down he'll see us and know we're safe. Then he can go back and send a car out for us."

They had not gone a quarter of a mile before the whine of the Umpty-five struck their ears.

Allan Brent was making long zigzags over the worst section of the route, heart pounding with anxiety and eyes straining for some glimpse of the Umpty-seven's wings. Then, at last, he caught for a brief instant the reflection of the sun upon a bright object half concealed in the edge of the woods which bordered a sloping, rocky open space. Dreading a closer inspection, he yanked the plane about and shot downward.

It was the Umpty-seven—a tangled wreck of wings and fuselage, and no signs of either Janeth or Bill Seadog. The thought that they might be buried under it sickened him. For a minute he circled about, wondering what he should do. To go for a doctor meant two possibly three or four—hours before he reached them. To land would mean another wreck; but he had no doubts of his own ability to wreck the plane and emerge safely, to give them immediate assistance. His mind leaped to that decision.

Seadog running, with Janeth following as fast as she could, saw him circle about, then heard the noise of his motor die. A few seconds later he had slipped from their sight, and they heard the grumbling crash which meant the end of the Umpty-five.

Allan yanked at his belt catch, fought his way through the wreckage and got to his feet. Earth churned about him noisily as he headed for the remains of the other plane. His feet became leaden. The whirling kaleidoscopic woods and sky turned suddenly to black; and far away there was a deep resounding "*Toc!*" Next he heard the voices of Janeth and Bill, as though they came from the end of an unimaginably long corridor. A waterfall came down upon his head, and he was filled with a desire to protest bitterly. It was a stupid joke to pour water over a man.

"Allan! Allan!" came Janeth's voice insistently.

He opened his eyes, to find them kneeling over him, in a mist; and he was too confused even to feel elated that they were safe. More than anything else, he wanted to sleep. Seadog, like a fiend, persisted in peeling back his eyelids and staring into the pupils.

"Just a crack on the head," Seadog was assuring Janeth. "Cut his scalp a bit. Knocked him out. That's all. Better get some more water."

It was too late to go wandering out over the country in hopes of reaching, by good luck alone, a telephone, and so they added housebreaking to the day's occupations. Bill Seadog wrenched at a shutter until its catch broke, then forced open a window. A few minutes later logs were crackling in the big stone fireplace of the living room.

While the others explored the house Allan sat before the fire, nursing his head. It felt as though it had been hacked open with an ax; the cut in his scalp burned and smarted. Except when he kept his eyes closed the room lurched uneasily about him.

The thought of Eve Holland came into his mind repeatedly, as though it were swinging through an orbit. She would be worrying. And it would be mighty difficult, after this, to convince her father that flying was a perfectly sensible, safe business.

Janeth came into the room. "I've got one of the beds made. Hadn't you better lie down for a while?" She slipped an arm about him.

"People make me tired," he said irrelevantly. "They're perfectly willing to get kicked by a horse, bumped by an automobile or wrecked in a train. Happens all the time. Then they're afraid of aeroplanes." He looked up, and her face bobbed dizzily. "I mean Eve's father," he continued thickly. "Doesn't want to have her marry a pilot!"

"Oh!" said Janeth explosively, staring at him. For weeks she had been hoping that he would fall in love with Eve Holland, for weeks she had done everything she could to bring it about, without daring to suspect that he had gone so far as to propose to her.

"Whew! What a head!"

Seadog entered, face radiant. "I've found some bacon and some tea! Got the fire in the kitchen going."

"You'd better help Allan get into bed," suggested Janeth. "He feels pretty rocky."

With his head bathed and bandaged, Allan lay back thankfully upon the bed, began an argument with Mr. Holland—an argument which always seemed beautifully lucid and convincing, but which had a way of going around in a circle and arriving back at the incontestable point that the two assets of the Brent Aviation Company were junk, beyond all dreams of repair. The argument continued through his sleep.

Bill Seadog had discovered some potatoes, their eyes sprouting long white tendrils. He displayed them proudly.

"If you'll cook dinner," said Janeth, "I'll be fixing beds for us and setting the table." Then she turned back to add, "Sing out about five minutes before it's ready."

In the bedroom which she had taken for her own she opened her suitcase, which Bill had lugged from the wreck, and shook out the dress she had been planning to wear that night at Eve's, regarded it thoughtfully. She returned to the living room, arranged a small table before the fire, put candles upon it, extinguished the oil lamp.

"Just about ready," warned Bill Seadog from the kitchen; then his voice rose in song joyously. She stood listening for a moment, a smile touching her mouth, before she hurried off to her room again

Seadog, with a platter of bacon and fried potatoes in one hand, a pot of tea in the other, came into the room and stopped short, gaped at her. Janeth, slender and dark, was standing before the fire, the snug cloth-of-silver bodice of her dress reflecting the wavering light of flames. The chiffon skirt made her seem as if she were rising through a mist. He put the platter and teapot down, just to be rid of them.

"Janeth," he began, "sometimes you're so—so beautiful that it hurts! I mean ——" He found himself unable to go on, to say what he meant. "Why did you?" he asked instead.

His hand went out in a gesture toward the dress, and she took it in hers for an instant.

"Because I'm happy."

"Happy'"

She nodded solemnly. "I'm happy because we're all here, and safe—and because Allan isn't going to fly any more—and because he's going to marry Eve—and because the planes are wrecked, and ——"

"Janeth," he interrupted, recapturing her hand, "I'm an awfully silly egg—never was much of a prize. But—I mean —— Oh, Janeth!" Then, somehow, he found that he had her in his arms, and that all the things he wanted to say were ridiculously easy to say.

They were lingering over dinner, when Allan called. Bill Seadog went to him, and several minutes passed.

"Allan says that there's a telegram for me in the map case of the Umpty-five," he said when he returned. "I'll take the lantern from the kitchen and go dig it out. Allan wants to see you. I told him." He beamed upon her suddenly. "It's all right. He's full-out for the idea. Only—*you* tell him that he isn't going to fly any more."

"Certainly I will! And you're not going to fly either!"

By lantern light Bill Seadog tossed aside wreckage until he found the map case and

(Continued on Page 117

ELECTRIC Hose users seldom need new hose

While others must buy new hose each season, the man who wisely insists upon ELECTRIC finds it good for another year and more of service. Letters from users show that many owners haven't taken their ELECTRIC Hose off the hydrant for years. It is the most durable of all hose. With reasonable care it will last through many seasons.

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As large a stream of water is delivered from the nozzle of ⅝" hose as ¾" hose. It throws the stream farther! This ⅝" size is lighter as well as cheaper and being lighter it does not wear out so quickly when dragged over rough cement and cinders

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MEN who have learned to appreciate the value of smart appearance wear ARROW COLLARS.

They do this because ARROW COLLARS present the last word in Style and in Make. ARROW COLLARS have, during a quarter of a century, built up a large and loyal following of satisfied wearers. These know the comfort of the assurance afforded by that little touch of formality only imparted by the clean cut, good fitting, starched collar.

There is no substitute in the wardrobe of the gentleman for an ARROW COLLAR.

20c *each*

Follow the Arrow and you follow the Style

(Continued from Page 115

the telegram. He read it, reread it, stuffed it into his pocket and walked slowly toward the cottage.

"Janeth," he said, "I've got to go back to England. Couldn't we be married right away, so that you could go back with me?"

"What's happened?" she asked anxiously.

"Telegram from our solicitors. His grace is pretty badly off. May not live long. Then I'm next up, you see!"

"You'll be ——"

Bill Seadog nodded glumly. "I'll be his grace—the Duke of Tallbout." His voice had risen, with a little suggestion of pride. "It won't be so awfully stuffy, Janeth," he pleaded. "We'll live here some of the time in Brent House!"

"And I'll be ——"

"The Duchess of Tallbout."

Her arms went down limply to her sides. "Bill—I'm scared. I'd much rather just be Mrs. Seadog!"

It struck them both as they stood there facing each other that this was the end of youthful adventuring. It was as though in that minute they were going through all the pangs of growing up; trading everything they had known for responsibilities.

"I'm scared, too," he admitted sadly. "We'll try and get him well again, but if we can't ——" He paused. "Well, some mighty fine men and women have been the Duke and Duchess of Tallbout." His voice had risen again, with that same note of pride. "Men and women that we'd like. And if it comes to us, we'll try to be the sort that they'd like! We'll stick together, and take what comes—and be game about it!"

Her eyes met his, and she nodded.

The door from Allan's room opened and he came into the living room. "Head's stopped aching," he announced. "I've been thinking about Morrison's racing plane, and it strikes me that it doesn't make much difference how fast you go. The big thing is where you end up—the happy landing. Me for Eve!" He looked at them curiously. "Say, what's the matter with you two? I thought you were happy—and you look as though you'd lost your last friend."

Bill Seadog fished deeply in his pocket and handed him the cablegram.

OUR TRADE RIVALS, THE BRITISH

(Continued from Page 35

reflex in unemployment. The lot of toilers in such industrial centers as Liverpool and Manchester becomes meaner and harder.

The number of officially certified unemployed laborers in Great Britain during the past three years has averaged more than 1,500,000 and is today running in excess of 1,000,000. In the past twelve months contributions by the central government for the relief of unemployment amounted to £49,000,000, this in addition to the help provided by local authorities and by trade-unions. The contribution to health and unemployment insurance is considerably more than three times the prewar amount. All this imposes a heavy economic burden upon productive industry.

The British dead-weight national debt has increased elevenfold in the past decade. In 1914 the debt of £651,000,000 represented a per capita charge of £15 while the 1923 debt of £7,573,000,000 represents a charge of about £160 to every unit of population. This is a staggering load for any people to carry.

The weight of British central and local taxation has now risen to 295 per cent of that of 1913. This contrasts unfavorably with an increase in the cost of living of 181.5 per cent and an advance in wholesale prices of 159 per cent. The total tax revenue of Great Britain in a single year since the war ran to figures double the dead-weight national debt of 1914, and British receipts from income taxes alone in 1921 would have sufficed to pay off in two years the entire national debt of a decade ago. What man would have prophesied ten years ago that the British Government would be compelled to raise in a given year from income taxes alone a sum equivalent to twice the entire annual budget in 1913? For the fiscal year 1923-24 the British per capita tax of $68, as converted at current rates of exchange, compares with $25.70 in the United States, $18 in France and $12 in Italy. The comparison becomes more unfavorable when one remembers that per capita income is much higher in the United States than in Great Britain.

Relative Efficiency

The net income from British investments abroad has been cut in half as a result of the war. This income is now estimated at £100,000,000 as contrasted with £200,000,000 in 1913. It is estimated that the British have lost a quarter of the $20,000,000,000 of foreign investments which they owned before the war. On the wrong side of the ledger is the annual service charge of more than $150,000,000 on the war-contracted debt to the United States.

British labor as compared with American has become relatively less efficient. A British coal miner in 1913 averaged 371 tons of coal a year. His output was down in 1922 to 307 tons, as compared with 685 tons per American miner in 1922. One of the causes of the disparity in per man output is the conservatism of the British in opposing labor-saving machinery. In 1922, 68.2 per cent of the bituminous coal mined in America was undercut by machines, while only 14.9 per cent was so mined in Great Britain. This disparity is due in part to organized opposition to labor-saving machinery, and also to the geological structure of the coal seams.

The British are falling farther and farther behind us in applying to manufacture the principles of scientific mass production. The automatic loom, seldom seen in a British mill, is considered essential by the American cloth weaver. One woman may tend as many as twelve looms in the United States, while it takes one worker to every three old-fashioned looms in Great Britain. Floyd Parsons estimates that the American worker, man for man, is producing twice as much as the British workman. Vyles, another writer, reckons that it takes ten British workmen to do the work of seven American workmen. Sir George F. Foster, former cabinet minister in Canada, has been quoted as saying that three American workmen produce as much as five British workmen.

Britain's Drink Bill

We can build an automobile, box it for export, transport it by rail to seaboard, pay heavy ocean freights and insurance, surmount a tariff wall of one-third the landed cost and undersell British machines in their own markets. More passenger cars of American manufacture are running on British roads today than all machines of British make combined. The American worker produces more shoes, automobiles and cotton piece goods than the British worker, first, because he is better organized and technically better equipped, but also because he is a steadier man at his job.

In the old days the superior skill of the American workman was offset by the high American wage scale; otherwise American production would have carried everything before it in the world markets. Any increase in the efficiency of the American laborer means a corresponding reduction in the relative wage scale. The average Britisher will tell you that from the standpoint of ethics prohibition is bad in principle, but from the economic standpoint disconcertingly good in practice. Sir George Paish estimates the British annual 1922 drink bill at £365,000,000, or considerably more than $1,500,000,000. To this economic loss may be added the loss in human efficiency. The sober man is steadier at his job and puts more into it.

For generations the cotton-textile industry has been Britain's premier trade concern. It is doubtful whether we shall ever equal the British when it comes to quality in cotton manufacture. It is one thing to produce cotton cloth which will adequately cover the body of a naked savage. It is another thing to produce a cloth which will meet the aesthetic demands of the modern woman of fashion. The fastidious civilized man demands a cloth of cotton ticking to protect him from the rough filling of the

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There are a lot of you men who know Frostilla Fragrant Lotion—you've heard your wife and mother speak of it as the "best ever" for the skin. But do you know it is a whale of a comfort after shaving?

Frostilla Fragrant Lotion peps up the skin and makes it feel cool and new. It supplies a "precious moisture" which everyday shaving and washing steal from the skin—a moisture which is absolutely necessary to suppleness. Use Frostilla Fragrant Lotion after every shave, after every wash and your skin will never know that drawn tight feeling which comes from excessive dryness.

Softer Beard—Frothier Lather

Pour a few drops of Frostilla Fragrant Lotion on your soapy shaving brush and work in with the lather. You'll find the meanest beard is quickly softened and the lather is made smoother and frothier.

For sale everywhere in the U. S. and Canada. Regular price 35 cents. The Frostilla Company (Established 1873) Elmira, New York. Selling Representatives: Harold F. Ritchie & Co., New York, Toronto, London and Sydney.

Frostilla
Fragrant Lotion

mattress upon which he sleeps. With it he must have a cotton sheeting of better quality to protect him from the ticking, and in turn sleeping garments of fine-spun fabric as a protection from the rougher sheeting. When it comes to luxury to the satisfaction of the æsthetic instinct the feet of mortals are upon the steps of an infinite progression.

The strength of the British cotton industry inheres in the ability of the spinner to turn out the fine counts which go into the manufacture of high-priced voiles, organdies and batistes sold on a quality basis the world over. In climate, labor and manufacturing technic the British have the best of us in this field, but from the quantitative standpoint England is being left far in the rear. America, with 36,000,000 spindles, turns out about double the weight of cotton yarn produced by the 52,000,000 British spindles.

England is dependent upon foreign markets for nearly 85 per cent of her cotton goods. On the other hand, the United States finds a market at home for about 90 per cent of her national output. The per capita consumption of cotton goods in the United States—thirty-three pounds—is more than twice as high as that of any other people in the world. The severe falling off in foreign demand for cotton goods since the war affects us very slightly, while it strikes deep like a dart into the very heart of British industrial prosperity.

England is in a position to undersell us on fine cotton goods in practically all overseas markets. But her exports in 1923 amounted to only about 60 per cent of the 1913 ratio to production, whereas our export trade last year stood in just about the same ratio to national production as it did in 1913.

Factors in the decline of the British cotton export trade are: Lost markets in Russia and Central Europe, suspension of the Turkish trade for six to seven years, the high tariff imposed by the Indian Government on cotton imports, stimulation of Oriental production.

India imported in 1922 three times as much cotton machinery as was purchased the year before. In China the consumption of British cotton has slumped severely, chiefly due to the fact that wages have increased over prewar only 20 per cent while the price of cotton cloth has increased about 300 per cent. Further, the Chinese are buying spinning and weaving machinery and are attempting to build up with cheap labor a textile industry of their own.

The Magnates of the City

Speaking of India, the war has jolted the British trader out of his former complacent way of talking and thinking of imperial federation. Oversea colonies of white men, such as Canada, Australia and South Africa, sent their best and bravest men to support the motherland in the Great War. On the commercial side the war brought disintegration and defection. For purposes of world trade imperial preference remains hardly more than an empty political catchword. What does it amount to in Canada, Australia and India if it does not become effective until the manufacturing industries in these countries have claimed and received full measure of protection against British goods? In the Canadian trade, for example, propinquity is worth a good deal more to us than the phantom of imperial preference to the British. Commercially the fruits of a quarter century of imperial preference are meager indeed. Since the war the British flag has been hauled down in Egypt and one may reasonably prophesy that a decade hence India will virtually have become a neutral as far as the trade of the world is concerned.

Turning from the debit to the credit side, there are two ancient buildings in the heart of London which symbolize in a way the commercial strength of Britain in the four corners of the globe. One is the Bank of England, the other Saint Paul's Cathedral. The Bank of England is a low, squat, windowless pile of stone and mortar, with all the architectual grimness of a fortification. It is, indeed, a fortification—the financial citadel of the world's financial center. Hard by is Saint Paul's Cathedral, representing the spiritual strength, character and aspiration of an indomitable race. The invincible honesty of the British trader is an immaterial thing, but a precious asset in the markets of the world.

The banking, insurance, brokerage and commercial intelligence center of this planet focuses in a circumscribed territory known as the City in that great agglomeration of nearly 8,000,000 inhabitants called London. Administratively, greater London is a unit; in reality, it is a merger of twenty-nine component parts, of which the City is only one. The City may be compared to the district south of Fulton Street in New York or to the Loop in Chicago. The population of the City in the 1921 census is given at 13,706, or a decrease of more than 30 per cent in ten years, while populous London boroughs such as Islington or Wandsworth, with more than 300,000 inhabitants each, play no important part in world affairs. Down in the City, the entrance to which has been technically guarded for centuries by Temple Bar, the world's great financial transactions are centralized. In dark, narrow, winding streets, such as Mincing Lane, the rubber interests of the world are concentrated. In Mark Lane the world's most powerful wheat brokers find their headquarters. Down in Saint Mary's Axe, just back of the Bank of England, center great export houses specializing in the trade with India, China, South America, South Africa and Australia.

You thread your way through such crooked thoroughfares as Threadneedle, Leadenhall or Fenchurch Street, craving speech with some powerful international merchant or broker. You climb up three or four flights of dark stairs and are conducted, after many twistings and turnings through narrow passageways, to the inner office of some great man. Here he sits in a cubbyhole hardly larger than the cabin of a transatlantic liner. Mayhap a single window gives out upon a grimy court in which the stark black boughs of trees gloom through the murky, fog-laden air.

England's Coal and Iron

One hardly senses the mighty life that beats in this circumscribed area, just as it is difficult to believe that the stunted and blackened trees will blossom into life and put forth their delicate green foliage in springtime. It is all so different from the spacious office of the prosperous American business man, with its steel engravings, expensive rugs and mahogany desk embellished with push buttons. It was said of the brave Admiral Coligny that his life lacked nothing but success. In somewhat the same way it may be remarked of the British business man's methods that he seems to lack everything but success. He actually does succeed, and for 400 years, since the trade guilds of London memorialized the efforts of Elizabeth Tudor to build up foreign trade, the British foreign trader has stood at the head of his class.

England's position in world trade is buttressed by coal, investment, shipping and insurance services, and the commercial genius of the individual trader. These factors all hang together. While agriculture forms the base of the American pyramid of wealth, coal represents the keystone in the arch of British prosperity. Coal furnishes the clew through which one may weave his way into the labyrinth of British world trade. The juxtaposition of coal and iron is the keystone of modern industrial success, whether attained in the valley of the Rhine; at Gary, Indiana; Sheffield, England; or Birmingham, Alabama.

The union of coal and iron in England not only established England's primacy among the industrial nations of the world but provided energy to drive locomotives and propel steamships. Through this union the Atlantic Ocean shrank to a mere strait between the New and the Old World, and coincidentally the Atlantic stage of world commerce gave place to a wider theater of interchange limited only by the physical bounds of the planet. The great thing thus achieved by mankind in commercial relations was mobility, and mobility was achieved through the union of iron and coal.

It is not an exaggeration to say that world commerce conditions changed more in the nineteenth century than they had altered before in 1000 years. Communication in the days of Napoleon was not essentially different from what it was in the age of Julius Cæsar. The men who went down to the sea in ships depended upon the caprice of the winds as motive power. Then came steam, and the ends of the world began to be knit together by the steamship and the railway. Later came electricity, realizing Puck's fanciful boast of putting a girdle round the world in forty minutes.

The prosperity of modern Britain is thus linked with coal both on the industrial side and on the side of sea-borne commerce. Coal provides the pivot upon which foreign trade centers. With respect to Britain's primacy in the world coal trade, certain essential factors may be noted. First, Britain is an island kingdom which cannot support from its own soil one-third of its present population. Second, this island kingdom draws the great bulk of its foodstuffs and raw materials from overseas. Third, Britain is the center of a vast *entrepôt* trade. Fourth, the British Isles make ends meet by exporting capital, coal and manufactured goods, and by rendering banking and shipping and insurance services to the world in general. But coal is the beginning and the end of the whole trade gamut.

Nature designed Britain to play a leading rôle in the world's coal trade. The islands lie in a position of contiguity to the great Continental coal markets and the coal deposits within the islands lie in a position of proximity to the sea. The deposits of Welsh coal most favored for the export trade lie almost within sight of the sea, with a down-grade haul to tidewater. The average haul from British coal fields to tidewater would probably not exceed forty miles, or hardly one-tenth of the average rail haul from the nearest American bituminous field to the Atlantic seaboard. Within the narrow compass of England, Scotland and Wales, with a combined area slightly less than that of the state of Kansas, there are, according to the latest official estimates, reserves of coal in excess of 100,000,000,000 tons. The annual output from this circumscribed island kingdom before the war was approximately one-half the entire production of Continental Europe.

As though Nature had not done enough in the matter of coal endowment, the entire economic position of the country has tended to develop to the utmost the potentialities of British coal in the markets of the world. In addition to the advantages conferred by low inland rail rates, the movement of British coal overseas is favored by what might be called downhill flow. British ocean transportation, developed through 400 years of experience, represents navigation ability carried to the *n*th power. The entire economic position of Britain favors cheap ocean transport of coal, in contrast to our own position, which is adverse to cheap coal transport, whether rail or ocean borne.

British Advantages

The position of the United States with respect to bulky freights is centrifugal, the flow being outward, while the position of Britain is centripetal, the natural flow being inward. We are under the necessity of exporting bulky raw stuffs such as wheat, copper, baled cotton, lumber, petroleum. Britain exports no bulky raw stuffs with the exception of coal, and therefore stands in a favorable position to cut freight rates on outbound coal cargoes. British coal for Alexandria can be carried at a cut rate because the master of the vessel is in a position to negotiate a back haul of Egyptian raw cotton for the Lancashire mills. So it is that a British coal charter may be had to Argentina for as low as fourteen shillings owing to the ability of the vessel to secure a back haul of wheat to Liverpool for thirty-three shillings. The great advantage thus possessed by the British is in the matter of transportation.

There is a counter compensation, though not enough, in the advantage which we possess in the geographical structure of our coal seams. Our coal deposits are more accessible from the earth's surface. Coal-mining operations with us are ordinarily drift propositions, the haul from the deposit to the colleries being horizontal rather than vertical. On the other hand, it is fairly exact to say that there is not a drift mine of any consequence in the United Kingdom. British coal is shaft wound from deep-driven pits, some of which are down as far as 4000 feet.

The mechanical difficulties and the expense of coal mined in Great Britain are considerably augmented by the depth of the mines. The coal, however, having once been hoisted, British superiority immediately asserts itself in such natural advantages as propinquity to tidewater and such human advantages as superiority in commercial competition. Into competitive superiority enter such factors as lower wages, investment in the far corners of the earth, political and economic influence built up through centuries of traffic and

(Continued on Page 121)

KEEPING FAITH WITH YOU

When you go into a drug store and see an article bearing the signature Johnson & Johnson, with the Red Cross mark, you may rest assured that it is the best that can be made.

Physicians and Nurses have known this for nearly forty years. Your Druggist knows it, too. So do millions of people all over the world. It is worth remembering.

RED CROSS ABSORBENT COTTON
RED CROSS GAUZE DRESSINGS
"ZO" ADHESIVE PLASTER
TRAVELKIT, FOR FIRST AID
JOHNSON'S BABY POWDER
LISTER'S DENTAL FLOSS
—and 400 other products for professional and home use

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NEW BRUNSWICK, N. J., U. S. A.

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YOUR DRUGGIST IS MORE THAN A MERCHANT

Long years of study and long hours of service enable your Druggist to aid you in time of urgent need. He fills your Physician's Prescriptions, and selects with utmost care articles essential to your health and welfare. You seek him out in time of stress. You should patronize him daily—whenever you need the quality articles he sells.

Try the Drug Store First

©1924

Was Jeremiah speaking to you?

OUT of the mists of the past flashes the warning: "O foolish people, that have eyes and see not." More than twenty-five centuries have rolled by since Jeremiah, on a hillside in Judea, uttered this searching phrase. Its meaning was, of course, a spiritual one; yet may we not apply these words to a condition which exists today? What could better describe the unconscious victims of our own Age of Eyestrain—with its fine-print books, glaring artificial lights and flickering motion pictures.

Who?

Who are they, today, these people "that have eyes and see not"? Millions! At least one American in every five doesn't see well, doesn't see with all the clearness or effortless ease of normal vision.

The child who is pitied as "backward," the woman whose headaches and "nerves" are a life-long burden, the man who fails to go forward in life because he actually cannot see his work clearly and easily—these are the people to whom the prophet's words apply. And you, too, in spite of the fact that you think you see clearly, or without hurtful effort, may be of their number.

Someone else must detect it for you

You may be one—unless your eyes have been examined within the last two years and the expert has assured you that your vision does not need correction. Bad eyesight is like color blindness, because you have no standards by which you can make comparisons. Someone else must detect it for you.

That someone else is the qualified eyesight expert, equipped with precise examining instruments such as Wellsworth Trial Sets, and endowed with the fruits of such scientific research as that of the Wellsworth Scientific Staff But Science's power to help is wasted unless you yourself take the first step. *Have your eyes examined without delay.*

American Optical Company Southbridge Mass U S A

for Better Eyesight
WELLSWORTH
PRODUCTS

All that Science can give; all that Artistry can add

Copyright, 1924, American Optical Company

(Continued from Page 118)

colonization, freedom to enlist cheap foreign crews, ability to secure return cargoes—in a word, higher technic in the handling of shipping conferred through the necessity of adjusting the economic life of the country to meet the semiamphibious conditions imposed upon an island people.

There was a period in the summer of 1921 during the British coal strike when it looked as if British coal would be very largely displaced by American coal in all the principal markets of the world. We actually carried American coal to Newcastle. We temporarily elbowed England out of the Scandinavian and Mediterranean trade and took a commanding lead in South American business. This proved nothing more than a flash in the pan. The strike of the British miners to maintain wages at an uneconomically high war level failed, because the commercial intelligence of the British people decided that the mines must pay their own way and that coal must come down to a price level that would enable Britain to undersell American competitors in foreign markets.

The coal-export business in England is handled by men who have been trained to it all their lives, and their fathers before them; the type of man who knows nothing else and is not interested in anything else; the kind of man who can stand with his back to the chute when a vessel is being loaded and can tell you from the sound what grade of coal is going into the ship's hold. Just as specialists in medicine possess a skill denied to the general practitioner, so the British specialists in foreign trade make the efforts of their competitors look amateurish in comparison. Not less than $500,000,000 was paid by other nations to England last year for coal.

Further, export trade is the lifeblood of the British nation. Britain cannot pay or feed her population without this huge export trade. Up to ten years ago our export trade was something of a refinement and a luxury; to Britain it has always been a fundamental necessity. In the Apocrypha a flood of light is thrown upon the life history of an ancient worthy in a single brief line: "whose talk is of bullocks." The same thing may be said of the British foreign trader. His talk is of coal, of tea, of hides, of rubber; and he knows just a little better what he is talking about than his competitor in any other country in the world.

The success of British shipping may be understood when the technic of foreign shipowners is understood. The other day a steamship arrived in Boston with 5000 tons of Welsh anthracite. After discharging this cargo, the steamer proceeded to Norfolk and loaded a cargo of bituminous coal for a French port. Freight was earned both ways on a 3000-mile trip, carrying the same kind of commodity on the outward voyage and on the back haul, a transaction based on the fact that Welsh anthracite undersells Pennsylvania anthracite in New England and that West Virginia coal undersells Welsh coal in France.

Advantages of Foreign Investment

Still following the approach through coal and navigation, we may advance the next step to British investment. Traded in daily on the London Stock Exchange are securities representing railroads in Chile, South Africa, Argentina, Canada; rubber plantations in Ceylon; tea growing in China; rice culture in India; cotton growing in the Sudan; banks in Persia, Bengal, Rhodesia, Australia, China, Syria, South Africa.

During the years 1920 and 1921, when we were importing huge quantities of Egyptian raw cotton and at the same time exporting coal to Egypt, we were unable to procure Egyptian cotton as a back haul to Boston and New York, although in the year 1920 our Egyptian cotton imports rose to the value of nearly $90,000,000, and a greater volume of Egyptian cotton entered the port of Boston than the port of Liverpool. The British saw to it that Egyptian cotton was freighted in British bottoms, although at that particular time American vessels were prepared to undercut going rates. The matter was handled through British investment in Egypt. British capital had financed the Egyptian cotton grower and the exporters as well.

Here we have a concrete example of the advantage conferred upon foreign trade by investment. The writer has in mind a powerful British coal firm which represents the business amalgamation of collieries, coal-export companies and coal-carrying railways. It happens that the chairman of this concern is a director of two great railways in the Argentine and of an important gas company in Buenos Aires. One might hazard a very intelligent guess as to what would be the outcome if an American coal firm should try to take away this Argentine business from British purveyors. When an equipment contract is to be given out for an Argentine railway or new apparatus for an electric-light concern in Buenos Aires, the matter is attended to by a board of directors which often sits not in Buenos Aires but in London. It is British material that goes down there, and an outside competitor would be hard put to it to have a look-in on this business.

The development of the British trust has been unobtrusive, and British opinion is still much befogged as to whether these great trade combinations have proved a benefit or a detriment to British trade in general. British trusts hold in reserve immense penetrative power when it comes to breaking into foreign markets. The important thing is that up to the moment this power has been exercised sparingly. To use a football figure, the Germans used the cartel, or trade syndicate, to break through the line of competition and throw their competitors back for a loss. Under the German cartel system the domestic market is charged what the traffic will bear and a proportion of the proceeds acquired from domestic sales is applied toward pushing sales in foreign markets. The German Coal Syndicate, for example, sold coal in Belgium and Holland below the home price. This dumping policy has never been employed on a broad scale by the English trusts for the purpose of invading foreign markets.

Trade Combinations Permitted

The Coats organization is the product of extensive amalgamation in the British sewing-cotton industry. Its products are sold throughout the world on a quality basis. The J. & P. Coats sewing-cotton combine markets only about 25 per cent of its output at home. The bulk of this huge combination's business is done in foreign markets. The so-called British Soap Trust controls 70 per cent of the total British output, interlocking with Pears, Ltd., which markets soap throughout the world. The competitive strength, however, of such British products as cotton and woolen textiles, pottery, soap and high-grade leather goods was manifested long before the era of trade combinations.

For the past twenty years American public opinion has been hostile to trade combination and the arm of the Government has often been invoked against them. Quite a different attitude prevails in England. The British Government puts no obstacles in the way of trade amalgamation and instances may be cited in which the government directly participates in great business enterprises. The participation of the government in trade is contrary to neither British principles nor practice. Today the government holds stock in British Dyestuffs, Ltd., which manufactures between 80 and 90 per cent of the dyes produced in the United Kingdom. The British Government is a stockholder in the Anglo-Persian Oil Company.

Recalling the attitude of our own Government toward the American packers, it may be noted that the British Government has always displayed a tender consideration for the British packing trust known as Vestey Brothers. It would hardly be an exaggeration to use the homely term "cahoots" as applying to the relationship between the British Government and its own great meat trust. Vestey Brothers, a huge vertical trade consolidation, does a larger business than our own big packers, and in addition to controlling packing houses, steamship lines and coal-storage facilities, the trust conducts 5000 retail meat shops in Great Britain. Vestey Brothers is now in a position to dominate the world's hide market if it chooses to exercise this power, and it is not improbable that it will shortly put Argentine beef on the United States market in competition with Chicago packers selling American beef.

One must remember that governmental policy in England since the time of the Napoleonic Wars has been determined by the slogan, Trade Has the Right of Way. We cannot expect to have our cake and eat it too. We cannot expect to frown upon trade combinations at home in the interest of the consumer and at the same time expect to maintain the same competitive cutting edge in foreign markets which the British obtain through their unfettered trade combinations. British trade interests in China are organized under the Hong-Kong Company Ordinances. No corporation or income taxes are imposed by the imperial government on these concerns, which, of course, enables the British to undersell American firms that are doing business in China subject to the incidence of Federal taxation.

Britain is the only important country in the world today which affords even the semblance of a free market to the commodities of the world. Americans may send many kinds of merchandise into England without encountering any tariff obstacle at the water's edge. The Frenchman may ship his fine woolens across the Channel into England without let or hindrance. Wheat and wool, which bear a heavy customs tax in this country, pour freely into England from the four quarters of the globe.

This proves a mighty bulwark to British trade, inasmuch as it is elemental in human nature to buy where one can sell. All trade is individual, based upon the swapping of the products of one man's industry and genius for those of another man's industry and genius. There is a long list of articles in England today which are subject to customs duty—some, such as tea and sugar, solely for purposes of revenue; others, such as automobiles and pianos, for the purpose of general protection; others, such as dyes, chemicals and optical glass, designed as emergency methods to meet special post-war German competition in these particular items. The list appears long because, like the powers delegated to our Federal Government under the Constitution, they are enumerated. The reserve field is really much broader.

Add to this strategic position of strength the political and economic influence exerted by Great Britain over one-fourth of the habitable area of the globe. It is a truism to state that commerce follows the flag. The British manufacturer of soap, drawing for his raw materials upon a dozen overseas countries, derives the bulk of these materials from foreign countries in which Britain exercises a preponderant political and economic influence. The British manufacturer of a particular soap sold throughout the world informed us that he got his crude glycerin at home, palm kernel oil from the West Coast of equatorial Africa, his palm oil from the same source, his cotton oil from Egypt, mowrah oil from India, coconut oil from Ceylon, soy-bean oil from China, mutton tallow from Australia. Except for the beef tallow from South America and the rosin from Spain and the United States, all the raw material was derived from quasi-British sources.

Outposts of British Trade

British foreign trade is buttressed by shipping, investment, trade combination and government support the world over. There is another factor which is more important than any one of these—that is the personal influence of the individual British trader. For generations Britain has thrown off an outer rim of population. Young men in the prime of life have gone to the ends of the earth, settled down among alien peoples, have studied their wants, learned their tastes, established their customers' credit ratings, and with infinite patience and courage have been content to await results. It is rather significant that English sporting terms, such as "tennis," "bulldog," "knock-out," have been incorporated without a change in the languages of far-flung peoples in all quarters of the globe. These British sentinels, standing well out on the trading frontiers of this planet, are men of character and the goods they sell are quality goods. As a consequence an Englishman's word is a great asset in itself. It is that important but intangible business asset which we call goodwill.

It must be understood that on the manufacturing side England is the home of finishing trades; that is to say, her manufacturing primacy is based on ability to turn out goods of high grade and elaborate workmanship. English cotton and woolen piece goods, for example, are sold throughout the world on a basis of quality. Wedgwood china for generations has sold on a quality basis. An eggshell teacup bearing the stamp of Minton surmounts our high tariff. English worsteds, cheviots and tweeds sell here on a quality basis.

What lonely sheep herder in Queen Elizabeth's day, tending his meager flock on the

Winter? *No-July!*

What are they sitting on? Mount Victoria. Where are they going? Down...a mile a minute. Who's that in front? The Swiss guide. Who's that laughing hardest, feeling youngest...the one who ate all the bacon...and slept under six red blankets in the stone hut on Abbott Pass, sky-high among the glaciers—near Lake Louise...who hasn't a care in the world...nor a wish except for something more to eat?...*You!*

Don't waste your time doing the usual thing this summer...getting two months older and being bored in the process. Cut loose for the Canadian Pacific Bungalow Camp at Lake O'Hara, eight thousand feet up, where the pep grows among the heather, and you can eat as much as you want because you can climb it off.

There are nine of these Bungalow Camps, each specializing on something. Pick your winner or try them all in turn. Bills as short as the days are long...really.

Write for the Bungalow Camp Booklet, and check the things you like best on this list.....

Riding Hiking
Fishing Motoring
Mountain Climbing
Camera Hunting

Can you (or can't you) do without tennis and a shoe-shine?...

Ask any Canadian Pacific agent. Offices everywhere. At New York, 44th St. and Madison Ave.; Chicago, 71 E. Jackson (Straus Bldg.); San Francisco, 675 Market St.; Montreal, 141 St. James St.

Canadian Pacific *It Spans the World*

Quality for Half a Century

Walk in Walk-Over *Walk better*

There's a Walk-Over store in your community. Walk in.

The Walk-Over man will have your own individual fit in a good-looking, long-wearing, stylish Walk-Over shoe. If you wish, he will point out to you the Walk-Over pear-shaped heel, the wide arch, the special sole, and other exclusive features that make Walk-Overs fit better.

In the past fifty years Walk-Over has discovered a great many different types of feet, and now makes shoes to fit each kind of foot. There is one Walk-Over model built to fit your foot exactly.

That's Walk-Over.

Wear that pair of shoes.

Wriggle your toes—there's room enough. No pinch, no squeeze, no burning at the toe and tread. Feel the bracing arch fit. No soft and squashy feeling at the arch! Note the soft, glove-fingered grip upon your heel. No wiggling and no rubbing there! No pressure on the tender tendon at the back!

You swing along, head up, chest out, with your own natural, easy stride. Your feet feel free! You walk better in Walk-Overs.

GEO. E. KEITH COMPANY
CAMPELLO, BROCKTON, MASSACHUSETTS, U. S. A.

$7 $8.50 $10
are the leading prices

Above are shown five Walk-Over sole shapes, from a total of more than 100. See how different they are—to fit different kinds of feet! Your exact fit is among the many Walk-Over lasts.

Last 12 contents © 1924 G. E. K. Co

Walk-Over
SHOES *for Men and Women*

bleak moors, would have dreamed that England of the future would produce in a single year 100,000,000 pounds of wool, and that to the huge clip of the small islands would be added five times as much from unknown lands such as Australia and New Zealand, on the other side of the planet? Six hundred million pounds of wool passing every year through British spinning and weaving machines, and more than half of it returning in the shape of finished cloth to the far ends of the earth—the mind can hardly grasp the magnitude of this business.

The manager of an American department store would hardly dream of establishing a branch house, let us say, in the city of Rome; but a big British department store has for many years carried on a flourishing business on the Via Tritone in the heart of Rome. The salesmanship of the house is based entirely on quality and an appeal to the growing fondness of the Italian for outdoor sports. Consequently when a well-to-do young Italian wishes to buy a pair of riding breeches or a set of golf clubs, he patronizes this English shop, knowing that this is the correct thing to do. So it is that English shops may be found in some of the great cities of France, specializing for that particular clientele which in every country reverences the idea conveyed in the trade-mark, High Life.

Another thing is the tenacity of the British exporting houses. They have been in business for years, have survived panics and hard times. They are looking to the future and are not discouraged by one bad season. A large exporting house in London during 1921 had several million pounds sterling tied up abroad in frozen credits. The manager remarked that none of their staff had been laid off as a result of slack business.

"No, we are keeping our staff intact. So far as we can finance them, we will keep our organization together. In future years we will make more than enough to repay us for every sacrifice we are making now to keep our organization together."

American export houses, which have not struck root deeply in foreign soil, proceed on a somewhat different principle. When a bad season comes they recall most of their expert and highly paid salesmen. They play for the immediate rather than for the remote future. Americans use a pinch-hitting system in foreign trade, whereas the British exporter is out not so much for immediate profits as to make satisfied customers.

Some of these British exporting concerns have been in existence anywhere from 50 to 300 years. Each house confines itself to certain geographical areas. Some of them specialize in Australasian trade, others in the Chinese trade, others in the East Indian. None of them try to cover the world. Their business is done on the basis of making permanent customers. They enjoy the confidence of their foreign clients unbroken perhaps through a chain of four or five generations.

Prohibition and Advertising

British business both at home and abroad is strung, so to say, upon the thread of personal and fiduciary relationship as between merchant and customer. It is not uncommon to find an Englishman employing the same tailoring firm which his grandfather favored. A perfect understanding exists between the two, and the tailor will readily oblige his customer with a year's credit if he wants it. The British merchant will go out of his way to do any sort of personal favor for his customer, and shrinks from any action that would weaken in the slightest degree the personal tie which binds them.

With the possible exception of the Nevskii Prospekt in Petrograd, Princes Street, Edinburgh, possesses more natural beauty than any highway in the world. Strolling up Princes Street last spring, the following notice prominently displayed upon the closed door of a fashionable shop caught my attention:

MR. D. S. CRAWFORD REGRETS TO INTIMATE THAT THESE PREMISES WILL BE CLOSED FOR EXTENSIVE STRUCTURAL ALTERATIONS ON MONDAY, APRIL 30, UNTIL FURTHER NOTICE

"Regrets to intimate"—a personal and excessively polite introduction to the familiar American sign, Closed for Repairs.

British trade, as it has developed through the centuries, is of course a product of slow growth—an evolution. The British, a phlegmatic and conservative people, are slow to readjust old methods to meet the new conditions of an ever-changing world. Certainly they are no match for the American trader in elasticity of merchandising methods. I don't think that I have ever heard a British business man comment on our obvious advantages in the matter of native raw material and mass-production technic, but they have very much on their minds so-called Yankee methods.

The phenomena just now which affright them most have to do with American restraint in the matter of drinking and American excess in the matter of advertising. The British business man has serious misgivings about the economic advantage of prohibition when it comes to world competition. Industrial efficiency is the crux of the entire matter. Can the British workman who is wont to spend the evening in his favorite pub drinking his Guinness or Burton compete in next day's work with the American laborer who has spent the previous evening driving around in his flivver or attending a moving-picture show? British business is bethinking itself that something further will have to be done about the drink question. Another thing that bothers the Briton is American genius for advertising. The individual who is at once their admiration and despair is the gentleman invented in America—Mister Publicity Agent; and the publicity agent has come to stay.

"What are we going to do?" plaintively remarked a British soap manufacturer. "We put out a soap and print on the label that it has been in use for more than 100 years. A good advertisement? Well, rather! But here you Americans come along with a soap nobody ever heard of ten years ago and connect this soap with the portrait of a beautiful young lady who possesses a skin which one loves to touch. You thus appeal in the same breath to the desire for cleanliness and the universal love of beauty. Can you beat it?"

Old Methods and New

The British are really a bit naïve in their stupefaction over what they call American hustle and American talent for advertising. Some years ago when the writer was commercial attaché at the American Embassy in London the British agent of an American parlor melodeon concern came in and recited his troubles. He said that the business had declined year by year ever since the death of Messrs. Moody and Sankey.

"These American revivalists took our small organ along with them in their evangelistic journeyings and we did a good business on the advertising they unconsciously gave us."

"Why not adopt new methods?" the writer suggested. "Where would our kerosene-oil men be now if they were content to do business on old lines? These people employ experts to bring out kerosene-consuming devices. If they depended upon selling kerosene as an illuminant they would have to go out of business. They try to teach people to cook and warm themselves with kerosene as well as to read by it. Instead of depending upon Moody and Sankey to bring customers to the melodeon, why don't you take the melodeon to your customers? We sell a great many enlarged crayon portraits of deceased ancestors to the negro population in our Southern states by taking samples of these atrocities into the customers' homes. You are trying to do business now the way your father did it fifty years ago. The world has moved since that time."

This weak and uninspired counsel that would have provoked only a yawn in any American circle of go-getters was received by our British friend as the utterance of an oracle.

He departed, still murmuring, "Most astonishing; devilishly clever, quite!"

The entire structure of British trade has been severely shaken by the war. But the indomitable spirit of the British trader remains. Taking stock, we are in a stronger competitive position with respect to world trade than ever before in our history. But it is a curious and interesting thing that our success in foreign trade depends but very slightly upon meeting British competition. It is not a duel *à l'outrance*, in fact it is not a duel at all. In world trade the British are our customers rather than our competitors. Of our total trade, foreign and domestic, probably less than one per cent encounters British competition in world markets. We experience some competition in British textiles, heavy machinery

(Continued on Page 125)

From a Painting by McClelland Barclay

Effecto AUTO FINISHES

Copyright 1924 Pratt & Lambert Inc.

There is genuine satisfaction in painting your car yourself with Effecto Auto Enamel. The eight free-flowing colors are more durable than the finish on most new cars. A few dollars' worth of Effecto and a day or two for drying will make your car new!

Effecto Color Card and name of P & L dealers in your town will be gladly sent you on request.

Save the surface and you save all

P & L Varnish Products are used by painters, prescribed by architects and sold by dealers everywhere.

PRATT & LAMBERT-INC., 83 Tonawanda Street, Buffalo, N. Y. In Canada, 25 Courtwright Street, Bridgeburg, Ontario.

PRATT & LAMBERT VARNISH PRODUCTS

Ten Thousand Extra Hours for You!

Tucked away in the sockets of your electric light fixtures are ten thousand toil-free hours.

[illegible]

to has taxed your strength.

You can do speedily, more easily and better the tasks [illegible] have always claimed much precious time.

[illegible] one by one, you will put to some good use these hours The Hoover saves you, day by day.

The Hoover never tires, no[illegible] you glide it.

The **Hoover** neither slights nor stu[illegible]

It keeps **quietly to its** work unt[illegible] **eck of sharp-edged**, gritty, em[illegible] **dirt is beaten out** and suct[illegible]

[illegible]ery **last thread and hair** and piece of lint is **swept up and whisked** safely into the Hoover **bag.**

As it cleans rugs it also **restores their** beauty and prolongs their **life, and thus** it repe[illegible]

[illegible] devised [illegible]hments [illegible] *dusting* tool **of**

When [illegible] thousand extra hou[illegible]

See your Authorized Hoover Deale[illegible] *day.* He has a plan of [illegible] that makes the purch[illegible] model with its ten added features no burden at all.

THE HOOVER COMPANY, NORTH CANTON, OHIO
The oldest and largest maker of electric cleaners
The Hoover is also made in Canada, at Hamilton, Ontario

The HOOVER

It BEATS ... as it Sweeps as it Cleans

(Continued from Page 122)

and steel, a little soaps, sporting goods and certain specialties.

Much has been heard of British competition in mineral oils, but the struggle is not so much one for markets as for the control of oil-producing areas. Last year the United States exported nearly 4,000,000,000 gallons of petroleum, the largest quantity of mineral oil ever shipped abroad. Certainly from the standpoint of markets we have little to complain of in the way of British or any other competition.

The bulk of our foreign trade, if we include farm products, is made up of raw materials in which the chief items are lumber, copper, raw cotton, leaf tobacco, grain and pork products. England is the best customer we have for our raw materials We meet no competition whatever in the British Isles in any one of these important items, although the British Dominion of Canada has come to be our most merciless competitor in the foreign wheat market.

Even in the case of iron and steel we work to a certain extent with the British and not always against them in selling these products abroad. The war has done much to equalize our competitive position. High taxation has raised production costs in Britain

"Every ton of steel that we export pays a ten-dollar tax," remarks an English steel maker. "How can we compete with countries where there is only a five-dollar tax"'

American steel makers pay the highest wages in the world. Yet through the control of raw materials, the use of modern machinery and the perfection of industrial organization we are able more than to hold our ground in the world market. When it comes to pig iron it is interesting to compare Birmingham, England, with Birmingham, Alabama. In the case of the former there is only fair juxtaposition of coal and iron. In the case of the latter the industry literally sits upon deposits of iron and of coal, with native limestone thrown in for fluxing. Unless it be at Jamshedpur, India, Birmingham, Alabama, is potentially in a position to produce pig iron as cheaply as any other locality in the world.

Room Enough for All

Yankee mechanical genius also is a propulsive influence when it comes to the distribution of steel products abroad. We go so far as to import high-grade British or Swedish steels and with a touch of mechanical genius fashion the raw stuff into blades, put these blades into a patented safety razor and in this form sell the steel back at a good profit to British and Swedish customers. More than this, we ingeniously convert British steel into machine tools and return the steel thus metamorphosed at a profit, the American tools to be used by the British in turn for building heavy machinery. This gives point to the observation that even in the highly competitive steel business we can prosper by selling with the British rather than against them.

In much the same way, when it comes to competing with our highly organized motor industry the British are nowhere. American flivvers in shoals weave in and out on British highways. But one may mark now and then on American highways a majestic British motor car into which an immense amount of hand labor and patient effort have gone, and which sells for twenty times the price of a serviceable American machine. Despite the high price, it finds a customer and its proper niche in the world.

All of which leads to the reflection that this is a big world, inhabited by all kinds of peoples, with all varieties of tastes and purses. There is reason to believe that we will not again see in foreign trade the cutthroat methods denoted by the old German cartel. We are coming to see that the trader succeeds by working along the line of his own peculiar genius and aptitude.

We can expand mightily in our foreign trade without crowding anybody else off the bases. We build a two-horse machine called a disk harrow which levels and pulverizes a rough plowed field in a single operation. The French farmer of ten years ago never dreamed that he needed such a machine until its merits were demonstrated before his eyes. Now French peasants buy many thousands of these American disk harrows every year.

Customers Rather Than Rivals

The world and the bigness thereof—teeming millions upon millions of people with latent and undeveloped wants, rich fields for the pioneer and trade missionary. England, as a result of the war, is newly planted in great undeveloped spaces of the earth, with oil to attend to in Mesopotamia and cotton to grow on former German soil in Equatorial Africa.

"In this ill-regulated world of ours," writes George Sand, "all happiness seems a theft, inasmuch as we cannot enjoy our peace and security except to the detriment of our fellow creatures."

A half truth at best in the world of social relationships, and no truth at all in the world of international trade. Trade, whether national or international, is based upon the exchange of the peculiar products of one man's industry and genius for the fruits of another man's industry and genius. Both may profit by the exchange. The outworking of our national industrial genius displays itself along lines of creative energy which are peculiar to ourselves. We cannot run ships or sell coal so cheaply as the British, but we can put a water line through the Isthmus of Panama, install typewriters and cash registers in shops the world over, sprinkle the highways of the world with our motor cars, set up sewing machines and phonographs in the homes of alien peoples in every continent, facilitate transportation and communication with our rail and telephone equipment in the far corners of the earth.

In the meantime our foreign trade continues to expand. Even in Europe, despite the prevailing political unrest, impoverishment, currency derangement and skepticism as to the future, we did a total business during the twelve months ended in December, 1923, of more than $3,500,000,000. Even crippled Germany bought from us raw materials and manufactured articles last year to the total of more than $315,000,000.

Our trade rivals, the British! Customers rather than rivals. As international traders we have more to gain from Britain prosperous than from Britain depressed. We are getting a new conception in trade of the interdependence of nations—a new vision of the economic solidarity of the diverse peoples who dwell upon this planet.

Sunset on the North West Arm, Halifax, Nova Scotia

A bottle of milk is a bottle of health

"My prescription for health? More milk"

Dragged out? Nervous? Sleepy-tired, especially in the afternoon? Drink more milk—the pleasantest prescription in the world!

Milk, consistently used, builds health and vigor in the frailest body—colors pale cheeks—revitalizes wasted nerves. Milk was your first food. It is still your best food.

Drink *more bottled milk*—at mealtime and between meals, too. Bottled milk is clean and protected. Be sure it's bottled in Thatcher Superior Quality Milk Bottles, your guarantee of *full measure*, and good evidence that your milkman is progressive and gives good service.

THATCHER MANUFACTURING COMPANY
ELMIRA, NEW YORK

Operating nine large factories devoted exclusively to the manufacture of Superior Quality Milk Bottles.

Thousands of progressive dairymen use our famous Poster on their wagons, windows and billboards. Look for it. It identifies a dealer with Honest-Measure service

Look for the Thatcher [illegible] bottle's lower edge. It's your milkman's guarantee of Honest-Measure always

THATCHER
Superior Quality Milk Bottles

DISRUPTED CENTRAL EUROPE

(Continued from Page 48)

Here emerges a second point which must be remembered—the way in which, throughout the Danube basin, race lines are blurred and crosscut by nonracial factors like language, culture and national consciousness. Neither the Teutonic Nordics in Austria nor the Asiatic Magyars in Hungary destroyed the earlier populations. Instead, they imposed themselves as conquerors and ultimately intermarried extensively with their subjects. For this reason both the Austrians and the Hungarians became racially mixed peoples, pretty thoroughly crossed by various racial elements. To be sure, the Teutonic and Magyar strains remained dominant and gave the political and cultural tone to their respective countries; nevertheless, the physical type and temperament of both stocks rapidly altered. The Austrian Germans differ distinctly from their kinsmen even of South Germany, and differ still more widely from the pure-blooded Teutonic Nordics of North Germany. As for the Magyars, they underwent an even profounder transformation. The modern Magyars are so saturated with Alpine and Nordic blood that they have lost most of their ancestral Asiatic traits and have become almost wholly European in appearance.

Throughout the Middle Ages Austria and Hungary grew in power and prosperity. As yet they were entirely independent of each other, their political interests lying in different directions. Hungary was concerned chiefly with East European or Balkan matters, while Austria became linked more and more closely to Germany. Austria's fortunes presently came to be guided by a famous princely family, the House of Hapsburg. The Hapsburgs gradually raised Austria from a frontier district to be the most powerful German state and made their capital, Vienna, one of the chief cities of Europe.

Alpine Climbers Above the Clouds at the Summit of Kleinglockner in the Dolomite Mountains, Carinthia, Austria

The Root of Hungary's Misfortunes

Hapsburg Austria steadily prospered, but Hungary was destined to be stricken down by a terrible foe—the Turks. At the close of the Middle Ages the Ottoman Turks burst into Europe, overran the Balkan Peninsula, and then attacked Hungary. In the fateful year 1526 the flower of the Hungarian nation was annihilated in a great battle and Hungary fell under Turkish rule. For nearly 200 years Hungary was a Turkish province. Then the Hapsburgs drove out the Turks; but for the Hungarians this meant little more than a change of masters, since they now fell under Hapsburg sway. Hungary was only the shadow of its old self. The best of the Hungarian stock had been killed by the Turks or had fled into exile, and when the Austrians expelled the Turks the land lay half depopulated.

Herein was the root of Hungary's later misfortunes. Down to the time of the Turkish conquest the Hungarian plains had been inhabited almost entirely by a Hungarian people—that is to say, by a population which, though of mixed Magyar and European blood, was Magyarized in speech and culture, and therefore felt itself Magyar in nationality. Only in the mountainous border districts had the old Alpine populations kept their Slav speech and self-consciousness. After the Turkish conquest, however, the situation radically altered. The non-Magyar mountaineers descended into the half-deserted plains, turning many regions once Magyar into Slav-speaking areas. Indeed, the Hapsburg rulers of Hungary intensified this process by systematic colonization, inviting in settlers from many lands, who turned parts of Hungary into racial checkerboards, with almost every village differing in blood, customs and language from its neighbor.

The Magyars hated their Hapsburg masters and longed for their old independence. However, Austrian rule did promote Hungary's material prosperity. The Danube basin is an economic whole, and now that it was politically united the natural economic tendencies could work unchecked. Down to the middle of the nineteenth century the Hapsburg empire was in some respects the most powerful state in Europe. Steadily expanding, it annexed many territories lying outside the Danube basin, parts of Northern Italy, Poland and the Balkans being included within its frontiers. Furthermore, through its historic connection with Germany, it was the leading German state.

The nineteenth century, however, raised up an enemy to the Hapsburg empire which was destined to be its undoing. This enemy was not a rival state, but an idea—the idea of nationality. The nineteenth century has often been called the Age of Nationality. All over Europe men began thinking in nationalistic terms and desiring to remold their political institutions on nationalistic lines.

Right here we should understand the true meaning of nationalism, and should clearly distinguish it from race, with which nationalism is so often confused. Nationalism is, at bottom, a state of mind. Nationalism is a belief, held by a large number of persons, that they constitute a nationality; it is a sense of belonging together as a nation. This nation, as visualized in the minds of its believers, is a people organized under one government and dwelling together in a distinct territory. When the nationalist ideal is realized we have what is known as a body politic, or state. But a state need not necessarily be a nation; its subjects may have no national feeling. National feeling may be aroused by many things, like blood kinship, political association, language, culture, religion or geography. Some of these elements must be present to make a nationality, but a strong national feeling can arise even though some are absent. Blood kinship—race—is one of the strongest factors which go to make up a nation. It is not indispensable, but its absence is always a hidden weakness, which may reveal itself at any time. Race will undoubtedly become increasingly important for harmonious national life as men realize its full significance and come to think more and more in racial terms. However, that must not obscure the fact that race and nationality are, in themselves, two distinct things. Nationality is a state of mind. Race, on the other hand, is a physical fact, which may be accurately determined by scientific tests, such as skull measurement, hair formation and color of eyes and skin. In other words, race is what people physically really are; nationality is what people politically think they are.

The difficulty for the Hapsburg empire was that it took account neither of nationality nor of race. It was an old-fashioned empire, founded on the principle of loyalty to the Hapsburg dynasty and on certain geographical tendencies, chief among these being the natural unity of the Danube basin, which promoted the material prosperity of its inhabitants. To the principle of nationality, in particular, the Hapsburg empire was not merely indifferent, but positively hostile. Its ideal was the old Roman Empire, and the Hapsburg monarchs called themselves emperors and considered themselves the successors of the Roman Cæsars. They long governed as absolute rulers, supported by a nobility, a bureaucracy, an army and an established church, all imperialist in spirit, drawn from all parts of the empire, yet united in common loyalty to the emperor.

On this old-fashioned dynastic empire the principle of nationality worked like a powerful explosive. Region after region began thinking nationally, glorifying its particular language and culture, demanding local self-government, or even dreaming of independence. In the year 1848 a series of revolts broke out, the most serious being the rebellion of Hungary. This was only natural, because, as already stated, the Magyars had already disliked Hapsburg rule and had never given up hopes of independence. After much bloody fighting, these revolts were put down and the Hapsburgs reestablished their absolute government. But within twenty years a series of fresh misfortunes forced them to change their policy. Their old rival, Prussia, expelled Austria from Germany and transformed Germany from a loose federation into a modern nation-state. The rising tide of Italian nationalism likewise drove the Austrians from their North Italian provinces and forged Italy into another nation-state. Meanwhile nationalist movements in other parts of the Hapsburg empire steadily grew in strength.

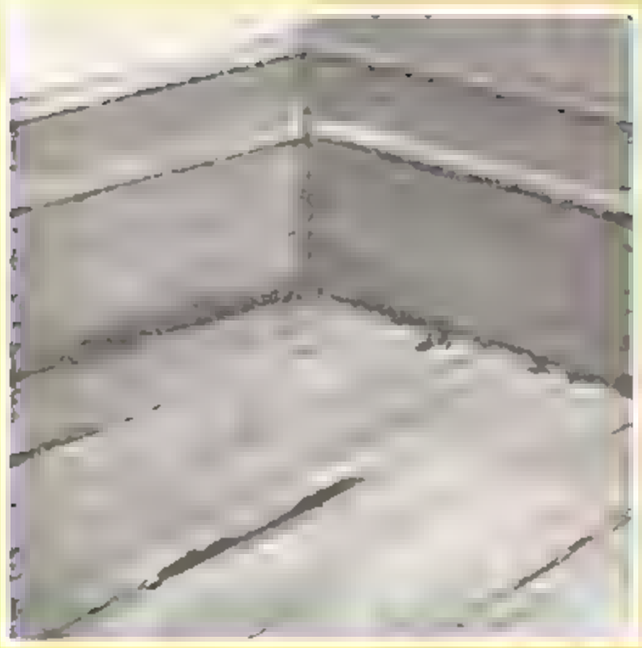
Partners

Weakened by these disasters, the Hapsburgs bolstered up the tottering empire by compromise. Unable to resist entirely the nationalist principle, they took the two leading nationalities into partnership. In the year 1867, the Hapsburg realm was transformed into the Dual Empire of Austria-Hungary. Though preserving certain common institutions like a single army, navy and diplomatic service, the two halves of the empire became politically distinct. In Austria the Germans and in Hungary the Magyars were put in command to control the lesser nationalities such as Czechs, Croats and Rumanians. Under this system Austria-Hungary lived for half a century, until the Dual Empire was destroyed at the close of the late war.

It is interesting to speculate whether Austria-Hungary might have survived if the war had not taken place. Because the Dual Empire did in fact die from the war is not necessarily proof that it would have died anyway. Despite the nationalist disorders which racked its frame, the Dual Empire was a real political organism possessing many qualities that tended to keep it together. For one thing, the geographical unity of the Danube basin created ties of self-interest which were growing rapidly stronger as the country became more industrialized and its inhabitants more interlaced by economic coöperation. Also, there was the old imperialist feeling of the powerful upper classes, and the almost fanatical loyalism of the population of certain provinces like Tyrol, where historic devotion to the Hapsburg dynasty survived unchanged. Lastly, there were other unifying factors, less capable of exact definition, yet none the less existent.

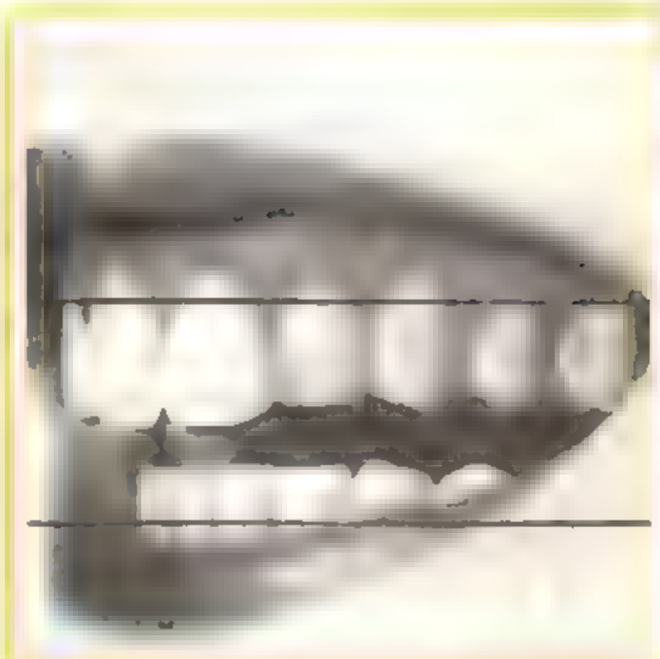
It must be remembered that the Hapsburg empire was not a sudden or recent creation; that, on the contrary, it was the product of many centuries of growth. Its inhabitants therefore were not just so many Germans, Slavs, Magyars and Rumanians dropped down haphazard upon the map; they had all been modified by long-standing political, economic and cultural association

Continued on Page 131



KEEP TARTAR AWAY FROM THIS POINT OF PERIL

Where does a wooden floor begin to decay first? At the joints and cracks. It's the same with your teeth. Just where your gums end is a series of depressions. Each one is a point of peril, where tartar collects. Tartar is an unclean, ugly-looking substance. It makes a hiding-place for germs and food debris that cause gum infection and tooth decay. Brush your teeth regularly the Pro-phy-lac-tic way, as told below, and you will keep tartar from forming at these points of peril.



Keep teeth beautiful

TOOTH decay cannot be cured, but it can be prevented. Use a Pro-phy-lac-tic Tooth Brush and clean your teeth thoroughly at least three times a day.

Brush well; scrub your teeth. A good dentifrice will help. A solution of table salt or baking soda is a good antiseptic mouth wash to relieve tenderness and soreness. The important thing is to remove germs and tartar-forming substances.

Your Pro-phy-lac-tic Tooth Brush is scientifically designed to do that very thing. The curved brush shape reaches every tooth in your mouth. The widely set saw-tooth-pointed bristle tufts reach crevices between your teeth and force out the hidden tartar germs.

The important inside curve

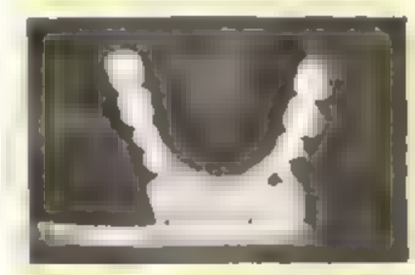
The large end tuft is like a separate brush to reach the inside curve of your teeth. It even reaches the backs of back teeth, the important molars. Look for this large end tuft when you buy your tooth brushes. Look for the brush packed in the sanitary yellow box. See that the facsimile name Pro-phy-lac-tic is on the handle of your tooth brush.

The right way to brush

Brush your teeth as shown in the photographs at the right, and be sure they are really clean.

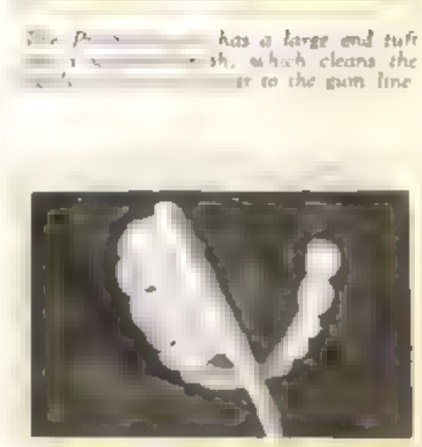
Sold by all dealers in the United States, Canada, and all over the world in the sanitary yellow box. Three sizes —prices in the United States: Pro-phy-lac-tic Adult, 50c; small size, suitable for boys and girls, 35c; Pro-phy-lac-tic Baby, 25c—are made in three textures of bristles—hard, medium, and soft. For 50 cents we will send you a Pro-phy-lac-tic Tooth Brush and a holder, together with a copy of "Tooth Truths," our interesting booklet about the care of teeth. Address Florence Manufacturing Company, Dept. A-6, Florence, Mass.

Brush the upper teeth and gums down



is curved to fit. It

has a large end tuft



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SUPREMIS
for floors

The first varnish made especially for floors. Has brilliant lustre, is unharmed by hot water, and will not crack or show heel marks. Proven by fifty years' use.

SHIPOLEUM
for interior woodwork

Especially resistant to liquids and entirely unaffected by hot or cold water. Gives a hard-wearing bright lustre which will not readily crack or mar.

NAVALITE
(SPAR
for outdoor use

Will not turn white under any conditions, and gives a durable, high-gloss finish that will not chip or crack. Tested by fifty years' use in marine work.

PAINTS & VARNISHES
for every Household and Industrial Use

"The Yellow Can marks the end of rule-of-thumb methods in varnish-making"

—says the Chemical Engineer

VARNISH-making is an art in itself, in which human judgment was always an important factor — until du Pont Chemical Engineers put it on a scientific basis.

To more than fifty years' specialized experience, du Pont has added exact control of quality.

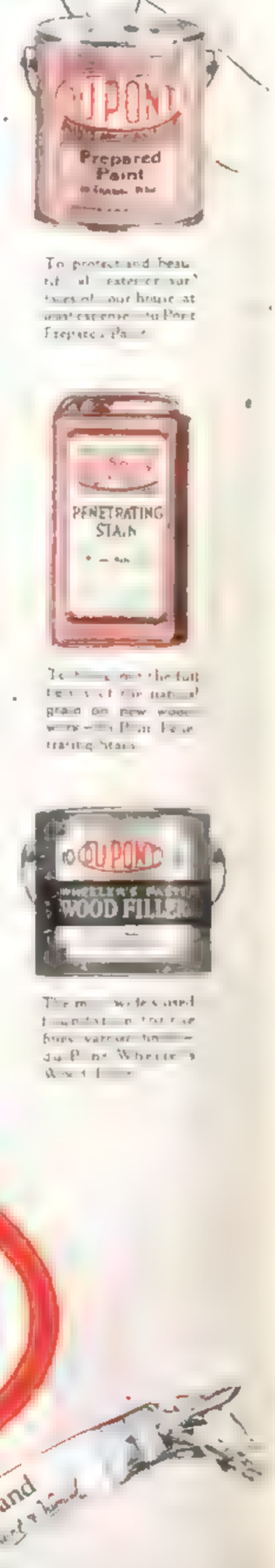
Du Pont Chemical Engineers carefully analyze every shipment of the gums and oils used, and check them against established standards; at every step in manufacture, every batch must pass at least two separate tests.

Small wonder, then, that the du Pont Oval on the yellow can insures lasting satisfaction — just as this same Oval is your guarantee in paints, enamels and stains. The du Pont dealer will gladly help you select the right du Pont product for your use.

E. I. DU PONT DE NEMOURS & CO., Inc.

Chicago Varnish Works, Chicago, Ill. — 35th St. & Gray's Ferry Road, Philadelphia, Pa. — Everett Sta. No. 49, Boston, Mass.

Du Pont offers a special "Paint Prescription Service" to Industrial Plants, specifying the proper paint or varnish product for every purpose and every manufactured article. Write nearest office.



DU PONT

LOOK FOR THE DU PONT OVAL IN THE DEALER'S WINDOW

"Save the surface and you save all" — Ben F. Hamel

The Success of the Elgin Railroad Watch

The New "B. W. RAYMOND"—*21 Jewels*

ALTHOUGH only about six months have passed since Elgin offered the Railroad Watch, "The New B. W. Raymond," it has gained an acceptance unusual in such a short time.

Part of this is unquestionably due to the fact that this new watch comes as the successor to the earlier Elgin "Raymond," which has so long enjoyed the high regard of the railroad man.

But it is not to be overlooked that this new Elgin Railroad Watch, "B. W. Raymond," is a remarkable timepiece *in its own right*.

Balance Wheel—new Elgin design. Extremely close compensation in different temperatures.

Mainspring—extra long, giving a safety margin of many hours' excess running power.

Regulator—positive in action, giving very close pocket regulation.

Eight Adjustments—five of them to positions. 21 jewels.

Each "B. W. Raymond" cased by the Elgin Watchmakers—special close regulation of each watch in its own case.

Case—expressly designed for the railroad man. Extra heavy stock to resist wear. Gold-filled only.

Pendant—sets down snugly to center of case. Dust-prooted by new Elgin method.

Bow—solid gold safety bow—cannot be pulled out.

Crown—deeply corrugated—a good grip for thumb and finger in winding.

Bezel—heavily knurled. Can be screwed down to keep dust out, and yet easily removed.

Dial—fine enamel. Large, clear figures. Wide reflector. Correct time visible at a glance in any light.

Experience under actual running conditions in the pockets of a large number of railroad men, shows that the new Elgin Railroad Watch, "B. W. Raymond," is an exceedingly close rating timepiece.

It is as distinctive in appearance as in performance—the most highly specialized timekeeping instrument ever produced for the railroad man.

ELGIN

The Professional Timekeeper

ELGIN NATIONAL WATCH COMPANY · ELGIN, U. S. A.

(Continued from Page 126)

These factors may have been subtle, yet they were certainly present. Anyone who knew Austria-Hungary before the war will remember the distinctive Austrian atmosphere, so intangible yet so self-evident wherever you crossed the Austrian frontier. You could not precisely lay your finger on it, but you knew that it was there.

Of course Austria-Hungary might have exploded even without the shock of the Great War, and at best it would have had to pass through a long and troubled transition period. Austria-Hungary could probably never have become a strong, harmonious nation-state, made up as it was of many national and racial elements. Still, some formula for such a loose federalism might have been devised by which these elements could have subordinated their nationalistic differences to their common economic interests.

However, it was not to be. The war destroyed the Dual Empire and the peace treaties cut Central Europe into a number of little nations. The results have been deplorable. Conditions in Central Europe today are far worse than they were before the war. Nationalistic passions have become even more inflamed, while economic considerations have been absolutely disregarded. Few treaties have ever been drawn more stupidly than those which pretended to resettle the Danube basin. Mr. Lloyd George, one of the chief treaty makers, later confessed his error when he exclaimed ruefully, "We have Balkanized all that part of Europe!"

Lloyd George stated the bald truth. That geographical unity, the Danube basin, has been slashed by a network of frontiers which are not merely fortified political borders bristling with soldiers but are also tariff walls that strangle trade and kill prosperity. Raw materials are cut off from their factories, factories are cut off from their natural markets, rich harvests are kept from starving cities; yet so jealous are the new nations of one another that they are ready to keep themselves poor if they can thereby prevent their neighbors from growing rich. That is, indeed, good Balkan doctrine, as we shall see in a later article when we come to examine the affairs of those troubled lands. Meanwhile let us here observe what has happened to post-war Austria and Hungary—the diminished remnants of the Dual Empire.

A Political Vacuum

We have already seen how both countries have shrunk in area and population, these partitions involving also the loss of most of their raw materials and other sources of wealth. Austria and Hungary have alike passed through terrible times since the war. Austria rapidly collapsed into bankruptcy and the impoverishment of her city population, as Germany is now doing. Hungary had an even worse experience. She was cursed with a Bolshevik revolution which developed into a bloody reign of terror and ended with a combined counter-revolution and foreign intervention, leaving her half ruined and utterly disorganized. Though alike afflicted by misfortune, it is interesting to observe how different are the attitudes of the two peoples, the Austrian Germans being apparently broken in spirit whereas the Magyar spirit is most emphatically unbroken. This difference in attitude is due partly to racial differences in the two stocks and partly to the fact that the Austrian Germans never possessed a real national consciousness, while the Magyars have been a true nationality for centuries.

We have already seen that old Austria was in many ways a survival from another age. With its ideals founded on Roman and medieval imperialism, it was a sort of political dinosaur living on in an increasingly nationalist Europe. Though Austria was trying to adapt itself to modern conditions, the Great War caught it in transition, and it perished. Now old Austria centered in the German-speaking provinces, its heart being the capital city, Vienna. The Austrian Germans were practically untouched by the nationalism. They were not and never have been a nation. Instead, they were the favored element in a dynastic empire. Their political creed was therefore not national patriotism, but rather a curious blend of feudal and imperial loyalty to the reigning House of Hapsburg.

This attitude was most marked in Vienna. Hapsburg Vienna, like ancient Rome, was an imperial city; its inhabitants prided themselves on being citizens of the capital of the Hapsburg empire, with its traditions stretching back through the Middle Ages to the Roman Cæsars. They were distinctly cosmopolitan in spirit; and they were also cosmopolitan in blood, because imperial Vienna had for centuries attracted people not only from all parts of the Hapsburg empire but from all parts of Europe. The Viennese show their varied ancestry by their lively quickness as well as by their superficial instability, both being characteristic of highly mixed populations.

Such was the people upon whom descended the catastrophe of 1918. Almost without warning, their empire was shattered and the Hapsburgs disappeared. This sudden disaster acted like a blow in the solar plexus. The Austrian Germans were stunned—paralyzed. Then came fresh misfortunes—financial collapse, bankruptcy, starvation. Beneath the force of these terrific blows the Austrian spirit broke.

No more amazing transformation has probably ever occurred than that between the Vienna of ten years ago and the Vienna of today. The soul of the city has basically altered, and imperial Vienna is as dead as the Cæsars. Few Austrians ever dream of regaining their former greatness. The Viennese, in particular, have renounced their past, have resigned themselves to their loss and limit their hopes to a modest future. One feels of the Viennese that here is a people which has ceased to struggle.

The past being not only dead but buried, the interesting question arises as to what shall be German Austria's future. The catastrophe of 1918 left the Austrian Germans in a sort of political vacuum. Of course, as always happens in such cases, the Austrian Germans began casting about for new gods to take the place of the old. Never having possessed a national consciousness of their own, the nationality artificially imposed upon them by the peace treaties seemed to most Austrians little short of an absurdity.

Feeling that the Republic of Austria was a mere paper creation which could not stand alone, the overwhelming majority of the Austrian Germans instinctively turned to the idea of political union with their kinsmen to the northward, their program being the entry of German Austria as a federal state, a sort of second Bavaria, into the German Reich. This seemed the most natural thing to do, not only owing to present circumstances but also because German Austria had formed part of the old Germanic Federation down to the year 1866, when, as the result of a war between Austria and Prussia, the loose-knit Germanic Federation had been transformed into a modern nation-state from which Austria was excluded.

In addition to this historic reason, the Austrian Germans felt that their desire to join their German kinsmen was based on clear moral right, because the peace treaties had been drawn ostensibly according to the principle of self-determination. The Austrian Germans, however, were in for a rude awakening. Their plea to be allowed to join their German kinsmen was sternly denied by the victorious Entente powers, particularly by France. The Austrian Germans were given clearly to understand that union with Germany would under no circumstances be permitted; that logic must yield in Allied self-interest; and that the principle of self-determination, however fine in theory, did not apply to the vanquished.

Vienna's Plucky Fight

Thus thrown back upon themselves, surrounded by hostile neighbors, and with no patriotic faith to give them moral strength, the Austrian Germans fell into despair, covered their debts by inflating their currency and plunged into a slough of misery and bankruptcy from which they were rescued only by the unique expedient of an international receivership. This is one of the most interesting experiments which have been tried in postwar Europe. It began in the autumn of the year 1922 when Austria was granted an international loan supervised by the League of Nations.

At that moment Austria's situation seemed hopeless; she was bankrupt and literally starving. Her government had solemnly warned the world that it could no longer carry on and that unless something were speedily done collapse and probably chaos would ensue. The loan averted bankruptcy, stabilized the currency and improved the general economic situation. Austria is today in fairly good shape, its inhabitants enjoying an increasing measure of moderate well being. Vienna, in particular, has been saved from threatened ruin and is fast reasserting its position as the natural commercial center of mid-Europe.

But all this has to be paid for, and the price is a practical loss of independence. We must remember that Austria is no longer an independent state; that it has passed under international control exercised by the League of Nations. The real ruler of Austria is the League, acting through its commissioner in Vienna. The commissioner is an able Dutchman, who uses his power most tactfully. He is not formally part of the Austrian Government, his position being merely head of the League commission to protect the international loan. But, of course, in reality he has the last word, because he makes the loan payments which alone keep Austria from bankruptcy; and since these

(Continued on Page 133)

Young People of the Rural Districts of Vienna, Austria

You liked it!

Millers Falls Spiral Ratchet Screw Driver No. 61

IT took us two years to perfect this new Spiral Ratchet Screw Driver of ours, but took No. 61 only six months to prove that tool buyers in all parts of this United States knew an exceptional spiral ratchet screw driver when they saw one—"and bought it."

Our first advertisement of the No. 61 appeared in The Saturday Evening Post last January. Today No. 61 is one of the fastest selling tools in our whole line.

It's made a record!

Read the detailed description. Ask to see one at your hardware dealer's. When you get it in your hands work its mechanism. Note the smooth, accurate precision of its working parts, its sturdiness, its durable finish. You will be as enthusiastic about No. 61 as we are.

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Specifications:

Spiral or rod—Steel, accurately machined

Spiral nuts—Manganese bronze

Ratchet pawls—Tool steel, hardened

Handle—Stained hardwood, hand polished

Blades—Special analysis steel. Each blade individually tested

[illegible] are highly [illegible] and nickel plated [illegible] Millers Falls tools is famous

Length, extended, bit inserted . 20⅝"

Length, closed . . . 14¾"

Weight without blades . 1 lb

Small size of this screw driver (No. 67) now ready. Length 12⅝ inches. We can also furnish chuck and drills for both No. 61 and No. 67

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MILLERS FALLS TOOLS 1868

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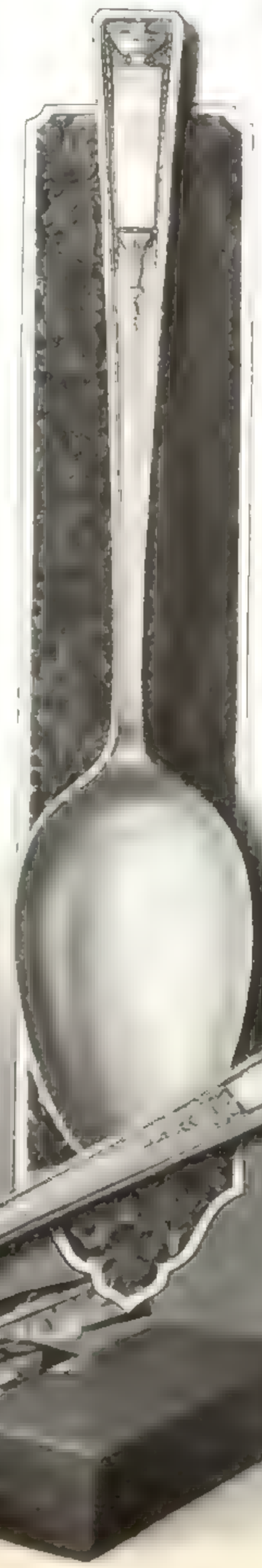
So we went to a great Fifth Avenue Specialty Shop and there we asked two hundred of the smartest New York women what they prefer. The result is—the exquisite Buckingham.

The great jewelers and other shops that sell the best in solid and plated silver will show you this newest design. They will call your attention to the graceful motif of the Georgian period which best harmonizes with other Colonial decorative schemes so popular today in the best American homes

The delicately hammered background and the ornamental group is indicative of the luxury and refinement which cultivated women desire. Only the most painstaking care in workmanship plus artistic taste could produce such a design as this

And after admiring its beauty, you will be pleased to see that the finest quality of stainless steel blades are used in the knives. But really, you could take this for granted in fine Wallace plate, couldn't you?

A twenty-six piece dinner set of the Buckingham in the beautiful, just-created Blue Bird Box, is merely $32.85.



AFTER deciding that the Buckingham is the most beautiful design you have ever seen, you will think, "I wish I could keep it new silver by itself in a lovely chest of its own—one that would be convenient."

Of course this is exactly what women want. Hundreds have told us so. After a great deal of expense we can now give you your heart's desire, the Blue Bird Box.

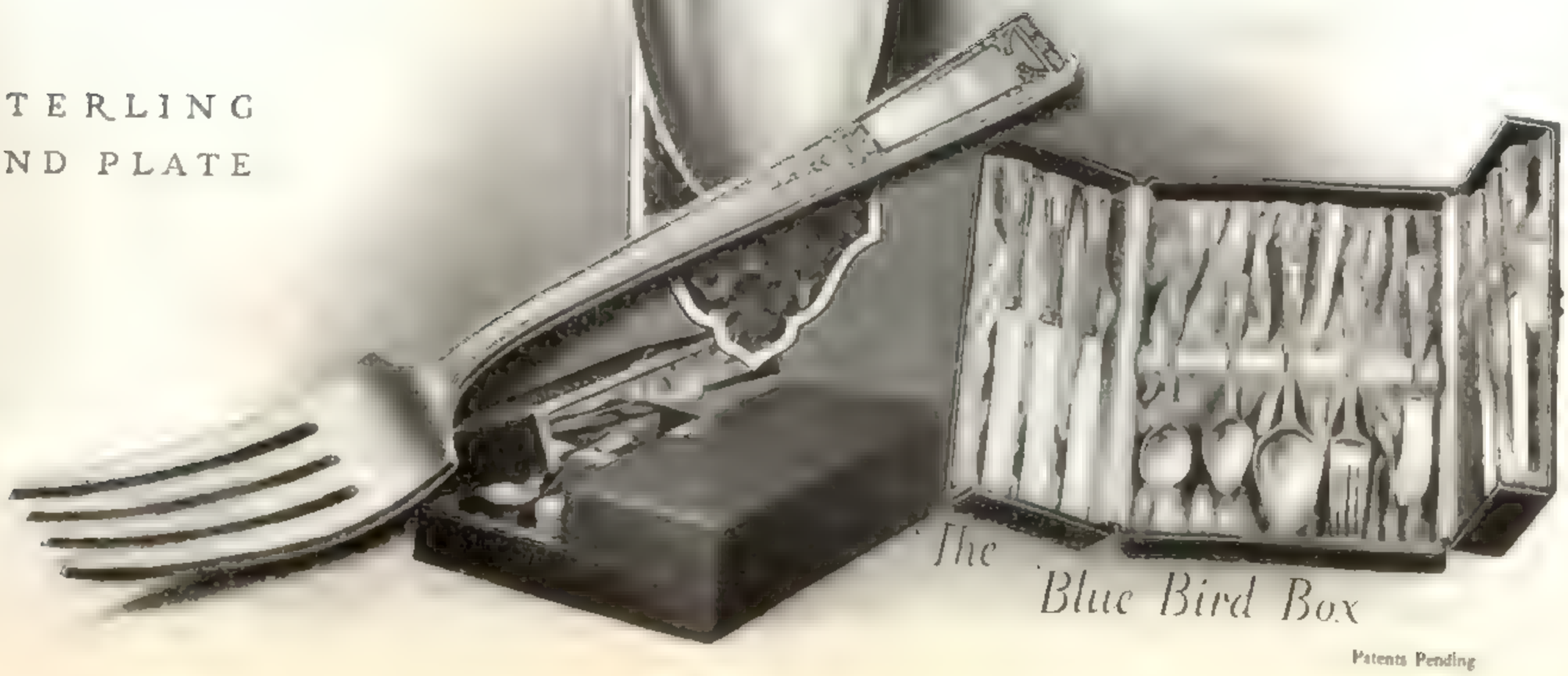
It is very handsome, from its blue keratol covering that will last years, its artistic nickeled clasp—to the fine, sand-colored velveteen lining

But the *practical* details about the Blue Bird Box are more important as its beauty [illegible] it is so compact that when closed, it will slip easily into any buffet or sideboard drawer

[illegible] which [illegible] exquisite Wallace plate may have a Blue Bird Box. Please ask [illegible] with our compliments.

WALLACE *Silver*

STERLING
AND PLATE



The Blue Bird Box

Patents Pending

Continued from Page 131

payments are made monthly he has the power to draw the purse strings if the Austrian Government should decline to follow his recommendations.

It is really an extraordinary situation, this spectacle of a people, only a few years ago the heart of a great empire, now fallen under an international receivership. Nothing like it has been seen since Lord Cromer became financial adviser to the bankrupt khedival government of Egypt a little less than half a century ago. So far the strange experiment has proved a success. But even should it continue to be a success, that should not blind us to the peculiar circumstances of the case.

In Austria we have a people with no real national consciousness, whose historic past has suddenly been shorn away. In the dark days before the League took control it is literally true that nobody cared whether the Republic of Austria lived or died. In this frame of mind, the Austrians were quite ready to barter away an independence for which they cared nothing in return for financial assistance coupled with international control. This situation, however, cannot be duplicated anywhere else in Europe. To peoples with real national consciousness, loss of independence is a supreme disaster. Therefore, even if other peoples should be tempted by suffering to follow Austria's example, the chances are that they would try to shake off foreign control as soon as their condition had slightly improved, while from the very beginning they would not give that moral assent which alone could insure the lasting success of the undertaking

Assuming that German Austria does acquire enough economic strength and political stability to exist as an independent state, what is to be its future? This raises one of the most interesting and important questions that the Europe of tomorrow will have to face. The blotting out of Austria's past leaves something like a clear field and opens up several possible lines of development

The most likely possibility still seems to be ultimate union with Germany. Not today, of course; the veto of the victors in the late war is absolute, while in addition Germany's present condition is so bad that few Austrians would under existing circumstances care to join Germany even if the Entente veto were removed. Even the leaders of the Pan-German party in Austria, the champions of political fusion with the Reich, admit frankly that their program is *Zukunftsmusik*—music of the future. Yet the chances are that Germany will regain stability and strength, while the diplomatic line-up in Europe shifts almost from year to year. Should Austria get the chance to join Germany under such altered conditions, would she do so?

Austria's Possible Destinies

The chances are that she would. History, language, culture, and to a lesser degree blood kinship and geography all point that way. However, it is not a certainty. Another possibility presents itself—the possibility that German Austria may continue to stand alone and may ultimately develop an individual political consciousness, part national, part international, which would make of Austria a permanently neutralized state—a sort of second Switzerland.

Although the Austrians do not today possess a national consciousness, they have long had a local consciousness and a culture in many ways distinct from that of their kinsmen of the Reich. Also it must not be forgotten that their racial make-up differs somewhat even from their South German neighbors, and differs markedly from that of North Germany. This shows clearly in the Austrian temperament, particularly the temperament of the Viennese. If Austria should remain independent for even ten or twenty years, these factors might engender a real national consciousness on the Swiss model. Such an Austria would probably be safe from attack, because it would menace no one, while its neighbors are so jealous of one another that they might welcome a neutral Austria in their midst.

Even these two alternatives do not exhaust the list of possibilities. German Austria might conceivably join Hungary in some form of partnership, thereby reproducing the old Dual Empire on a small scale. Again, Austria might join some future Danube federation or Danubian customs union, should the states of Central Europe ever be able to harmonize their political and economic interests. Or, lastly, Austria may fly to pieces and be absorbed by its various neighbors. Which of these things will happen no one can say. The important point to remember is the fluid condition of Austria's state of mind, which makes any one of these various developments a possibility.

Utterly different is the situation in Hungary. Unlike Austria, Hungary was one of the first states in Europe to acquire a national consciousness. Hungary's national life runs back for 1000 years, and its people feel an intense national patriotism. The Magyars are an unusually high-spirited folk. The fierce, warlike blood of their nomad ancestors still runs hot in their veins, and despite extensive intermarriage the Magyar stock differs perceptibly from the other Central European peoples.

It is really extraordinary to see how boldly the Magyars confront ill fortune. No broken spirit here! Partitioned, impoverished, burdened with debts and war indemnities, disarmed by the peace treaties and surrounded by watchful enemies—the Magyars grimly refuse to resign themselves to their present fate and sternly resolve to right what they consider to be the wrongs inflicted upon them. High and low, rich and poor, noble and peasant, the Magyars denounce the peace treaties and swear to obtain their revision in one way or another. Everywhere one sees maps contrasting Hungary's prewar and postwar frontiers, these maps further bearing the significant words, *Nem! Nem! Sohar!* · No! No! Never!

A Vicious Circle

This does not mean that Hungary is likely to start a war tomorrow. Though high-spirited, the Magyars are also an intelligent people, and their present leaders are capable men who understand the situation. They know that for the time being little can be done. But they will also tell you frankly that the Hungarian people will not permanently endure conditions deemed intolerable. Furthermore, it must not be forgotten that Magyar bitterness is constantly exasperated by the plight of their brethren who have passed under foreign rule. Nearly 3,000,000 Magyars—about one-third of the whole Magyar stock—today live in Czecho-Slovakia, Jugo-Slavia or Rumania, where their lot is a hard one. In Czecho-Slovakia the Magyars seem to be less harshly treated, but in Jugo-Slavia and Rumania the position of national minorities is probably the worst in Europe. And of course every story of injustice and suffering leaks across the frontiers—however closely guarded—further inflaming Magyar determination to aid their kinsmen.

All this is well known to Hungary's neighbors. Fearing the Magyars' fierce fighting qualities, Czecho-Slovakia, Jugo-Slavia and Rumania, which have alike profited so largely at Hungary's expense, have formed an alliance—the so-called Little Entente—the main object of which is to uphold the peace treaties, preserve intact the new frontiers and keep Hungary down. For the moment the task is easy, the peace treaties forbid Hungary to have more than the skeleton of an army, while the Little Entente powers can arm to the teeth, as indeed, they have.

But how about the future? The Little Entente knows that the Magyar spirit is unbroken and that some sudden shift in European politics may give Hungary her chance of revenge. This naturally alarms and exasperates Hungary's neighbors and tempts them to think of preventive measures. The exceptionally cool-headed leaders who guide Czecho-Slovakia's destiny apparently frown on such proposals, but in Jugo-Slavia and Rumania sentiment is less restrained. In both the latter countries there is an influential body of opinion which would like to smash the Magyars and practically wipe Hungary off the map.

Thus we see a vicious circle of mutual hatred which may at any time plunge Central Europe once more into war. And we must also remember that to the southward lies the Balkan Peninsula—a veritable powder magazine of national feuds. A spark in the Balkans could easily touch off an explosion which would shatter Central Europe as well. Meanwhile Central Europe fails to attain either true peace or prosperity.

Editor's Note—This is the seventh of a series of articles by Mr Stoddard. The next will appear in an early issue

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THE COURIER OF THE CZAR

(Continued from Page 29)

brighten, Tilly's spirits rose and Betsey felt so relieved that she sank upon a chair. Doctor Landis laid his medicine case and book on the settle and pulled off his gloves. He was able to speak the fluent Pennsylvania English of his generation, though he preferred the Pennsylvania German of his ancestors.

"Well!" he exclaimed. "Did I bring that wicked book along? I have no wife and no child, and I'm not a smoker, and I must have something to fill in the time in this healthy place. It's twenty years since I was in this house. Now what's the matter with the eyes, Tilly?"

"They burn me and ache me," explained Tilly, still pressing her fingers against the lids. "I can't see any more."

"You mean you can't see me?"

"I can see you if I take my hand away; but I can't see to sew."

Doctor Landis bent above the quilt. He made an inquiring sign to Betsey, pointing first to the quilt, then to Tilly. Betsey nodded and he completed the pantomime by shaking his fist at the starry sky.

"Now let's see these eyes, Tilly." He sat down beside her on the settle, and she put out her hand on the other side. It touched the book which Doctor Landis had laid there and she clutched it and held it as though it were a rope flung to a sinking swimmer. "Open your eyes," commanded the doctor.

As Tilly obeyed with agony, the hot flood became hotter. She could see the doctor's face, but nothing beyond it, not even Betsey standing at his elbow.

"It's worse today than yesterday," she said, as though that lightened the seriousness of the case.

"And worse yesterday than day before, I dare say," mocked the doctor. "Yet you kept on sewing?"

"We had the starry quilt to finish," explained Tilly. "I thought when the starry quilt was done I would rest my eyes, and then it would also be soon time to work in the garden."

The doctor lifted the lid of Tilly's right eye, then the lid of the left. Tilly could not suppress a groan, at sound of which Betsey trembled from head to foot. The doctor rose heavily.

"Have you any black muslin, Betsey?"

Betsey took a roll from the cupboard drawer.

Standing by the table, the doctor folded a thick bandage and laid white gauze upon it; then he turned to Tilly, a bottle and a medicine dropper in his hand.

"Watch me, Betsey. See? Like this, four drops in each eye, night and morning."

"Oh! Oh!" moaned Tilly.

"Keep your eyes tight shut. Now I'm going to bandage them with a black bandage. If for any reason you have to remove it you're to do it in a dark room."

"Must my eyes be tied shut?" gasped Tilly.

"They must, indeed." The doctor stood at the table spreading salve upon the white gauze. "Put fresh gauze on, Betsey, and fresh salve, night and morning."

"For how long?" faltered Tilly.

"A week from today I'll be back to look at them."

"A week!" cried Betsey. "Must she keep them covered for a week?"

Smitten dumb, Tilly said nothing; she merely lifted the doctor's book and opened it as if to read and thus prove that this was a bad dream.

"A week at least," said the doctor. "Then we'll see how they are. Too much quilting, Tilly. . . . How old are you?"

"Only sixty-five," answered Tilly. "And I have good spectacles. I bought them from such a peddler twenty years ago."

"I'll bet you did," said the doctor.

He came across the room, holding the bandage as a child might hold a cat's cradle, and tied it tight round Tilly's eyes.

"Not a whole week!" wailed Tilly.

"A whole week," said the doctor, pulling on his gloves. "Betsey can surely amuse you for a week."

IV

IT WAS nine o'clock in the morning and the Shindledecker kitchen was in order for the day. The cow had been milked hours ago, the dog and cat had been fed, the human beings had eaten their breakfasts, the dishes had been washed, and a dozen doughnuts, four pans of ruska, three pies and one cake had been baked. At the window sat Betsey, a mass of blue star-dotted material on her lap. The starry quilt was out of the frame, and she was putting in the hem. Outside, the rain poured upon the sodden earth. From within the landscape looked inexpressibly dreary, but from without, when the door was opened, there came the smell of spring.

Tilly did not sit at the window, nor was there sewing in her lap; she sat in the corner of the settle and her hands were empty. The black bandage remained across her eyes.

"First it was a week," she said despairingly. "Then another week and another week, and now yet another week."

"I have a feeling that next time it will be different." Betsey spoke in the strained voice of one determined to be cheerful.

"I have no such feeling," answered Tilly. "I feel that he will come and come and come and that I will sit and sit and sit. If it was only something in the world to do!"

"I will read to you," offered Betsey.

"I know the Bible from beginning to end," declared Tilly. "I have read it every day since I was little. I do not believe it is meant that we shall get stale on it. And the hymn book, that I not only know but I can say it and sing it from the beginning to the doxology, both German and English. And the Martyr Book—that I know too. I know all about how they were persecuted and driven out and sent to prison and beheaded. I know how one of the brethren was burned with an iron. You cannot catch me on the Martyr Book. And the almanac—that I know also."

"We could sing," suggested Betsey. Her voice had a heartbroken quality. Her heart was breaking.

"Sing!" mocked Tilly. "Sing! When I am blind!"

The clock ticked on and on, the rain fell steadily, silently upon the earth, audibly upon the roof of the porch, noisily through the tin spouting. Another sort of rain fell quietly from Betsey's eyes upon the starry quilt. Tilly did not cry; the consequent physical agony was too keen.

"If I could only do something for you!" mourned Betsey in her heart.

"You can do something for me if you will," said Tilly, as though she could see into Betsey's heart.

"What can I do for you?" asked Betsey eagerly.

"There's a book in this house," said Tilly. "The doctor left it the first time. I guess he forgot it. When he said I must have my eyes tied shut I looked quickly at it. I could not read the reading, but I saw the picture. It was a picture of an old woman kneeling, and a sword was pointing at her and a man was standing with a whip over her. Her back was bare and her breast was bare. I must know what happened to that old woman. Will you not"—Tilly's wheedling voice besought, pleaded; she knew but too well how much she asked—"will you not read me that book, Betsey?"

"Where is the book?" asked Betsey, to gain time.

"Hidden in the upstairs," confessed Tilly. "I hid it. I was afraid he would ask for it. I hid it first in the churn, then I carried it in the upstairs."

"He did ask for it," said Betsey. "He said did I see such a book laying round. I told him no."

"I heard you," acknowledged Tilly. "It was before I took it to the upstairs. I was then sitting on it. Will you read me that book, Betsey?"

"I cannot," wept Betsey. "Anything else I'll do for you. But that is the world's book."

"You will not find out what became of that poor old woman with the sword pointing at her and the whip coming down on her?" Tilly's voice was hard.

"No," wailed Betsey. "I cannot. It's to resist temptations such as this that we're given strength. We have done our duty all our lives; let us not now break our rules when we are old."

The rain fell soddenly, the tears of Betsey fell steadily. Tilly sat motionless and blind on the settle.

"The cat is getting all the time fatter," said Betsey, achieving a brief composure.

There was no reply.

"But the dog gets a little thinner now that he goes so often out rabbit chasing."

(Continued on Page 137)

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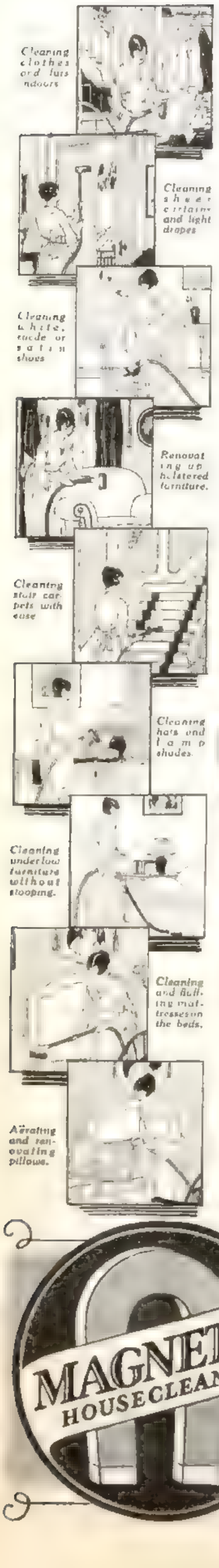
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Cleaning sheer curtains and light drapes
Cleaning white, suede or satin shoes
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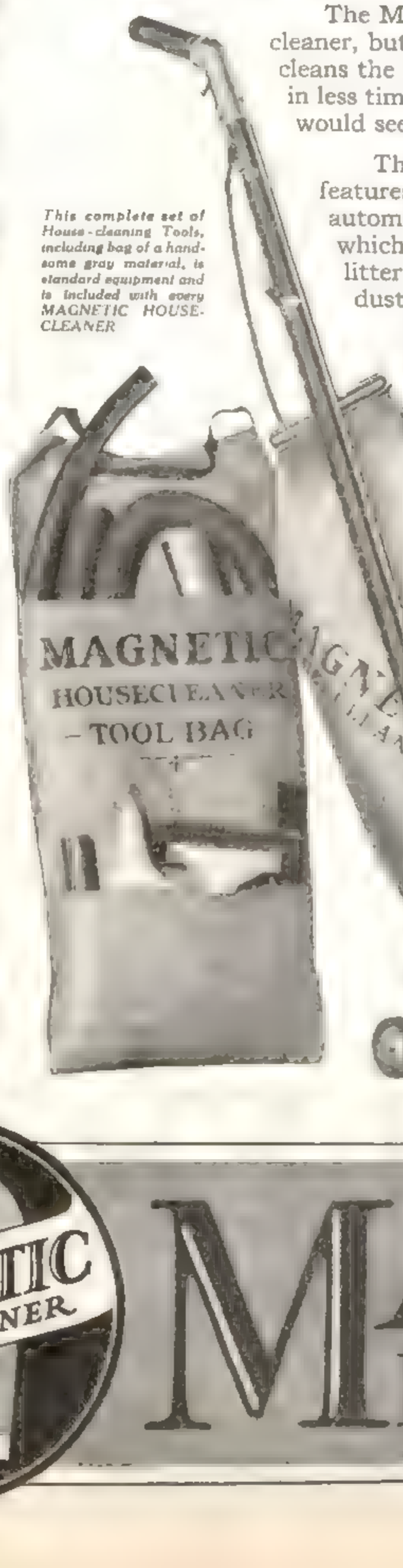

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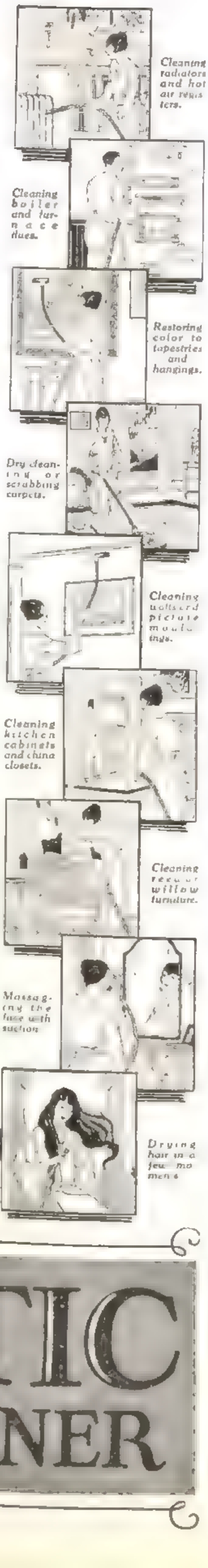
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Massaging the face with suction
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MAGNETIC HOUSECLEANER

MAGNETIC HOUSECLEANER

Continued from Page 134

There was no answer.

"Sister," said Betsey, "won't you talk to me?"

"I have nothing to talk about," said Tilly. "Dogs, cats, rabbits, baking, rain how sick I am of all these subjects. I would like something new to talk about. I would like to know what became of that poor old woman with the sword pointing at her and the whip held over her. I would like to talk about her."

"It's a book of the world's people," said Betsey. She buried her face in the starry quilt. "I cannot! I cannot!"

V

THE sun rose at six o'clock and its earliest beam, shining in the face of Betsey, woke her from sleep and to the consciousness of a leaden heart. It was Sunday, and all her life until a few weeks ago she had wakened cheerfully on Sunday. She enjoyed the rest from labor, she loved to go to meeting, she loved all the day's peace and opportunity for meditation. The meetinghouse stood across the road and there had never been a rain so heavy or a snow so deep that attendance was impossible. A few times there had been no one else there but William Hershey, and once even William had not been able to get through the drifts on the mountain road, but the sisters never missed.

Betsey waked now with no sense of peace or assurance. She repressed a groan as, turning, she looked at the bandaged head on the pillow beside her. Six weeks had passed since the doctor's first visit, but Tilly's eyes were still useless. She slept quietly and her mouth below the black cloth was not unhappy. The blind are said to resign themselves more quickly than the deaf; perhaps Tilly had resigned herself. Or, her fate still hanging in the balance, she may have felt hope.

Betsey had not only her acute and tender anxiety about her sister to trouble her; she had a sin to remember and a cruel penance to look forward to. She had committed an offense and this morning she meant to confess it in meeting.

"I can be a sinner," said she, weeping. "But a hypocrite I cannot be. I cannot look them any more in the eye over there."

Slipping carefully from bed, she went about her work. Tilly slept late, and it was well that she did so; her cruel hours of conscious darkness were that much shorter. Betsey opened the kitchen shutters and let in the horizontal sunshine; then she shook down the fire, and slipping into her working jacket, took her milk pail on her arm. The morning was not cold; the day which had dawned was to be like a day of May dropped accidentally into March. Tulips and hyacinths were pushing up through the soil of the garden, buds were swelling, the woodland back of the house had begun to have a look of misty purple as the twigs and little branches changed color. Spring had always meant a foretaste of heaven to Betsey. How strange it was to have an aching heart!

Tilly slept on and on. Betsey prepared the breakfast, and still she had not come. She stole upstairs and looked at her, and realized after a moment of panic that she was asleep and not dead.

Pushing the breakfast to the back of the stove, she sat down with her Bible. But she could not read. The Book lay strangely in her hand, the words looked unnatural, there was no sense of comfort from touch or sight.

At nine o'clock, when Tilly had not waked, Betsey stole to the room once more and got her Sunday dress, and returning to the kitchen, put it on. The devil tempted her to make an excuse of Tilly's blindness to stay at home, but she resisted him. He seemed to whisper in her ear; she saw his smile, his horns, his cloven hoofs.

"Don't go this morning," he advised. "Go next Sunday. This morning the meeting will be large. William Hershey will be there with all his family; you don't wish those little children to hear you make confession. Elder Nunnemacher will be there, and you have always stood well before him. Perhaps next Sunday he will have to go elsewhere. The Stauffer sisters will be there think how astonished they will be! And the Lindakugels and the Herrs and the Schaffers—all will be amazed. Wait, Betsey, wait!"

"No," said Betsey aloud to the empty room. "I'll not wait. I'll leave my poor sister to find her way down, but I'll not wait."

Walking to the foot of the stairs, she called up to Tilly.

"It's time for me to go to meeting, sister. Can you eat your breakfast alone, do you think? It's overdone, I fear."

"Yes," answered Tilly. "Or perhaps I will stay if you'll come back."

"Yes, well," said Betsey. "You can tell the dog to you."

Betsey shuddered—she had told a lie; it was not quite time to go; only William Hershey had driven up to the meetinghouse, and he came early to make the fire. But she dared not wait.

On the porch she lingered and breathed in the sweet air. If she could only breathe enough, perhaps she could ease her heart. But contemplation of Nature could not heal sin; that was certain as the sin itself. She went slowly down the path to the gate, and across the road and into the meetinghouse.

William Hershey was putting coal into the stove. Mary Hershey sat with her baby in her arms, little Amos and little David walked sedately about.

"Good morning," said William. "How are you, Betsey, and how is poor Tilly? We are coming soon to see you."

"She's not good," answered Betsey, selecting a seat.

She did not smile at the children or answer William's announcement of his visit; she merely turned her face to the wall and sat motionless. Her black bonnet hid her eyes, her stout shoulders were bent, her woe was so apparent that the members entering happily from the morning sunshine were cast down. Was poor Tilly, indeed, doomed to blindness?

Elder Nunnemacher did not come and William Hershey preached a short sermon. He selected his subject for the benefit of Betsey, pointing to the joys of heaven as a reward for the sufferings of earth, not dreaming that Betsey believed herself shut out of heaven. Her heart sank lower and lower, her lips trembled, she could scarcely restrain herself from crying out. She knew that everybody was looking at her and feeling sorry for her, and the devil tempted her again through self-pity.

"You have nobody in the world but Tilly. You're not rich. You have no husband and no children. Life has cheated you. Take what pleasure you can. Show some spirit. Don't make a fool of yourself."

"I will make confession," said Betsey in her soul.

"Wait till after the hymn, anyhow," advised the devil.

"No," said Betsey. As William finished she rose slowly. "I have something to say," she announced in a muffled tone.

In the silence which followed Betsey looked at the floor. The Shindledeckers never spoke in meeting; they never spoke to anyone who did not first speak to them; they almost never went from home and they never willingly admitted strangers to their house. There was, their friends believed, no one in the world so shy. And here was Betsey on her feet. All sorts of wild notions flew through their astonished minds. Was Tilly dead and had Betsey lost her mind?

"I must confess my sins," said Betsey in a stronger tone. "I have done wrong. I have done what is forbidden among us. I have read a worldly book. It's a large book with pictures, called The Courier of the Czar." The Courier of the Czar was only a secondary title; upon the real name, Michael Strogoff, Betsey did not dare to venture; as it was, she pronounced "Czar" in two syllables, the first K. "It was called The Courier of the K-zar."

Betsey was heard not with disapproval but with stupefaction; her audience did not understand what she meant. They knew the Bible and the hymnal, and some of them knew the Martyr Book; but they knew no other literature. They did not know the word "courier" nor the word "K-zar."

Betsey saw their stupefaction.

"A courier is a messenger," she explained. "He is one that carries messages and goes on errands. A K-zar is a king."

Still all the Hersheys and Erlenbaughs and Stauffers looked at her blankly.

"It's a story," went on Betsey. "We have stories in the Bible and stories in the Martyr Book. But we know all the stories in the Bible and the Martyr Book by heart. This is a new story. This man is to carry a message for the K-zar to his brother, who is in a city with enemies all round it. He must go three thousand miles through

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enemies and forests and across great rivers. The Susquehanna is nothing to those rivers. A wicked man, Ivan, catches him; and in order to make him tell who he is he takes his mother and puts a sword in front of her and is going to whip her, and when she shrinks from the whip the sword will pierce her. That is what Ivan does. It's like you read in the Martyr Book when they burned the people and drowned them. Then when this courier defended his poor mother this Ivan burned his eyes with a hot sword and made him blind." Betsey's tongue failed her on this word; she repeated it, and her effort produced a prolonged and tragic sound "b-l-i-n-d!"

"But he went on and on, and a young girl helped him. They find a good young man who is their friend, and this Ivan has had him buried in the sand up to his neck and the birds get after him and he dies. They come at last to the place where he is to give his message to the brother of the K-zar and they are floating on an iceberg down the river, and there are springs of something like coal oil near the river, and it is on fire, and they are floating on the ice in the midst of the fire."

Stupefaction continued, but it was now not the stupefaction of amazement but of enchantment. Betsey told her story well, and every eye was fixed upon her; every pair of lungs was either full of air or empty of air; inhalation and exhalation had ceased. Betsey, alas, ceased also.

"That's as far as I have gone," she said, as if exhausted. "But I'm going to finish this book. I'm going to finish it this afternoon, on the Sabbath, whether or no."

Now eye met eye, color came back into pale cheeks. The prevailing expression was one of excitement touched with horror. Betsey remained standing; she seemed about to leave; as though, willing to bear the consequences of her crime, she would excommunicate herself and depart. Only William Hershey seemed to be able to reason. He rose slowly, his gentle bearded face turned toward Betsey. Were there tears in William Hershey's eyes?

"Betsey," he asked slowly, "do you do this for your poor sister?"

Betsey seized the back of the bench before her. She looked smitten, as he looks the secret of whose heart is discovered.

"Don't blame Tilly," she said. "The doctor says she must be yet for a long time in the dark. She knows the Bible and the Martyr Book and the hymns, and now her mind has to work all the time on itself."

"You're reading this to her?"

"I'm reading it aloud," said Betsey stubbornly. "If she listens I cannot help it."

"Sit down," bade William gently and commandingly. "It is here something that this sister must decide. She must do what she thinks is right. Let us sing Number Thirty-seven."

But Betsey was not through.

"I like this reading," she declared wildly. "I don't feel wicked in my sin. It makes me feel good; it sort of clears out my soul. I would rather read than quilt. And we have fifty-eight quilts. Many times Tilly and I wept over the poor martyrs; why should we not weep over these poor others? Our forefathers fought with wolves where this meetinghouse now stands. The Hersheys were in it, I'll bet, and the Stauffers and the Erlenbaughs—all had to fight with wolves and Indians. I forgot to say that when this poor courier of the K-zar and the young girl were floating down the fiery river the wolves got after them. They ——"

William Hershey was alarmed; he feared for Betsey's reason. He started Hymn Number Thirty-seven.

VI

THE stewed chicken and the mashed potatoes and dried corn and slaw and cherry pie which composed the Shindledecker dinner were consumed and all evidences of the meal removed. The cat lay on his chair; he slept, then woke and looked about, then slept again. Betsey went to the porch to hang up the dish towels and the dog came back with her. He had an expectant air, and when he lay down he did not rest his head on his paws, but kept it high. Below her black bandage Tilly's mouth looked happy. Betsey was pale, but she too looked happy. Tilly's head turned, following her sister as though she could see. She looked impatient.

Betsey opened the door of the kitchen cupboard and got out a book. The doctor knew now where his book was, and he had promised Tilly to bring her others by the same author. One was called From the Earth to the Moon, another Twenty Thousand Leagues Under the Sea. But Tilly knew there was no book like this in the world. She meant to ask Betsey to read it again, and perhaps again. Her necessity knew no consideration for others; she would take all the blame for Betsey's sin, if there were blame; but Betsey must read.

"I'm ready," she said. The smile on her face was beatific.

Betsey opened the book. Forsaking one of the unities, the author had brought the villainous Ivan into the foreground of the narrative. Himself disguised as the courier of the Czar, he had entered the besieged city and was about to betray it. Upon him, in a room of the grand duke's palace, having escaped the burning river, came the real courier led by his faithful maiden. In terror, Betsey laid the book upon her knee.

"Now everything is at an end," she warned her sister. "Remember, he cannot see, and here is this wicked Ivan, who can see. What can he do?" Her face was pale. "You must be prepared, sister."

Tilly clasped her hands.

"Go on," she commanded. "I am ready."

Betsey's eyes traveled down the page.

"Oh, sister!" she cried sharply.

"What is it?" asked Tilly.

"Oh, listen!"

"Go on!" said Tilly.

"'Ivan uttered a cry,'" read Betsey. "'A sudden light flashed across his brain. "He sees!" he exclaimed. "He sees!" And like a wild beast trying to retreat into its den, step by step, he drew back to the edge of the room.'"

"He's not blind, then?" gasped Tilly. "But it said he was blind!"

Betsey read on.

"'Stabbed to the heart, the wretched Ivan fell.'"

"But how ——"

Betsey lifted her hand for silence. Here were medical words she could not pronounce, but she could give the blessed sense of what she saw.

"Listen once!" she cried. "When they held the hot sword before his eyes, Tilly, he was crying to think of his poor mother and his tears saved his eyesight."

"Oh, I am thankful to God," said Tilly. "Oh, read that part again, dear sister."

Betsey looked out the window; she needed, suddenly, a wider view than she could get across the kitchen, broad as it was. She looked out the window to the east, then out the window to the west. She rose and walked first to the one, then to the other.

"Oh, do read it again!" cried Tilly. "Just once, sister. I'll ask for no more. Oh, please!"

Betsey gazed out as though at some strange phenomenon. There was a truly strange phenomenon to be seen.

"Oh, I would like to hear it again," begged Tilly. When Betsey did not answer she was terrified. "Why don't you speak to me, Betsey?"

Another person spoke for Betsey. The door opened and the two Stauffer sisters came in. They were about the same age as the Shindledeckers; and like them, one was tall and stout and the other tall and thin. From under their black bonnets they looked out, at once eager and guilty and excited.

"We came ——" began one, and looked at her sister.

"We came to see how that fine man got through," said the sister. "We came to see if he is yet alive. It is surely no sin!"

Betsey stood looking at them and then out the window. Tilly was utterly bewildered; she sat turning her bandaged face toward them helplessly.

"Spare your wraps," invited Betsey pleasantly. She looked across the fields to the south and saw Eleazar Herr approaching with his long stride, and down the road to the east and saw six Erlenbaughs walking in procession, and up the road to the west and saw William Hershey's heavily laden buggy. If she was not mistaken, Mary was in it, and the baby and the little boys.

Her heart swelled; William's approach removed her last lingering sense of wrongdoing. It had been delightful to have Tilly hang upon her words; it had been thrilling to hold the Improved New Mennonite congregation spellbound; now she would have both pleasures in one. She would make these people sad and then how happy! The muscles of her arms tingled as though preparing for dramatic gestures.

"Wait once a little," she said, addressing Tilly. "Then I will begin again in the beginning."

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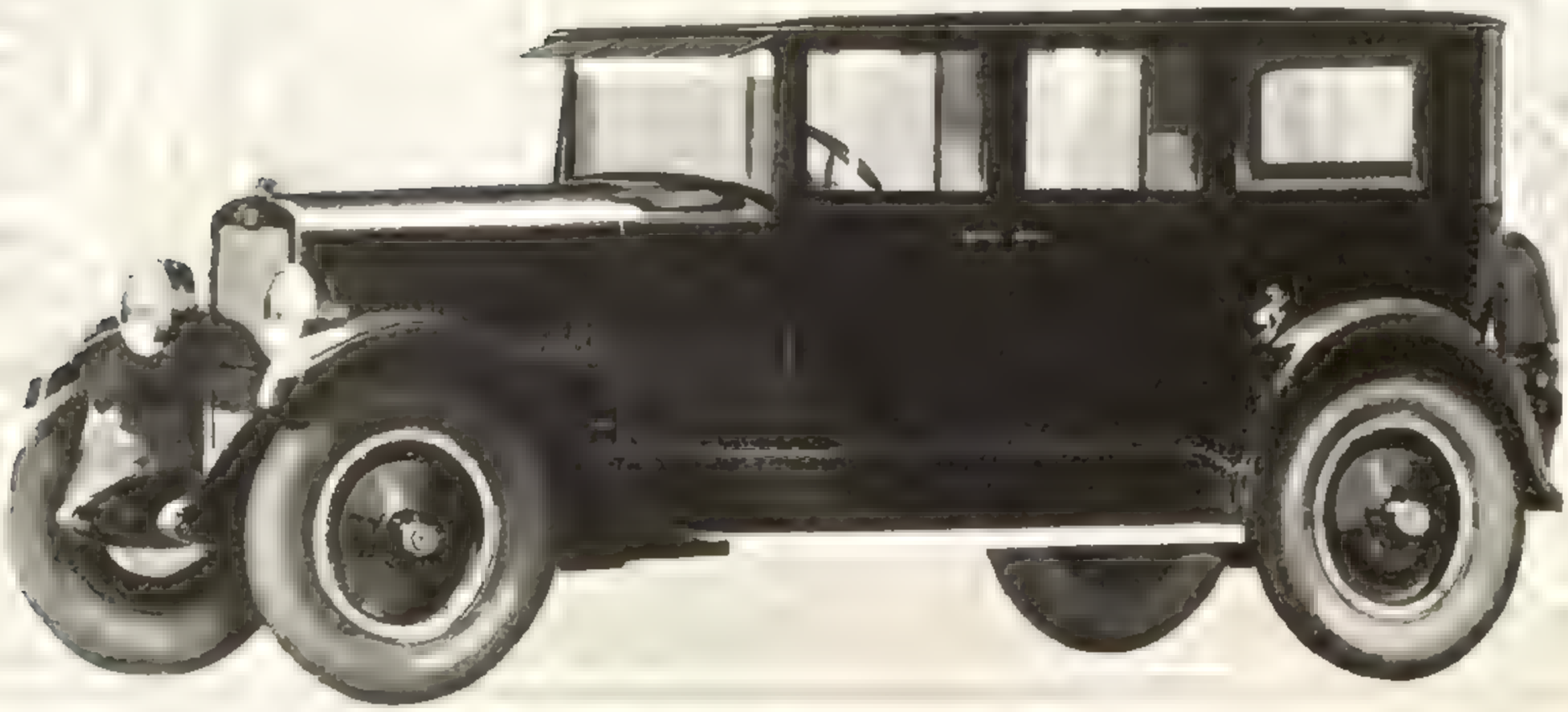

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HUMBUG

(Continued from Page 19)

The proprietor of the What Cheer House and the legal light of Saleratus, together with Spangle Carter, were followed by half a dozen citizens of the camp on their inspection trip. The group lined up around the pen wherein the two hogs were training up for the glorious Fourth.

"That white hog over there looks heavier than the black one. Seems like he's gobbled up more feed than the other one." Spangle Carter pointed to the black hog. "That one looks worried about something. Worry hones a hog down just like it does a human."

It was here that the onlookers witnessed one of the wonders of Nature. The black hog grunted and then in a complaining tenor he explained his lack of progress: "I get enough to eat. What I need most is exercise."

The eyes of the crowd bulged with astonishment and a shadow of fear lay in the look of two or three heavy drinkers.

Horse Eye stated that he'd be danged. He was immediately silenced by Cash Stoddard.

"What I need is a five-mile walk up the trail every night," the black hog continued. "My health is failing and I'll be skin and bones in another week unless I get some exercise. Let me walk five miles uphill every night, so it will be easy comin' back, and I'll make a hog of myself in no time."

Now, singly and collectively, every member of the audience told his companions that he'd be danged, hornswoggled, dingbusted or worse.

Of the excited group, Spangle Carter alone remained cool. He stated that he would be a son of a gun if he thought there was another talkin' hog outside of the one on the farm owned by the King of Spain.

"There's lots of talkin' parrots and talkin' jackdaws, and the Australian bullfrog has been known to talk; but a talkin' hog don't come more than once or twice in a century."

Cash Stoddard, Horse Eye, and soon after all of Saleratus realized that they owned one of Nature's marvels. The space around the hogpen was crowded until evening, but fatigue seemed to have fallen on the black hog and he lay in the mud silent and inert.

At six o'clock he moaned heavily and then: "I've got to have some exercise. Layin' here with so many people lookin' at me is ruinin' my health."

The talking hog had used his voice again! Saleratus realized that here was a precious animal that needed to be humored in his craving for an uphill walk. Two guardians were appointed, and in company with these two men the black hog started on his five-mile walk up the trail, enjoying at once the comparative solitude and the exercise he craved.

By midnight Spangle Carter and two or three other authorities on natural history had convinced the wondering crowd in the bar of the What Cheer House that no miracle had been perpetrated.

"The King of Spain took his hog and turned him loose with a drove of ordinary hogs, and in a little while some of the common hogs were speakin' a little Spanish," Spangle Carter explained. "It wouldn't surprise me if that white hog out there had picked up a few words from his pardner. How long have they been penned up together?"

"Goin' on three weeks." Horse Eye hauled out a ponderous stem-winding watch as if to check up the time that the two hogs had been associated. "It's dang near time them fellers were back with that ther livin' marvel. They've been gone three hours now."

Apprehension increased with the flight of time. The living marvel failed to return! The escort came back to Saleratus shortly after midnight minus the black hog, but fairly incoherent with a wild story of a hold-up.

"We walked that feller five miles and he never once said a word, and then all of a sudden the next thing I see was the shootin' end of a gun stickin' in my face. A couple of galoots got our talkin' hog! One of 'em headed square into the woods with him, near as we could hear, whilst the other kept me an' Jim waitin' there in front of his cannon. He kept us there nearly an hour and then he launched us back along the trail."

"Turn out the camp!"

"Git a posse rounded up!"

Horse Eye was eager for action.

"It's too late now." Cash Stoddard's cooler judgment prevailed. "Whoever kidnaped that hog is lost in the gulch by this time."

The kidnapers were far from being lost in the gulch.

At dawn the talking hog, carefully sacked, but wriggling in his burlap shroud, was lifted down from the back of the trail-hardened Solo. The unloading process was accomplished in Humbug at the shack occupied by Venus, the Digger Indian squaw, whose domicile was safe from all casual intruders. Judge Sherwood and Buck Starr carried the sacked prize into the residence of Venus and five minutes later they were back in the blue tent. While Solo, ranging free once more, occupied himself with a patch of tender green grass, Judge Sherwood and Buck Starr pledged each other with brimming glasses of liquor.

"Buck, so far so good!"

Buck Starr lifted his glass.

"Here's to Spangle Carter! Judge, the way the cards have dropped, it looks like we got a mighty good hand to draw to."

"Here's to the dang Spangle!" The judge ingulfed his liquor. "We got an ace and I'll bet my pile on a pair with Spangle dealin' the cards."

In Saleratus, true to his trust, Spangle was dealing the cards. In a group which had gathered for the morning inspection of the remaining white hog Spangle attempted to direct suspicion for the disappearance of the black one toward the roving Chinese whose camp spotted the placer country.

"Nobody loves pork as well as the Chinamen. They're mighty tricky rascals."

Here, to bereaved Saleratus, appeared the second wonder of Nature. The white hog began to speak. The marvel's words were a contradiction of Spangle's Chinese theory.

"The Chinks didn't steal my pardner. I feel it in my bones. I dreamed that the Humbug gang stole my pardner to feed to their pet bear."

Sure enough, the white hog had picked up the rudiments of English from his talented and kidnaped companion! Wonder deepened in the eyes of the white hog's auditors and every man's voice was hushed.

"I wish that they had taken me instead of old Blackie. I'm hell on bears. I can lick any bear in the world. I'd like to get a chance at that Humbug bear."

A new idea was born in the minds of the Saleratus hog inspectors. Cassius Pike Stoddard subjected the white hog to a respectful question.

"Are you dead sure you can lick that Humbug bear?"

"I know I can lick him." The white hog was positive on the subject. "I can lick any bear in the world."

Cash Stoddard took off his hat and bowed to the deep-voiced white hog.

"My respects to you. Watch your health mighty close, because you're elected to carry the battle flag for this camp clear across the dark and bloody battle ground to victory."

The white hog had a streak of modesty in his make-up.

"I'll do the best I can," he announced. "I got to sleep now. That's the way I train for a bear fight."

The challenge for the fight reached Humbug at noon, and Humbug's acceptance was received by the leaders of Saleratus before the supper hour. A condition of the acceptance was that the outcome of the fight should settle the location of the Fourth of July celebration.

The neutral midway camp of Hepsidam had been nominated as the scene of the fight, and now Humbug specified that the celebration of the glorious Fourth in which all of the local camps might be expected to participate should be held either in Saleratus or Humbug, depending on whose champion won the fight. These conditions were set forth over the signatures of Buck Starr and Judge Sherwood.

A day later Cash Stoddard and Horse Eye, of Saleratus, met Buck Starr and Judge Sherwood in the neutral territory of Hepsidam and the details of the battle were arranged. The fight was to be held on the morning of July Fourth. It was to be staged in a twenty-foot stockade, opening from which two pens were to be built, one for Romeo, the loving bear, the other for the deep-voiced white hog. Willing hands rushed the construction of the arena and it

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Emery Shirts

was ready for the final act on the afternoon of July third.

News had spread through Relief Hill, Lousy Level, Jerico, Devil Cañon, Gitupandgit, Gomorrah and Kanaka Creek, and eager pleasure seekers thronged Hepsidam before the stockade had been finished. Relays of pack horses coming up from Sacramento managed to keep the whisky supply equal to the demand, and midnight ushered in the Fourth with a roaring tempest of impatient humanity which bade fair to banish forever the peace that had reigned in the California hills.

Escorted by a hundred citizens of Humbug, the loving bear was ushered into his pen against one side of the arena at six o'clock. He had been on the night trail for three hours, herded by Venus and Bullion Bill, and his temper was none too good.

From Saleratus half an hour later came a cheering delegation in whose midst, carried on a litter so as to conserve his strength, traveled the conquering white hog. The white hog had refrained from conversation throughout the trip, and when he was lifted down from the litter and urged into his waiting quarters beside the arena his sole comment was a series of grunts which his followers interpreted as savage expressions of impatience for the fray.

A Saleratus partisan yelled across the open arena to the Humbug gang, "Fetch on your bear and bid him good-by!"

Spangle Carter, marching with the Saleratus crew, edged through the crowd until he encountered Buck Starr and Judge Sherwood. A sudden fear had come to his mind. "How do you know the bear will fight?" He whispered the question to his two Humbug friends.

Judge Sherwood smiled his reassurance. "There ain't no question about Romeo. He's mighty savage right now. We been trainin' him up. Like as not his lovin' nature is spoiled for life."

For thirty minutes preceding the battle extravagant claims had been backed by betting which involved all the crowd's portable valuables. Neutral Hepsidam stakeholders guarded more wagered gold dust and nuggets and slugs and coin than the local placer ground had ever held.

A volley of pistol shots quieted the crowd. On a flag-draped platform Cassius Pike Stoddard, wearing a plug hat, lifted his hand for silence. His speech was brief:

"The talking hog of Saleratus will meet the loving bear of Humbug in mortal combat. The fight begins when I fire this pistol. If the bear wins, which he won't, we celebrate the glorious Fourth in Humbug. If the talking hog of Saleratus is victorious, which he will be, the celebration will be held in Saleratus."

Cassius Pike Stoddard bowed to Judge Sherwood, who stood beside him. The judge accepted the conditions and in a loud tone of voice he spoke for Humbug.

"The bet goes as it lays, and three cheers for the Red, White and Blue!"

The cheering wakened the somnolent white hog in his pen and the pistol shot which followed startled him out of his lethargy. He got to his feet and noted that a door had opened in his pen. He trotted through this exit and kept going ahead, minding his own business, until halfway across the open arena he was confronted by a growling black bear. He felt a sudden instinctive dislike for black bears and this dislike became something akin to hatred a moment later. The bear had slapped him. The thing to do was to get out of the bear's way. He altered his course and trotted to the left. He was again confronted by the black bear.

Romeo, the loving champion of Humbug, was in no frame of mind to be pestered by strange grunting animals. He hauled off and knocked the white hog against the pickets of the stockade with a violence which bade fair to wreck the structure. The white hog, deeply insulted now, got to his feet and squealed his dismay in a tone of cowardice which brought a black foreboding to the Saleratus crew. His squeals were suddenly interrupted. Romeo, the loving bear, had gathered him into a violent embrace from which an instant later he was repulsed with a battering swipe that ended his career as a combatant.

The crowd about the arena was quiet for a full minute, and then when the result of the battle was realized a cheering crew of Humbug victors began the mad rush toward the winning camp. Cassius Pike Stoddard consigned the battered white hog to a group of Mexicans which had followed up from Saleratus.

"Listen close for his last words, if any," the donor ordered. "If he shows signs of bein' able to hear, tell the coward what I think of him."

The lawyer's sulphurous statement of what he thought of the white hog was interrupted by a minor commotion created by a temporarily unsuccessful attempt of Venus, the Digger squaw, to subdue the Humbug champion. Still drunk with the lust of battle, Romeo had upset his chaperon for a flight of somersaults. Not until the fulminating Venus had pounded Romeo over the nose with a broken picket out of the arena fence did he regain his normal loving nature and consent to begin a docile return to Humbug.

It was noon when the riotous troop of patriots arrived in Humbug to begin their celebration of the glorious Fourth.

"We got some roast sheep and we got some pigeon pie and we got baked beans and dried apples," Judge Sherwood announced, acting as host. He bowed to Marie Paree and Jim Forsythe and Cash Stoddard and to all the other prominent citizens of the defeated town who were seated at his right along the rude table outside the blue tent.

"Me and the citizens of Humbug"—here the judge bowed to Buckley Starr and Bullion Bill Sully, Spangle Carter and Venus, seated at his left—"would spread ourselves and bust the bank to provide the delicacies of London and Paris for our welcome guests, but it ain't no use. A royal welcome is in our hearts, but the most we can do in the culinary line is to offer the leadin' citizens of Saleratus the biggest roast quail ever found in California." The judge bowed again to Jim Forsythe and Cassius Pike Stoddard, and then turned toward the outdoor kitchen back of the blue tent. "Fetch on the big quail!" he yelled.

At his command four sturdy miners appeared around the corner of the blue tent bearing aloft a plank platform five feet long and half as wide. In the center of the platform, propped up by various shores and timbers and stays, was the mammoth quail, concealed as yet from the gaze of the prominent guests. The quail bearers carried their burden to the head of the table and lowered it so that the quail could be seen.

It was a four-legged quail! Its aroma was that of roast pork and its contours were that of the kidnaped talking hog that had craved exercise on the uphill trail from Saleratus.

The lost black hog had been found!

Cassius Pike Stoddard, noticeably sobered by a sudden idea, looked quickly across the table at Spangle Carter.

"I'm a double-dashed son of a sailor," the Saleratus lawyer began, and then his words were interrupted by the grunting of the roast hog. Spellbound for a moment, the Saleratus guest gazed at the incredible spectacle before him.

Marie Paree screamed. Horse Eye turned to her, abandoning the elaborate courtliness of his normal address.

"Shut up! Listen to what that barbecued hog is sayin'."

The roast hog was orating: "'When, in the course of human events, it becomes necessary for one people to dissolve the political bands which have connected them with another . . . they should declare the causes which impel them to the separation.'" The orating hog coughed gently and departed from the Declaration of Independence. He swung into local vernacular: "As far as Saleratus and Humbug is concerned, there ain't going to be no separation. United we stand, divided we fall, so let the eagle scream!"

There was silence for a minute and then a wild tumult of laughter exploded into the hills. Cassius Pike Stoddard, the leading Saleratus victim, roared a message across the table at Spangle Carter.

"Eat, drink and be merry, you little son of a gun! As soon as this banquet is finished I aim to start a drinkin' bee and if one humbug of a hornswogglin' banjo-playin' ventriloquist ain't lost his voice by sundown I'm a Chink!"

High above the cyclonic mirth sounded the vibrant braying of Solo, the laughing jackass of Humbug Gulch. The Saleratus citizens grinned at their Humbug comrades and Cash Stoddard made his [illegible] confession: "I don't understand [illegible] hogs talk and that [illegible] talk the same language."

The glorious Fourth in Humbug justified its name.

TRUNK AND DISORDERLY

Continued from Page 23

Picnic spent a restless night. At six in the morning he received a visitor in the person of the night-shirted Alley Squibb. Foreseeing opposition, Mr. Squibb entered the room talking. His smooth, unctuous tones hypnotized Mr. Smith; and when, less than an hour later, that lopsided gentleman departed for his day's labors, he had left with Mr. Squibb one of the keys to the trunk wherein reposed Simeon Broughton's sword. Somehow, handing over a key to the shiny new trunk seemed better than delivering the sword.

It was an apprehensive and worried little man who staggered to work that morning. He was in a ferment of alarm lest something go wrong; yet figure as he might, he could not see where there was a flaw in the program as outlined by Mr. Squibb. He trusted Alley implicitly.

As a matter of fact Alley Squibb was a gentleman of very fluid conscience; but as it happened, on this particular occasion he was playing more or less fairly with his temporary partner.

True, there were a few faint discrepancies between his story and the facts of the case, but they were immaterial so far as Picnic was concerned.

One of the discrepancies was that Alley had overstated his finances by precisely five hundred dollars. Also he had exaggerated the price which the Bessemer people were willing to pay. The facts of the transaction, as he proposed to negotiate it, were these: He was to buy the merry-go-round for five hundred dollars—Picnic's five hundred. He had arranged to sell it for fifteen hundred. Seven hundred and fifty of that was to be given to Picnic. He realized that two hundred and fifty dollars profit in cash would look much bigger to Mr. Smith than the prospect of five hundred. The remaining seven hundred and fifty was destined for the capacious pockets of Mr. Squibb himself. It loomed up as an excellent business deal for Picnic, and certainly it contained no drawbacks from Alley's standpoint.

Effervescing with enthusiasm at the prospect of immediate financial relief, Mr. Squibb departed for Bessemer and a final interview. He wanted to get a writin' before actually purchasing the carrousel. At the corner of Third Avenue and Nineteenth Street he boarded a Bessemer car and for one hour thereafter he lounged back contentedly and viewed with approval the greening landscape.

On First Avenue, Bessemer, he found the promoter and president of the new amusement enterprise. That elongated gentleman was surprised to see Mr. Squibb.

"Gosh, Brother Squibb, we thought you had gone fum heah!"

"Not I." Alley rubbed the palms of his hands together. "I has come down to close up our deal."

"Which deal?"

"'Bout that flyin' jinny."

"Flyin' jinny?"

"Uh-huh. The one which you was willin' to buy offen me."

The Bessemer gentleman shook his head slowly.

"I trus', Brother Squibb, that you ain't gone ahaid an' bought yo'se'f no flyin' jinny."

"You whiches?"

"I hope you ain't invested no capital. You see, it was thisaway: Us was glad to do business with you, but when we di'n't heah nothin' fum you fo' a long time we figgered that you had went away, an' so we bought that merry-go-round fum the same people we bought our roller coaster offen."

For a moment the earth ceased to revolve upon its axis. Red Mountain trembled. Alley's forehead broke out in tiny glittering beads of perspiration. He staggered slightly and braced himself by clutching the arm of the other man.

"You has done boughten you a flyin' jinny a'ready?"

"Yeh"—sadly—"us ain't done nothin' else."

Alley seated himself heavily. A great, soggy, gloom cloud descended and settled about his shoulders like a black mantle. He understood what he heard, but couldn't comprehend. This was disaster beyond belief. A few moments before, he had considered himself a man of affluence, worth every cent of seven hundred and fifty dollars; now he was worse than penniless, for he not only had as little as he had before possessed but in addition thereto hope had been stripped from him.

The Bessemer man was very sorry; there were a dozen reasons why he would have preferred to do business with Mr. Squibb, but it was too late. Finally Alley lurched down the street, boarded a street car; but now the landscape was no longer green, the apple and peach and pear trees bore no blossoms, and the singing of birds came to his ears only in notes of taunting derision.

In a trice his cosmic scheme had gone busted and went. Agony had supplanted beatitude; depression followed heavily upon the lightsome heels of exaltation. His careful research, his constant battles against adversity, his elaborate scheming, his spellbinding oratory—all had gone for nothing.

He arrived in Birmingham and mournfully traversed the distance from street car to Sis Callie Flukers' boarding house. The high-voiced woman greeted him in the hall with a shrill burst of language not at all complimentary. She claimed that unless his overdue account was paid by the following morning Mr. Squibb could look around for a new boarding place and a new trunk.

"An' you needn't think you c'n slip yo' trunk away fum heah, neither, Mistuh Squibb, 'cause I is watchin' with all two of my eyes."

Alley sought the solitude of his room. He had touched bottom. Things were at their worst and gave all indications of getting worser. He seated himself on a rickety chair, cupped chin in hands and rocked mournfully back and forth. And then, quite suddenly, an idea smote him and he ceased to rock. The idea grew and a ghosty little smile supplanted the expression of unutterable melancholy which had suffused the Cimmerian countenance.

The jeweled sword! It had promised salvation; there was no reason why it could not yet play its part. True, circumstances had altered; but grim necessity now ruled.

Picnic Smith had invested his sword in a business deal. The business deal had gone flooey. Suppose, reflected Alley, he actually had borrowed from Semore Mashby on the sword before checking up with the Bessemer crowd. In that event Mr. Smith would be minus one sword. The more Alley reflected on this the more certain he became that it would be rank injustice to permit Picnic Smith to get off scot-free. They were to have been partners in success; what was more reasonable and logical than that their partnership should extend to this crushing adversity?

The task of salving his conscience was comparatively simple. Thereafter Alley was metamorphosed into a man of action.

It would be extremely bad tactics, he realized, to go to Semore Mashby now with the sword. It was also highly desirable that he should remove himself and the sword from the vicinity of Mr. Smith. Mr. Squibb resurrected from his trunk one of his proudest possessions—an evening suit. This he carried to a pawnbroker. A deal was made, and with some of the proceeds thereof Alley Squibb went to the Southern Railway ticket office and purchased transportation to Knoxville

The rest was easy. In his pocket was the key to Picnic Smith's trunk. Sis Callie would be watching Alley's trunk, but she would be unsuspicious of Picnic's, that gentleman being in good financial standing with her. Working carefully and quietly, Alley transferred all his earthly belongings to Picnic's trunk. The jeweled sword he left where it was—in that same trunk. No word from below. Sis Callie evidently did not care what Alley was doing, so long as he did not attempt to get his trunk out of her house.

Alley then summoned Sis Callie's hired girl and informed her that an expressman would shortly call for the trunk of Picnic Smith. Mr. Smith, as he explained it, was about to make a short journey. He gave the girl a half dollar, which assured her secrecy. He also left with her seventy-five cents for the expressman.

Then Alley stepped to a telephone on the corner and requested the City Transfer Company to call at Sis Callie's for a trunk which was to be carried to the Terminal Station. He returned to the house and cornered Sis Callie.

"Come on along downtown with me," he invited.

"Whaffo?"

(Continued on Page 146)

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Yet this rifled tip has now been perfected! Clogging is not now possible. In a test, thousands of leads, enough for many lifetimes of writing, were passed through the New Perfected Eversharp without clogging or jamming.

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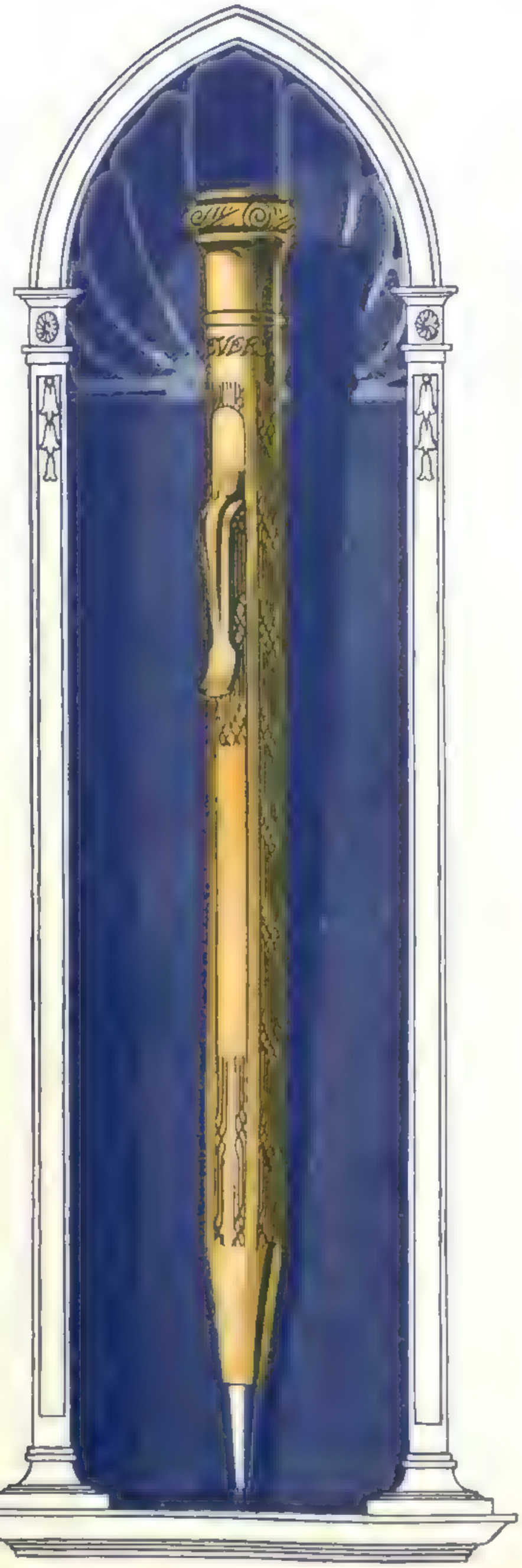

Perfected

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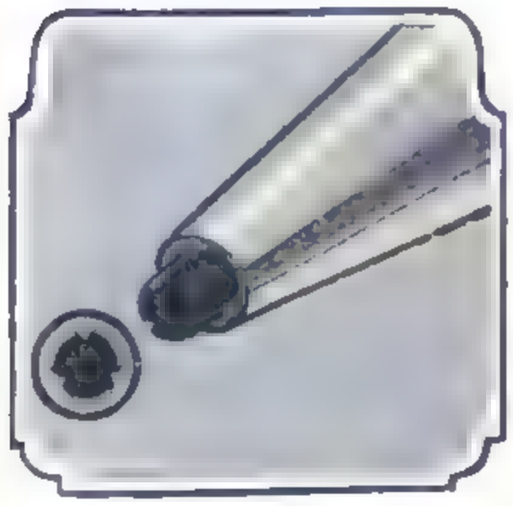

[1] THE RIFLED TIP PERFECTED

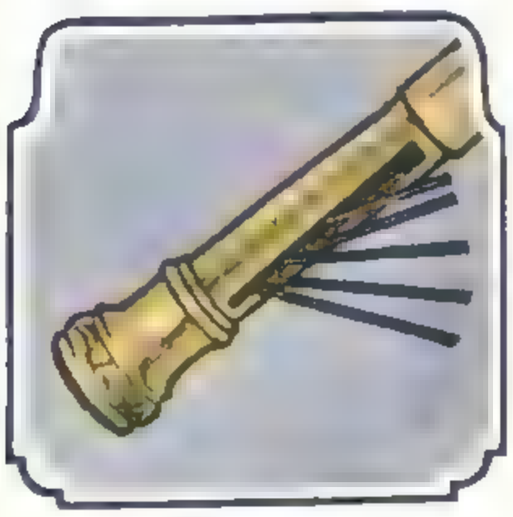

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Diagram shows trigger which releases plunger when lead is used up.

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[3] REFILLED ALMOST INSTANTLY

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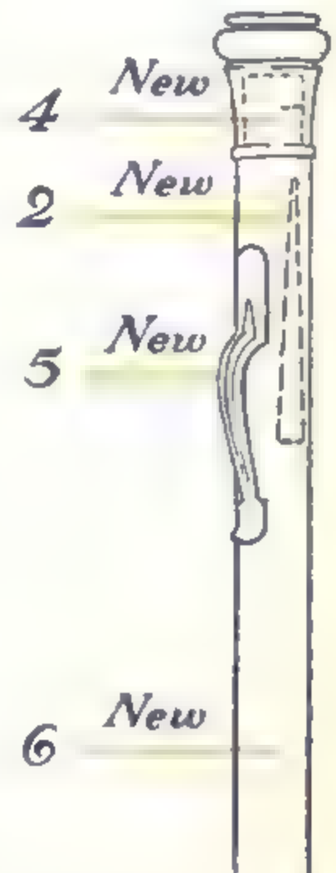

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Ward Wove Quality

(Continued from Page 143)

"Feller down there owes me some money. I aims to collect same an' pay you."

Sis Callie was willing. Certainly, she reflected, she was safe so long as she was with her delinquent boarder. And so, after instructing the hired girl that Alley's trunk was not under any circumstances to be moved, she accompanied the Machiavellian Mr. Squibb.

Alley was happy and prideful; he flattered himself that he was sufficiently adroit for any emergency; here he was, tramping the town with his *bête noire* whilst his escape was being effected almost under her very nose. He chuckled as he reflected upon her bewilderment when eventually he turned up missing and she pried open his sadly empty trunk.

As a matter of fact Alley had good cause to be pleased with himself. He had been clever and foresighted, but unfortunately there were circumstances of which he was unaware, and a person in the cast of characters whose name had never been printed upon Alley's program. That person was Simeon Broughton.

Simeon was the large gentleman who owned the jeweled sword with which Alley planned to elope from Birmingham, and Simeon was driver of the transfer truck which was sent to Sis Callie's to get the trunk. He was of a height with Mr. Squibb, but he weighed thirty pounds more, and not one of those thirty pounds was fat. Mr. Broughton handled the heaviest trunk with ridiculous ease.

He reached Sis Callie's. The unsuspecting hired girl designated to him Picnic's trunk, which she said was the baggage to be transferred. Simeon attached thereto a check, gave the girl the duplicate, received from her the sum of seventy-five cents, hoisted the thing on his shoulder and pitched it on the truck. Then he went on about his business.

Meanwhile Picnic Smith had been experiencing a melancholy day. Premonition weighed heavily upon him; he was victim to a hunch that all was not as it should be, wherefore he asked permission to quit work early, and immediately repaired to his boarding house.

His thoughts were all of the jeweled sword. He was hoping against hope that Alley Squibb had not gone through with the deal. He entered the house, mounted the steps and walked into his room. One wild survey and Picnic staggered. Instinct had told him that something was wrong, but fact was going instinct several better. He unleashed a howl and catapulted through the door in search of information. The frightened hired girl gave it to him.

"Y-y-yassuh, Mistuh Smith, I kinder thought that looked like yo' trunk. But Mistuh Squibb said it was to be give to the espressman an' so I done same."

Picnic departed suddenly and absolutely. He knew what it meant. Alley had borrowed five hundred dollars on the sword, the deal had failed—and Alley was about to escape. In this moment of ghastly revelation Mr. Smith's soul seethed with hatred of Alley and terror of Mr. Broughton, for Picnic knew what Alley did not—he knew that the lost sword belonged to the Gargantuan truck driver.

Simeon Broughton was not a gentleman whose wrath Mr. Smith delighted to incur; he was mammoth and muscular, slow to anger.

"But my gosh! When he do git mad ——"

Picnic circulated through Darktown like a chicken recently deprived of the use of its head. He was hunting his trunk, hunting Alley, hunting a way out of his difficulties.

"Does any feller ever git closer to stermination than what I is, he's gwine be entirely daid!"

During Picnic's mad peregrinations through the downtown sector, Alley Squibb returned to Sis Callie's. The girl followed him to the room and informed him of Mr. Smith's untimely return and frothing anger. Alley frowned.

"Ain't that just like that cullud boy—comin' home to worry me thataway? Seems like there don't nobody leave me have a good time."

But since knowledge had come to the victim, it behooved the arch-schemer to effect an immediate exodus. He did this with extreme neatness and remarkable dispatch. He boarded a street car, alighted near the terminal and lost himself in a pool room located thereabouts.

His plan was to sit steady until an hour or so before train time.

Carrying with him his albatross of misery, the soul-sick and foot-weary Picnic continued his search. And in this case indefatigable energy was rewarded.

It was on Fourth Avenue. Simeon Broughton, feeling slightly hungry and knowing that he had plenty of time, left his truck near the curb and descended upon a hot-dog stand, where he munched gustily upon several succulent Wieners while he absorbed numerous bottles of soft beverage. And it was while he was engaged upon this gustatory excursion that Picnic Smith came upon the truck.

It was piled high with trunks, but the eye of Mr. Smith located his own as unerringly as a mother can tell which twin from t'other. His eye quested down the block along the great mystery of the New South—the dilapidated one-horse drays whose antiquated owners somehow manage to eke out a living by casual haulage. In that line Picnic discovered an old friend. The conversation which ensued was brief, earnest and very much to the point. Five minutes later Picnic's trunk, containing Alley's clothes and Simeon's sword, was on the old man's dray.

Picnic rode beside the driver. He gazed with genuine affection upon the swaying, knock-kneed horse. Behind him was his trunk. Certainly he had been within his rights in taking possession of his trunk wherever it happened to meet his eye. It was his property, and now he had possession as well as the right of possession. He figured that something had been saved from the wreckage. Perhaps, too, Mr. Squibb would be reluctant to leave Birmingham without his extensive and expensive wardrobe.

At about that time Simeon Broughton backed his well-loaded truck up against the baggage platform at the Terminal Station and disgorged its complement of trunks. Five minutes later a slinky figure appeared at the desk and presented a transfer check and a ticket to Knoxville. The baggage agent howled out the check number and the porter commenced his search for the desired trunk.

Two minutes later came the call, "'Tain't heah, boss man."

"What?" The clerk frowned. "It must be there. It should have come in on Broughton's truck."

"'Tain't heah—tha's all what I knows."

Simeon was summoned.

"Isn't this one of your checks, Broughton?"

"Yassuh, shuah is."

"Where's the trunk?"

"Right over yonder. I just brung it in."

A further inspection was made under the startled, if distant, eyes of Alley Squibb. The result of that search was definite—the trunk was not there. Simeon mopped a perspiring forehead with a red handkerchief. He couldn't understand it. He remembered each trunk, and though he couldn't locate the exact one that was missing, he admitted in perfect frankness that one of them had disappeared.

Ensued a series of long and violent discussions, as the result of which the baggage man returned the trunk check to Alley Squibb, and that gentleman called Simeon Broughton aside for a conference.

Both negroes were victims of melancholia. The loss of the trunk, under the circumstances, was disastrous to Alley. To Simeon the situation was fraught with horrid potentialities. They knew each other only casually, but Alley's perceptions were sufficiently keen for him to understand that Simeon was infinitely more worried than he thought Alley was, wherefore Mr. Squibb played his cards cleverly.

"Big boy," said he, "you has shuah stahted somethin'."

"Ain't it the truth?"

"'Tain't nothin' else. I woul'n't be in yo' shoes fo' nothin'."

"N'r neither I woul'n't. What you reckon they is gwine do to me?"

Alley was optimistic.

"Big Rock mos' prob'ly. Six months or so."

"Oh, lawsy!"

"An' then mos' likely also they sues you. How come you to lose a trunk anyway?"

"Slipped offen my truck, I reckon. Cain't figger no other way. Ain't lost ary thing else sence I been wukkin' fo' the comp'ny. Golly, I shuah wisht there was some way I could git out!" An idea struck and his face lighted. "How 'bout lettin' me pay yo fo' that trunk, Mistuh Squibb? Then you tells the spress comp'ny ev'ything is O. K. all right an' I ——"

Alley shook his head disconsolately.

"Nothin' doin', Brother Broughton."

"How come not?"

"You ain't got how much money that trunk was wuth. You ain't even got almost that much money. You don't know what was in that trunk."

"What it was?"

"A sword!"

"A which?"

"Sword. The swellest jeweled sword ever you set eyes on. There ain't ever been a sword like that-a-one; diminds an' sapphers an' rubies—hund'eds of 'em. That sword was wuth a thousan' dollars was it wuth a copper. Noasuh, Mistuh Broughton, reckon you has done made up yo' bed an' is gwine lie in it."

Simeon did not answer immediately. His brain was functioning at top speed. A sword—a jeweled sword—a sword which by description exactly corresponded with his. Simeon hesitated. On the one hand was the prospect of genuine whole-souled trouble; on the other the losing of his most cherished possession. He did not doubt for an instant that the transfer company would institute proceedings against him should the matter not be settled, wherefore he reached the only possible decision, albeit it tore his heart from its moorings.

"Cullud man," he said, laying his big hand gently on Alley's shoulder, "I reckon I c'n fix you up."

"That sword ——"

"I has got me a sword which is as good as yo' sword an' somethin' over fo' brawtus. I paid me one thousan' cash dollars fo' that sword an' I love it better than I would my twins if I had any. You come along with me, an' does you like it better I gives it to you an' you gives me yo' trunk check. How 'bout it?"

Alley was willing; more—he was eager. Whereas the lost weapon had not been his property, the sword thus given him would be his absolutely. Together the two men strode toward the glittering lights of Eighteenth Street—one tall and lean, the other tall and heavy set. Only once did Alley ask a question:

"Where this sword is at?"

"Friend of mine has got it."

That was all. They turned south on Eighteenth, crossed the L. & N. tracks and came eventually to Avenue F. Alley's steps lagged. He wasn't particularly keen about strolling around on that thoroughfare. Half a block away he could see the gabled roof of Sis Callie Flukers' boarding house, and the vision was remindful of certain highly unpleasant episodes of the immediate past. He suggested that he would wait where he was and permit Simeon to fetch the sword, but Mr. Broughton refused. When, however, a moment later, Simeon turned in at Sis Callie's gate Alley balked.

"How come you to stop in heah, Mistuh Broughton?"

"Craves to see a friend of mine."

"Le's git the sword fust off."

"Us gits the sword quick enough. Come along."

Alley hesitated midway between the devil and the deep blue sea. Then a grim smile settled about his lips; he was a poker player of parts and bluffing was second nature with him. They could slip into the house with small chance of running foul of Picnic Smith, and should Sis Callie cross their path, Alley's conscience was clear. So far as Sis Callie knew, he had not tried to escape; there was his trunk to prove it. And so Alley took a chance and followed Simeon into the house.

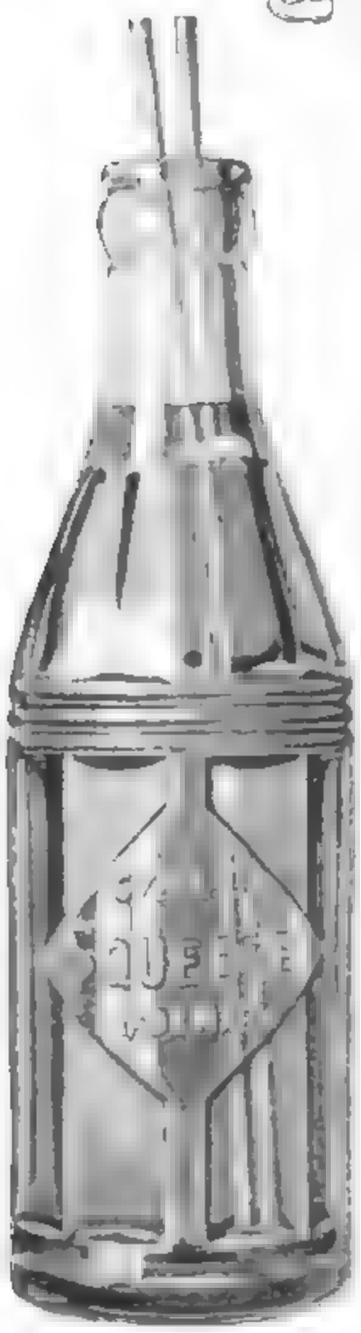
The hallway was vacant; no sign of Sis Callie. At this hour of night the chances were that Miss Flukers and Picnic were both slumbering, more or less peacefully. Besides if there should be a show-down with Picnic, Alley planned to explain suavely that the deal was still hanging fire.

They attained the second floor, and then, before Alley was entirely conscious of what was happening, Simeon Broughton had flung open the door of Picnic's room and they were face to face with that diminutive and considerably startled personage. Alley's eyes flashed apprehensively to Picnic's face; had he missed the trunk? Picnic's expression reflected only terror; vision of the massive figure of Simeon Broughton brought to Mr. Smith no surge of exaltation. He reflected bitterly that mayhem was about to be committed with himself as mayhemee.

Simeon came straight to the point.

"Picnic," he announced, "I want to get my sword."

(Continued on Page 149)



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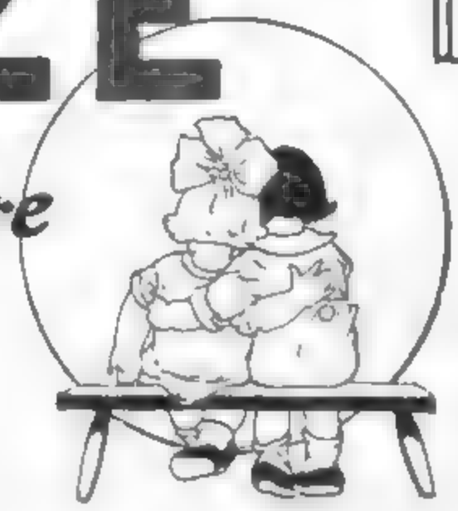

Winners in the MONARCH COFFEE *Contest*

The Monarch Coffee Contest

ANNOUNCEMENT of the Monarch Coffee Contest was made [illegible] Saturday Evening Post on December 22, 1923. The rules required each contestant to trace the all-the-way-by-water route, from the headwaters of river navigation in Colombia to the Monarch Roasting Plant at Chicago.

The judges who decided on the distribution of prizes were [illegible] A. Losty, Ph.D., Professor Foreign Trade, College of Commerce, De Paul University

Arthur Nethercot, Ph.D., Department of English, Northwestern University.

Lewis Carlyle Sorrell, A.B., Professor Transportation, School of Commerce and Administration, University of Chicago

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THOUSANDS of letters were received in answer to the Monarch Coffee Contest—not only from the United States, but from Canada, Mexico, the Philippine Islands, South America, Europe and Asia. Letters came from men and women in all walks of life as well as from students in grammar schools, high schools and colleges. In addition to the prize winners listed on this page, 1000 contestants who wrote letters of exceptional merit, will receive, free of charge, a pound package of Monarch Coffee.

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Joseph Leeming, Buffalo, N. Y.
Jean E. Murdoch, New York, N. Y.
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S. G. Osborne, Mt. Vernon, N. Y.
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[illegible] Brakeman, Sarnia, Ont., Canada
[illegible] Bancroft, Roswell, N. Mex.
[illegible] J. Willman, Cincinnati, O.
[illegible] West, Kansas City, Mo.
[illegible] Haddonfield, N. J.
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[illegible] Sieglinger, Woodward, Okla.
J. C. Siegert, Chicago, Ill.
A. J. Smalahaf, Columbus, Ga.
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Miss I. G. Robbins, Mobile, Ala.
E. H. Mason, River Forest, Ill.
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Laura Argue, Kansas City, Mo.
James Beach, Williamsville, N. [illegible]
Mrs. James D. Jacobs, Danville, Pa.
A. P. Titlow, Allentown, Pa.
P. S. Yewdale, Milwaukee, [illegible]
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W. Gibbons, Valley Cottage, Rockland [illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible] Wyoming, O.
[illegible] Camp Hill, Pa.
[illegible]rise, San Francisco, Calif.
[illegible], Oklahoma City, Okla.
T. V. Orr, Bolton, Fla.
Gertrude Purtell, Chicago, Ill.
J. J. McDougall, Kansas City, Mo.
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(Continued from Page 146)

His sword! Alley Squibb quivered. Was it possible

Picnic turned green with terror. The dread moment had come—the moment when he must produce the sword which had been loaned to Alley Squibb. Mr. Smith flashed Alley a look of mute, humble pleading.

"Mistuh Squibb," he groaned, "Mistuh Broughton wants me to give him a sword."

Things were happening a trifle too swiftly to suit Alley, so he merely answered, "Ain't it so?"

Picnic opened his lips to explain that the sword was temporarily in use. Then a new idea came to him: better to feign a search and to pretend surprise when he should find it missing. Simeon would be furious, of course; but, after all, that fury would be tame by comparison with the homicidal anger which would beset Mr. Broughton should he ever learn the use to which his prized jewel actually had been put. Picnic determined to hunt through his trunk, exhibit consternation at his discovery of the sword's disappearance; and then, if lucky, he might eventually redeem the sword from Semore Mashby and return it to its owner. Besides, this seemed about as good a time as any to let Mr. Broughton know that all was not as it should be.

And so he staggered to the corner and flung back the lid of his trunk. Alley's eyes followed the progress of the other man and, as Mr. Squibb glimpsed the missing trunk, he felt a queer little chill traverse his spinal column.

"Wigglin' tripe," he muttered to himself, "I don't begin to understan' half of what I knows about this!"

Certainly the trunk had no business in Mr. Smith's room, and from the startled attitude of that gentleman it was apparent that Picnic had no idea the sword was in the trunk. Meanwhile Simeon Broughton surveyed the scene without the faintest suspicion that his two companions were suffering agony.

Picnic talked as he worked, postponing until the ultimate moment the disclosure. In the middle of the room stood the bewildered Alley Squibb. Instinct informed him that he was in entirely too close proximity to trouble, but desperation and lack of comprehension anchored his feet.

"Swell sword, Simeon," soliloquized Picnic. "Suttinly was noble of you to loaned it to me. Woul'n't have nothin' happen to that sword fo' nothin'. Ain't never let it git outen my sight. Nossuh, not ary one time. Right heah in my trunk I keeps it."

And then a wild squeal of amazed exultation issued from Mr. Picnic Smith. Eager shaking fingers dived below certain personal garments of Mr. Squibb and emerged clutching the sword.

Picnic Smith didn't know where the sword came from; as a matter of fact, he didn't care. There it was. He opened the case and the instrument smiled up at him in all its jeweled elegance. Delirious with happiness at this snatching of safety from disaster, he staggered across the room and placed the thing in the hands of Simeon Broughton.

"There's yo' sword, Brother Broughton. An' believe my words when I utters that I is glad to git shet of it."

Simeon gazed sadly upon the pride of his heart. Then manfully he made his sacrificial offer. He extended it to Alley Squibb.

"Here you is, Brother Squibb. Take it an' go."

Alley took it. He wasn't particularly anxious to take it, but he didn't know what else to do.

Picnic Smith watched in consternation. Simeon giving his sword to Alley Squibb! The thing was unthinkable. Then a thought struck Mr. Smith and a vast dignity settled upon his narrow shoulders. He knew something was wrong, and he had no intention of permitting his friend, Mr. Broughton, to be the victim. There was stern determination in the glance he bestowed upon Alley Squibb and a metallic timbre to his voice.

"Gimme!" he commanded, extending his hands.

"Hun?"

"Gimme!"

"Which

"Somethin' you borried which ain't never yet been returned back!"

"But, Picnic——"

"Gimme! Quick!"

Alley Squibb and Picnic Smith stared straight at each other. In the background was the bewildered but interested Simeon Broughton.

Reluctantly Mr. Squibb returned the borrowed sword to Picnic Smith.

"Heah you is, Brother Smith," he mourned. "I hope you is satisfried."

"Not yet." Picnic turned to Simeon. "I gave you back yo' sword which I borried offen you, di'n't I, Brother Broughton?"

"Uh-huh."

"On account of some kind of foolishment, you gave it to Mistuh Squibb, didn't you?"

"Yeh; I had to."

"A'right. Havin' give it to him one time, you don't owe it to him no mo', does you?"

"N-o."

"Then Mistuh Squibb gave me that sword. Ain't it so, Alley?"

"Uh-huh."

"A'right ag'in. Now, Mistuh Broughton, I returns yo' sword back to you again as a present fum me."

Simeon's head roved slowly around on the top of his neck.

"Hot dam! Picnic, you suttin do make things circulate."

"An' that ain't all, Simeon. I has got other things on my mind. Leave me hold that sword a minute."

Simeon handed him the weapon. Picnic, invested with an enormous and comprehensive dignity, weighed it speculatively. His eyes focused grimly upon the cowering Alley Squibb and his fingers closed firmly about the grip. Slowly, positively and significantly he withdrew the shiny blade from its scabbard.

He addressed Mr. Broughton, but his gaze never wavered from the horror-stricken face of Mr. Squibb.

"Plenty sharp, ain't it, Simeon? Wonder is it any good fo' cuttin' dark meat. Lemme see ——"

Something in the manner of the man with the sword caused Alley Squibb to remember that he had an important engagement elsewhere. He came abruptly to the conclusion that the engagement must be kept immediately or even a moment or two sooner, wherefore he turned and started for the door.

Picnic's arm went back. The sword swished through the atmosphere. An eerie shriek of terror pealed from Mr. Squibb's throat as he descended the stairway in one leap and three bumps. He reached the street and spurned the landscape in his progress toward some spot a few miles beyond the horizon.

Picnic Smith turned smilingly to his ponderous friend.

"Golly, ain't he the runnin'est man?"

"Uh-huh. . . . Tell me somethin', Picnic, what does all this mean?"

Picnic was master of the situation. He shrugged indifferently.

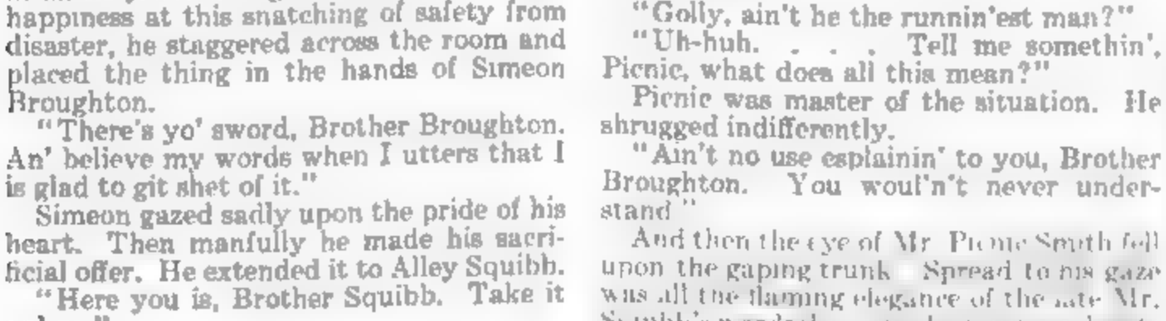
"Ain't no use esplainin' to you, Brother Broughton. You woul'n't never understand."

And then the eye of Mr. Picnic Smith fell upon the gaping trunk. Spread to his gaze was all the flaming elegance of the late Mr. Squibb's wardrobe—checked suits and suits of striped serge, silken shirts and sheer hose; screaming ties and snappy hats. Picnic chuckled as he summoned Simeon Broughton to his side.

"Lemme show you some new clothes I got, Simeon. Ain't they swell?"

"Gosh!" Simeon's eyes were wide with envy. "Where at did you git all them things, Picnic?"

"Them clothes?" Mr. Picnic Smith was quite casual in his explanation. "They is profits fum a li'l' business deal which I has recently undergone."



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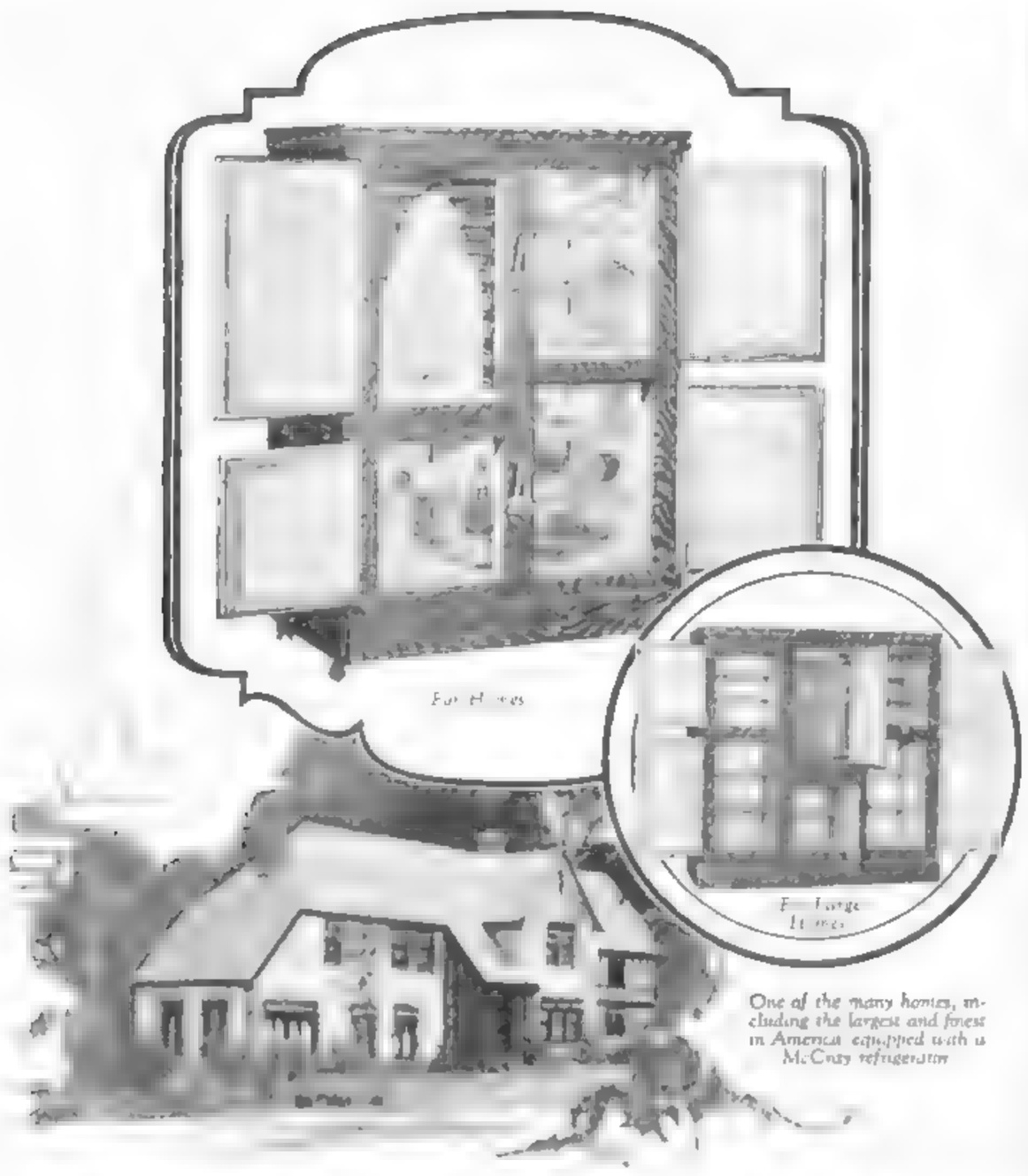

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BILL THE CONQUEROR

Continued from Page 40

"So you're the old man's nephew, eh?" said Mr. Slingsby. "Great old boy. And what have you been doing with yourself since you arrived?"

Bill related the simple annals of his first week in London, touched on Judson, mentioned two theatrical performances of a musical nature which he had attended.

"Oh, so you've seen the Girl in Pink Pajamas?" said Mr. Slingsby, interested. "How did you like it? Think it would go in New York? I own part of that show, you know."

Bill's feeling of belonging to a lesser order of creation became more marked. He had not Judson's airy familiarity with the theatrical world, and men who owned parts of shows were personages to him.

"Really?" he said.

"Oh, yes," said Mr. Slingsby carelessly. "I do quite a lot of that sort of thing." He nodded in friendly fashion at a passing exquisite. "Renfrew," he explained. "He's starring in It Pays to Flirt at the Regent. You ought to go and see that. Good show. I'm sorry I didn't take a part of it when they offered it to me. But somehow or other the script didn't seem to read right. One misses these chances."

Bill was perplexed. For a manager of the London branch of one of the largest firms in America, pulp paper seemed to mean very little in Mr. Slingsby's life. He began to think that the solution of the mystery of the fallen-off profits might be simpler than Uncle Cooley had supposed. Something akin to dislike of this splendid person crept over him. Mr. Slingsby made him feel inferior, and Bill was not fond of feeling inferior. And what right, Bill asked himself with some warmth, had fellows to make fellows feel inferior when fellows the first fellows—couldn't handle an excellent business in such a manner as to make it show a decent profit? He looked critically across the table at Mr. Slingsby. Yes, he disliked the man. And if the four-flusher continued trying to impress him with his beastly theatrical ventures and his rotten theatrical friends he ran a grave risk of being told precisely where he got off.

In fact, decided Bill—no time like the present—he would give him this information now. True, he was the man's guest and full of his hors d'œuvres and meat; but as these doubtless would be charged up to the office, no nice scruples need restrain him.

"Uncle Cooley," he said, changing the subject with an abruptness perhaps a trifle brusque, for Mr. Slingsby had just been commenting apropos of a spectacular young lady who had recently passed the table—on chorus girls, their morals and the opportunities a man financially interested in the theater had of enjoying their stimulating society—"Uncle Cooley," said Bill coldly, now thoroughly convinced that his dislike amounted to positive loathing, "asked me while I was over here to try to find out why the profits on the London end of the business had fallen off so badly. He's very worried about it."

There was a pause. The introduction of the cold business note seemed to have stunned Mr. Slingsby. He looked surprised, hurt, astonished, wounded, pained, amazed and cut to the quick.

"What?" he cried, and his demeanor was that of one who has been stabbed in the back by a trusted friend. For half an hour he had been honoring Bill with his cordial geniality, and now this had happened. You could see that Wilfrid Slingsby was shaken. But he pulled himself together. He laughed. He laughed nastily.

"Profits fallen off?" he said, regarding Bill unfavorably. He did not try to conceal his opinion that Bill, a brief while before the companion of his revels, now ranked in his esteem about on a level with the first waiter. "If you ask me I should say your uncle ought to be glad there are any profits at all. Let me tell you that there aren't many men in my position who could show such a good balance sheet. Not many, believe me!" He glowered darkly at Bill. "You understand the pulp-and-paper business thoroughly, of course?"

"No," said Bill shortly.

It was just the sort of question this sort of man would ask. Bitter regret for a misspent youth surged through him. If only he had employed those wasted hours in learning all about pulp paper—and what more entertaining subject could a young man in the springtime of life find for his attention? he would now be in a position to cope with this Slingsby. As it was, he feared that Slingsby was going to trample on him. His surmise was correct. Mr. Slingsby trampled all over him.

"Ah," said that gentleman with odious superiority, "in that case it is hardly worth while for me to go into the matter. Still, I will try to put it in the simplest nursery language."

Mr. Slingsby's idea of putting it in simple nursery language was to pour over Bill a flood of verbiage about labor conditions, rates of exchange and economic practicabilities that had his young friend gasping like a fish before he had spoken ten words. No wood that ever entered Mr. Paradene's mill had been more well and truly reduced to pulp than was Bill at the end of fifteen minutes. And when, after taking a quick breath at the conclusion of this period, his host showed signs of beginning Chapter II, he could endure no more. He realized that he was retiring in disorder and leaving the field to the enemy, but that could not be helped. Glancing at his watch, he muttered an apology and rose. Mr. Slingsby, restored to his old cheery self by this triumph, became instantly cordial once more.

"Got to go?" he said. "Perhaps I ought to be moving myself."

He called for the bill, signed it in a bold hand, hurled silver on the plate, nodded like a monarch in acknowledgment of the waiter's charmed gratitude, and led the way out.

"Coming my way?"

"I think I'll be getting back to my flat. I have some letters to write."

"Why not go to your club?"

"I don't belong to any clubs in London."

"Hope you're comfortable in this flat of yours. If you feel like moving mention my name at the Regal and they'll treat you right."

"I have taken the flat for three months," said Bill, resolved that nothing would ever induce him to mention this man's name anywhere.

"Where are you living?"

"Battersea. Marmont Mansions."

Mr. Slingsby raised his black eyebrows. "Battersea? Why on earth do you want to go and bury yourself in a hole like Battersea?"

"Because it's cheap," said Bill between set teeth.

"Taxi!" said Mr. Slingsby, scorning to plunge any deeper into the degrading subject, and bowled swiftly away like a Roman emperor going somewhere in his chariot.

So strangely is human nature constituted that it was this unconcealed contempt on the other's part for his little nook that definitely set the seal on Bill's dislike. The captain-of-industry manner, the theatrical swank, the lecture on pulp paper—all these things he might have forgiven. It would not have been easy, but he might have done it. But this was unpardonable. Be it never so merely rented furnished, a man's little home is his little home; and if he is a man of spirit he resents fellows with blue chins sneering at it. By the time Bill put his latchkey in the door of Number 9, Marmont Mansions, he was in a state of such nervous hostility to Mr. Slingsby as only tobacco and the ungirt loin could soothe. He removed his coat, his collar, his tie and his shoes, lit a pipe and settled down on the sofa in the sitting room. He brooded sullenly.

"Darned gas bag!"

He brooded further.

"Pulling all that stuff!"

He brooded yet again.

"I believe the man's a crook, and I'm going to keep an eye on him!"

He was still chewing on this stern resolve when the doorbell rang. He got up reluctantly. He assumed the ringer to be Judson, who had a habit of forgetting his latchkey. He went along the passage and opened the door.

It was not Judson. It was a girl.

III

THERE was a pause. It is always disconcerting for a young man of orthodox views on costume to discover, after going to the door to admit a male friend, and not having bothered to put on his coat, collar or shoes for the task, that he is face to

Continued on Page 153

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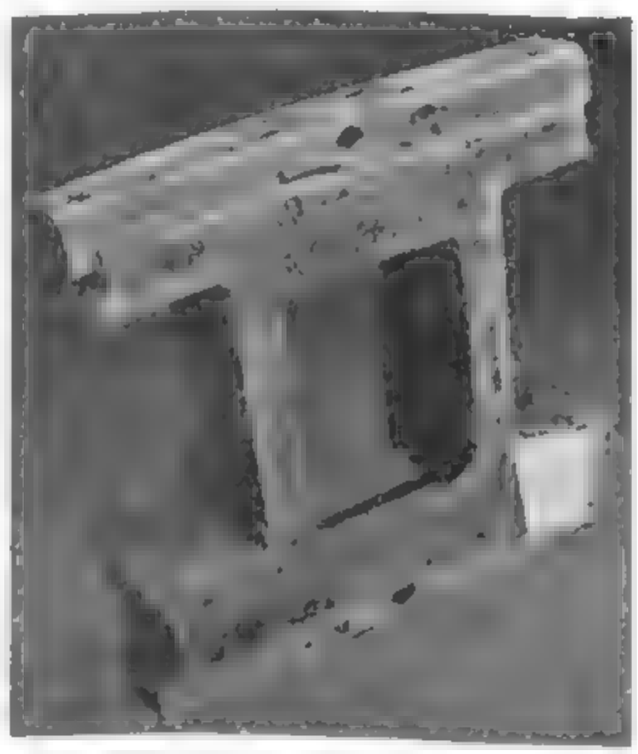
THE Weyerhaeuser Service Man is now planning his engagements ahead. We should appreciate early correspondence from manufacturers and lumber merchants who wish to have this Weyerhaeuser *personal attention*.



Here is a White Pine pattern that has seen continuous service for more than thirty years. It is a pattern for a truck end, and was made in 1892 for the Northern Pacific Railway. The only repairs necessary in that time were a few small iron strips to hold the sections together. An exceptional record, to be sure, but one that clearly indicates why White Pine has always been preferred by the pattern-maker.

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(Continued from Page 150)

face with a strange girl. And this was a distinctly attractive girl. Bill, as we know, was in love with Alice Coker. Nevertheless, his eyesight remained good and he was consequently quite able to see how distinctly attractive this girl was. Girls, of course, fell into two classes—Alice Coker and others; but there was no disguising the fact that his visitor came very high up in the ranks of the others. She was a slim, fair-haired girl, with a trim figure delightfully arrayed in a dress of some brown material—it was not really brown; it was beige; but Bill had not an eye for these niceties. He was particularly aware of her eyes. They were very blue and seemed unusually large. She was staring at him and to his embarrassed thinking, staring with a sort of incredulous horror, as if he hurt her in some sensitive spot.

Bill blushed pinkly and endeavored to wriggle his feet under the mat. In the store on Forty-second Street where he had purchased them those socks had looked extremely pleasing; but now he would fain have hidden their gleaming pinks and greens from sight; and he reflected moodily how rash a young man is who in this world of sudden and unexpected crises takes off his shoes in the daytime. So that, taking one thing with another, Bill in that first instant contributed nothing toward the task of making this interview go off with a swing.

The girl was the first to speak.

"Good gracious!" she said.

Bill felt that this was getting worse and worse.

"Surely," she went on, blinking those large blue eyes, "it's Mr. West!"

To his other discomforts, Bill now became aware that a species of cold perspiration had added itself. It was bad enough to encounter this distinctly attractive girl in a shoeless, coatless, collarless and—as he now perceived—a hole-in-the-sockful condition; but to make it worse, she seemed to remember meeting him before and he couldn't even begin to place her. It was not one of those cases of a mere name slipping from the mind, preventing the sufferer from applying a label to a remembered face. She was a complete stranger.

"You've forgotten me!"

"Forgotten you!" responded Bill stoutly, feeling the while as if some muscular person were stirring up his interior organs with a pole. "I should say not. Forgotten you!" He laughed metallically. "What an idea! It—it's just—the fact is, I'm bad at names."

"Felicia Sheridan."

Bill felt that his face must be turning gray.

"Felicia Sheridan!" he said. "Sheridan! Of course!"

"Well, considering that you once saved my life," said Flick, "I should have been hurt if you had forgotten me altogether."

One of the advantages of being sparing in one's acts of heroism is that it makes them easy to remember.

Bill was in the happy position of having saved only one life in his whole career. A wave of the most poignant relief flooded over him.

"Good heavens, yes!" he ejaculated. He stared at her with an intensity that rivaled her own of a few moments back. "But you've altered so," he said.

"Have I?"

"Have you!" babbled Bill. "Why, when I saw you last you were a skinny kid, all legs and freckles. I mean ——" He gave it up. "Won't you come in?" he said.

They went into the sitting room. Bill hastily thrust his feet into the shoes that lay brazenly near the sofa and feverishly started to don his collar. All this took time, thereby enabling Flick, who had looked delicately away during the operation, to inspect the room. Inspecting the room, she could hardly fail to observe the photographs of Miss Alice Coker. If she had missed half a dozen of them, she was bound to see the other six. She observed them.

Something like a shadow seemed to fall upon Flick. She endeavored to be reasonable. It was hardly to be expected that a splendid fellow like Bill would have remained uncaught after five years. Besides, he had only met her about ten times when she was, as he had justly remarked, a skinny kid, all legs and freckles. Furthermore, she was engaged to be married to an estimable young man of whom, she told herself, she was very, very fond. Nevertheless, a shadow did fall upon her.

Bill, meanwhile, shod and no longer in the seminude, had leisure to speculate on the mystery of her visit. It puzzled him completely.

"I expect," said Flick at this moment, "you are wondering how on earth I come to be here. The fact is I must have called at the wrong address. The policeman on the corner told me this was Marmont Mansions."

"It is."

"Marmont Mansions, Battersea?"

"Marmont Mansions, Battersea."

"Number 9?"

"Number 9."

"Then who," demanded Flick, "is Mrs. Matilda Pawle?"

Bill could make nothing of the question.

"Mrs. Who?"

"Pawle—Mrs. Matilda Pawle."

Bill shook his head.

"I never heard of her."

"But she lives here."

The implied slur on the bachelor respectability of his little home drew from Bill a shocked denial.

"Well, that's the address she gave in her letter," said Flick, fumbling in her bag. "Look! This letter came for my uncle—you remember my uncle—it came this morning."

Bill's face as he took the letter expressed only bewilderment. This bewilderment as he started to read seemed to Flick to deepen. And then suddenly there came a startling change.

All his features appeared to dissolve in one enormous grin, and the next moment he had tottered to the sofa and was holding on to its friendly support, laughing helplessly.

"It's Judson!" he moaned, meeting Flick's astonished eyes and reading in them a demand for some clew to this strange behavior.

"Judson?"

Bill's hand swept round in a spacious wave of indication at the photographs.

"Man who lives with me. Judson Coker. Brother of the girl I'm engaged to."

"Oh!" said Flick.

She spoke dully. Women are inexplicable. There was no reason why she should have spoken dully. She was engaged herself to an estimable young man of whom she was very, very fond, and she was even now on her way to pick him up at his office and be taken by him to tea at Claridge's. What could it matter to her if a comparative stranger like Bill West was engaged too? Nevertheless, she spoke dully.

Bill was wiping his eyes.

"I brought Judson over from America with me. He had been cutting up a bit too freely and I'm acting as a sort of nursemaid to him. He isn't allowed to have any money at all, and this is the way he's trying to get it! I thought he looked more cheerful the last day or two. Can you beat it? I could expect almost anything of old Jud, but writing begging letters is a new one."

Flick joined in his laughter, but a little wryly. No high-spirited girl likes to realize that she has been wrong and her elders right.

"Well, I wish I had known that before," she said. "I pawned my brooch to get money for this Mrs. Pawle."

Bill was touched. He had still quite a lot of unexpended laughter left inside him, but he decided that it would be best to keep it in.

"That was awfully kind of you. Don't leave it here for Judson."

"I won't! And if you feel like hitting your friend Judson with something hard and heavy when he comes in," said Flick forcefully, "don't stop yourself because you think I may not approve. I'd like to be here to see you do it."

"Why not? He'll be back soon. Stay on."

"I can't, thanks. I've got to be in Fleet Street in half an hour. Good-by, Mr. West. How strange our meeting again like this! How is your uncle?"

"Oh, very fit. And yours?"

"Very well, thanks."

Reassured as to the health of their respective uncles, they seemed to find difficulty in selecting a topic of conversation. Flick moved to the door.

"I'll come down and put you into a cab," said Bill.

"No, don't bother," said Flick. "It's such a lovely day, I think I'll walk as far as Sloane Square."

Here, Bill perceived, was an opening for him to offer to accompany her. But a boat was sailing tomorrow, and he had not yet

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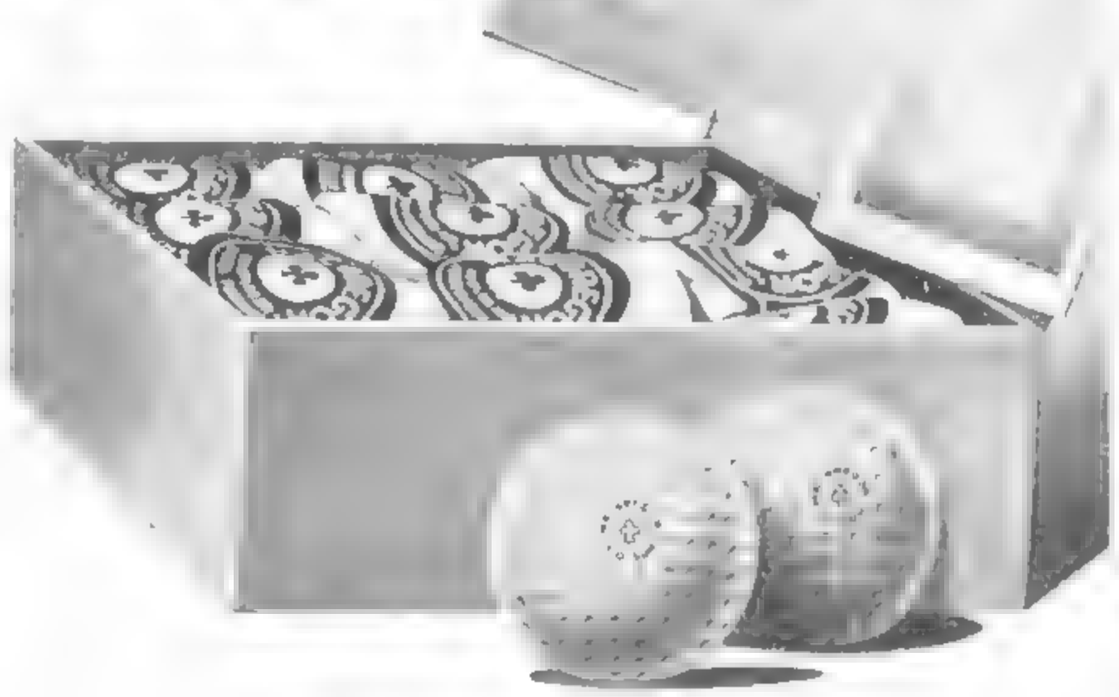

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written his semiweekly letter to Alice. Alice's claims were paramount.

"Well, good-by," she said. "We shall meet again soon, I hope."

"I hope so. Good-by."

Bill, as the front door closed, suddenly realized that he had omitted to ascertain where she lived. For a moment he thought of running after her and inquiring. . . . No, he really must get on with that letter to Alice. He returned to the sitting room.

Flick, as she walked out into the sunshine, had an odd feeling that life, promising as it had seemed this morning, was in reality rather flat. And strangely but women are strange—she found herself thinking a little unkindly of Roderick.

IV

BILL had finished his letter to Alice—read, reread, sealed, stamped and addressed it—when a key clicked in the front door and presently there entered to him Judson Coker.

"Any mail for me?" inquired Judson.

Physically, enforced abstinence had done Judson good. His face had lost a certain unwholesome pallor that had characterized it a fortnight back and there had begun to steal into his cheeks quite a rosy pinkness. His eyes, moreover, were clear and bright, and he no longer indulged in that little trick of his of blinking and wriggling his neck round the edge of his collar. Against these corporeal gains must be set a gravity of demeanor that was entirely new. Judson's habitual manner was now that of the man who has looked upon life and found it a washout

"You're always asking for mail this last day or two," said Bill

"Well, why not?" said Judson defensively. "Why shouldn't a fellow ask for mail?"

"Anyway, there isn't any," said Bill. "You must be patient, my lad. You can't expect people to answer by return of post."

Judson started. The recently acquired pink left his face. He licked his lips.

"What do you mean?"

"I think it's a shame!" said Bill vehemently. "If you've got pneumonia and are behind with the rent and haven't tasted food for three days, why the devil doesn't Mr. Pawle get busy and support you?"

Judson stared hideously. Through a mist he saw that his friend was giving way to unseemly mirth.

"How did you find out?" he choked.

Bill partially recovered himself. He sat back, feeling weak.

There had been moments since their departure from America when he had regretted having taken Judson along with him, but the sight of the other's face now more than made up for all the trifling discomforts he had had to undergo.

"There was a girl in here just now," he explained, "who was so touched by your letter that she had pawned her brooch to get money for you."

Judson shook with emotion.

"Where is it?" he asked eagerly.

"Where's what?"

"The money the girl brought." His face assumed a cold expression. "I need hardly remind you, West," he said stiffly, "that that money belongs to me—legally, I shouldn't wonder. So if you have pouched it I'll thank you to hand it over immediately."

"Good Lord, man, you don't suppose I've got it, do you? Directly we found that it was you who had written the letter I told her to take the money away."

Judson gave him one withering look.

"And you call yourself a friend!" he said.

Bill, undaunted by his attitude, followed him as he swung off and strode down the passage. He wanted to clear up further points that had perplexed him.

"How did you come to think of this stunt?" he asked as Judson opened the front door. "It was the smoothest trick I ever heard of."

"Father was always getting begging letters," said Judson coldly. "I saw no reason why it shouldn't work."

"But how did you happen to pick on Miss Sheridan?"

"I never sent any letter to any Miss Sheridan. She must have a father or something whose name begins with an H. I wrote to all the H's in Who's Who."

"Why the H's?"

"Why not? That's where the book happened to open."

He withdrew his coat sleeve aloofly from Bill's grasp and proceeded down the stairs. Bill leaned over the banisters, still curious. Another aspect of the matter had occurred to him.

"Half a second!" he called. "Where did you get the money to pay for the stamps?"

"I pawned a gold pencil."

"You haven't got a gold pencil."

"You had," said Judson, and clattered out into the great open spaces.

CHAPTER V

RAPIDITY of movement had never been congenial to Judson Coker. He disliked having to hurry. Finding, therefore, on reaching the end of the Prince of Wales Road, that he was not being pursued, he slowed down. At a leisurely walk he turned the corner into Queen's Road and presently found himself on Chelsea Bridge. Here he decided to halt, for Judson had man's work before him. He intended to count his money.

He took it out and arranged it in three little heaps on the palm of his left hand. Yes, there it was, just as it had been this morning, last night and the night before thirteen shillings, two sixpences and five pennies. The view from Chelsea Bridge is one of the most stimulating in London, but Judson had no eyes for it. However picturesque, it could not hope to compete with the view afforded by the palm of his left hand. Thirteen shillings, two sixpences and five pennies—a noble sum. His business correspondence had entailed an expenditure that had eaten sadly into the original proceeds from the sale of Bill's pencil, but he had no regrets. If you don't speculate, Judson was well aware, you can't accumulate. He gloated for a few minutes longer, then salted the treasure away in his pocket and resumed his walk.

Students of character who have been examining Judson Coker since his appearance in these pages may seem to detect at this point a flaw in the historian's record—finding themselves unable to reconcile the fact that he had had the sum of fourteen shillings and fivepence in his possession two nights before with the statement that he had in his possession fourteen shillings and fivepence now. They are too hasty. They do not probe deeply enough. Judson was not one of your shallow fellows who will fritter away here a sixpence and there a penny until they wake up to find their capital gone and nothing to show for it. It was his intention, difficult though it might be, to hold off until he had the chance of shooting the entire works in one majestic orgy—a binge that he could look back to and live again in the lean days to come. And this was the first time he had managed to shake off his limpetlike guardian.

He walked on, luxuriating in the pleasurable anguish of a thirst that grew with every stride. He left Chelsea Barracks behind him, and the cozy little doll's houses in Lower Sloane Street, where the respectable live in self-contained flats. The rattle of busy traffic greeted his ears. It was like some grand, sweet anthem, for it meant that he had arrived at that haven where he fain would be, the King's Road, full from end to end of the finest public houses, practically one per inhabitant.

An admirable specimen of this type of building chancing to rear its hospitable façade almost in front of him, he made for it like a homing rabbit; and it was only when he reached its doors that he discovered that there lay between them and himself a securely padlocked iron gate.

As he stood there pawing in a feeble, bewildered fashion at this astonishing and unforeseen barrier, a passer-by stopped to gaze at him; a fellow of bohemian aspect clad in a frock coat, flannel trousers and a pink cricket cap, and wearing upon his feet cloth bedroom slippers, out of one of which peeped coyly a sockless toe.

To him Judson appealed for an explanation of the ghastly state of things he had come upon. The man seemed like one who would know all that there was to be known about public houses.

"I can't get in," moaned Judson.

The other cleared his throat huskily.

"They don't open till ar-par-six," he replied. Amazed that in the heart of London, that hub of civilization, there could be walking the public streets a man ignorant of this cardinal fact of life, he groped for light. "Stranger round these parts, ain't yer?" he hazarded.

Judson acknowledged that this was so.

"Foreigner, ain't yer?"

"Yes."

"From Orsetrylier, ain't yer?"

"America."

(Continued on Page 157)

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Snarling, greedy machines . . . An unwary operator. . . . The false move. . . . Then a huddled form encircled by white-lipped workers.

The clang of an ambulance. . . . A bed in the hospital . . . Skilled medical attention. . . . The slow returning tide of strength. . . . A convalescence unhampered by worry about self or family. . . . Then the firm hand-clasps of welcoming fellow-workers . . . "It's great to be back on the job!" And you know he speaks from the heart!

ÆTNA-IZE

"IT'S GREAT TO BE BACK ON THE JOB!" How many of your injured employees return to work with unimpaired morale?

When an employee is injured, great damage may be inflicted upon the healthy spirit of other workers if settlements are slow, doctors' services slighted, or if there is haggling over trivial matters. Every accident, too, takes toll of other employees' productive time, lessens machine return and increases labor turnover.

Under an Ætna policy, Compensation claims are adjusted in a way that creates confidence among employees, and relieves you of all trouble, annoyance and expense.

Under an Ætna policy, no effort is spared to restore the injured employee to highest possible efficiency at the earliest moment.

Under an Ætna policy, there are placed at your disposal the free services of safety engineers and inspectors who have won a deservedly wide reputation in reducing industrial accidents.

The Ætna Life Insurance Company and affiliated companies are the strongest multiple-line insurance organization in the world.

See the Ætna representative in your community to-day. He is equipped by training and experience to provide complete protection for your Compensation risks—your life—your property and your business. He is a man well worth knowing. He certainly does know insurance.

ÆTNA LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY AND AFFILIATED COMPANIES

ÆTNA CASUALTY AND SURETY CO. AUTOMOBILE INSURANCE CO., OF HARTFORD, CONNECTICUT

Ætna Protection Includes . . . LIFE . . . ACCIDENT . . HEALTH . . . GROUP LIFE GROUP DISABILITY . . . AUTOMOBILE . . . COMPENSATION . . LIABILITY
BURGLARY . . . PLATE GLASS . . . WATER DAMAGE . . . FIRE . . . MARINE . . . TRANSPORTATION . . . FIDELITY BONDS . . . SURETY BONDS

(Continued from Page 154)

"R!" said the bohemian, nodding. He spat sagely. "I 'ear you can't get a drop of no description or kind whatsoever in America."

Judson was about to refute this monstrous slur on the land he loved by giving a list of the places in New York (a) where anybody could get the stuff and (b) the more select, where you could get it by mentioning his name, when his companion moved on, leaving him alone in the desert.

A hideous gloom came over Judson. He was now enduring the extremes of drought. Six-thirty seemed æons ahead, like some dim, distant date lost in the mists of the future.

The thought of passing the time till then weighed on his soul like a London fog. Eventually deciding that if the time had to be passed, it would be perhaps a little less dreary living it through up in the West End, he made for the Underground station at Sloane Square, bought a ticket for Charing Cross and descended to the platform.

A train was just leaving as he came down the stairs. He shuffled dully to the bookstall to see if there was anything there worth reading. The bright cover of Society Spice caught his eye. He knew little of the weekly papers of London, but its title seemed promising. He yielded up two of his pennies. A train came in. He sat down and began to turn the pages.

The twopence that Judson had spent on Society Spice proved an excellent investment. The Church Times or the Spectator he would not have enjoyed, but Society Spice might have been compiled for his especial benefit. It gripped him from the first page. Even though the issue in his hands was one of those on which Roderick had tried so hard to exercise a depressing influence, that craven's coworker, young Pilbeam, had by no means failed in his efforts after zip. The vice-in-the-pulpit article, for instance, was full of body; nor was there any lack of fruitiness in the one on Night Clubs That are Living Hells. Judson began to feel happier.

And then, like an electric shock, a shudder ran through his entire frame. It was as if somebody had beaten him over the head with a sandbag. His heart seemed to stop, his scalp bristled, and there escaped from his twisted lips so sharp a yelp that it drew all eyes upon him. But Judson did not notice the eyes. His own were glued upon an article on Page Six.

It was not an article of which young Pilbeam had been particularly proud. He had had to dig it out of the archives in a hurry when Roderick's veto of the bookmaker series had caused a gap in the make-up on the eve of press day. It was headed Profligate Youth, and it dealt with the behavior and habits of the idle offspring of American plutocrats.

The passage that had so stunned Judson ran as follows:

Another instance which may be cited is that of the notorious Fifth Avenue Silks, as they were called, a club whose habit it was to parade up Fifth Avenue on Sunday mornings in silk hats, silk socks, silk pajamas and silk umbrellas. This was founded and led by the well-known Toddy van Riter, the recognized chief and guiding spirit of these young sparks.

Judson shook as with an ague. Not even on the morning after seeing in a New Year had he ever felt so thoroughly unstrung. Of all his great exploits, the one of which he was proudest, the one on which he relied most confidently to hand his name down to posterity, was the founding of the Fifth Avenue Silks; and to see that masterpiece of ingenious fancy attributed to another—and to Toddy van Riter, at that, his humble follower and henchman—was more, he felt, than a man should be called upon to bear. It seemed to steep the soul in abysmal blackness.

"'The well-known Toddy van Riter!' Ha! 'The recognized chief and guiding spirit.'" Oh, ha-ha! It was monstrous, monstrous! These papers simply didn't care what they said.

The train rattled on, bearing a raging Judson westward. Something tremendous, he felt, must be done, and done without delay. A sweeping and consummate vengeance for the outrage alone could satisfy him. But what to do? What to do?

He toyed with the idea of a libel action. But he had no funds for one. Then how insure that justice be done and the righteous given their due? There was only one way—he must see the editor and demand that a full apology and retraction appear in the earliest possible issue.

He searched the paper, but could find no editor's name. All he learned was that the lying sheet was published by the Mammoth Publishing Company, of Tilbury House, Tilbury Street, E. C. Well, that was enough to work on.

The train had stopped, and he got out, steely cold and filled with a great purpose. And the authorities of the Underground Railway increased his generous wrath by their pin-pricking policy of demanding from him another penny for having allowed his reverie to carry him on a couple of stations farther than the scope of his ticket. Having given them this with an awful look, he went up into the street and inquired the nearest way to Tilbury House.

II

IN ALIGHTING at Blackfriars instead of at Charing Cross, Judson had done better than he knew, for the policeman in the middle of the road outside the station informed him that to Tilbury House from where he stood was but a step. He strode off and was presently standing in a dingy alleyway before a large, gaunt building of discolored brick. That this was the object of his quest was hinted by the rumble of presses within and confirmed by the scent of printer's ink and paper gallantly endeavoring to compete with that curious smell of boiling cabbage that always pervades any mean street in London. Nevertheless, Judson decided to make quite certain by verbal inquiry of the commissionaire in the doorway.

"Is this Tilbury House?" asked Judson.

"Ur," said the commissionaire. He was a soured, moody-looking fellow with a ragged mustache, a man who seemed to have a secret sorrow which the spectacle of Judson did nothing to allay. He gazed at him with a bilious eye.

"Is this where Society Spice is published?"

"Ur."

"I want to see the editor."

The commissionaire wrestled for a moment with his sorrow.

"D'you mean Mr. Pyke?"

"I don't know his name."

"Mr. Pyke's the editor of Society Spice. If you want to see him you'll 'ave to fill up your name and business."

These formalities irked Judson. He resented this check. The spirit of Tilbury House had descended upon him and he wanted to Do It Now. He wrote his name on the form handed to him, fuming. A buttoned boy appeared from nowhere and regarded him with what seemed to Judson's inflamed senses silent mockery. He did not like the boy. The boy looked as if he might be in this plot to exalt Toddy van Riter at the expense of better men.

"Take this," he said haughtily, "to Mr. Pyke."

"Gem' wants to see Mr. Pyke," added the commissionaire, with the air of one interpreting the ravings of a foreigner.

The boy glanced disparagingly at the document.

He had the trying manner of a schoolmaster examining a pupil's exercise.

"You ain't filled up your business," he said superciliously.

Judson was in no mood for literary criticism from boys in buttons. He spoke no word, but he cut at the stripling viciously with his stick. The boy, dodging expertly, uttered a derisive cry and disappeared. The commissionaire picked up his evening paper.

"You'll 'ave to wait," he said.

He turned to the racing page and began to read.

Up on the third floor in the office of Society Spice, Roderick, a prey to a gloom which almost rivaled that of the commissionaire, was lugubriously watching young Pilbeam ginger up the next issue. There seemed to Roderick something utterly gruesome in the fellow's cheerful industry. His emotions were not unlike those of a man shut up in a small room with a lunatic who has started juggling with sticks of dynamite. Sustained by the verdict of the court of appeal, the subeditor of Society Spice was giving the freest play to his ideas of what a paper that provided weekly scandal should be; and some of the choice items which he had read out from time to time had chilled Roderick to the marrow. To Roderick it seemed utterly inconceivable that even the mildest of these paragraphs should not bring about an immediate visit from indignant citizens with shotguns. And when he remembered Mr. Isaac Bullett's brief but pregnant remarks concerning

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It's fun! You just move handle of "Yankee" Ratchet Tool Holder back and forth on ratchet movement.

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Get these handy tools. You'll save money and build a set you'll be proud to show. Use these "Yankee" Tools for adding to your present set or for making adjustments; also for general use around the house.

"Yankee" Radio Set No. 105

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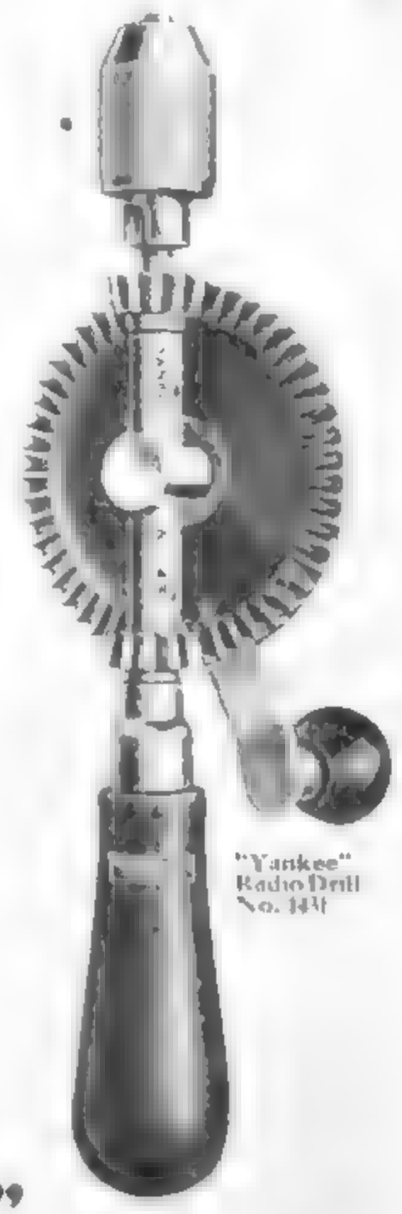
Sockets—(two) cover all small nuts
Reamer—for enlarging holes in panel
Wrench—one end, square or hex. Other, hex for jacks.



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Price $3.00

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Seth Thomas CHIME No. 95

Mahogany case in two-toned effect, from an old English design. 3-train self-adjusting Westminster Chimes sound every quarter hour. Silvered dial with raised bronze numerals, $55. With gold dial, $57. Mahogany bracket, $4.

New Life for stolid walls

By CHAMBERLIN DODDS—*Distinguished New York Decorator*

WALLS present problems to the woman who wishes her interiors to be smart. Too often walls are inert areas that deaden the tone of a whole room. Pictures and mirrors are helpful, but most rooms are much improved by the addition of an appropriate clock, ensconced on a wall-bracket.

Through its mechanism and sounding device, a clock possesses movement and voice. Because it is animate, it enlivens the whole room. The fine old New England establishment of Seth Thomas has developed a handsome clock bracket to relieve the severity of too stolid walls.

On this bracket you may place any one of a notable array of Seth Thomas clocks. Whether you fancy the quaint charm of Colonial feeling, or the grace of French line, or one of the perennially popular English motifs, there is a Seth Thomas clock that expresses your favorite design in exquisite cabinet-work. Many models are especially suited for placing on the mantel; others are created to enhance the effect of the bookcases, highboys, lowboys and desks.

Whichever type you select, you will add utility as well as beauty and life. For more than a hundred years, Seth Thomas mechanisms have been proverbially accurate.

In making a Seth Thomas the keynote of each room, you will be in accord with the latest vogue initiated by leading decorators and adopted by beauty-loving women.

• • •

FOR WEDDING GIFTS

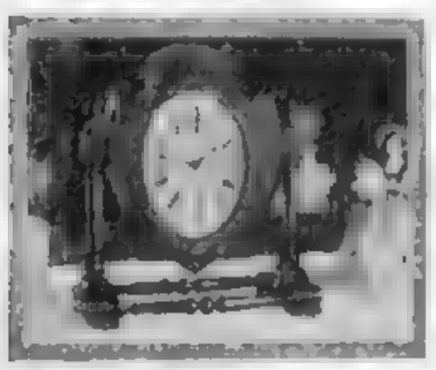
THE same qualities that you admire in Seth Thomas clocks will find equal favor with brides and bridegrooms. No other gift will so eloquently proclaim your thoughtfulness and good taste. You can contribute to the new homes the same touch of living grace that Seth Thomas has added to your own establishment.

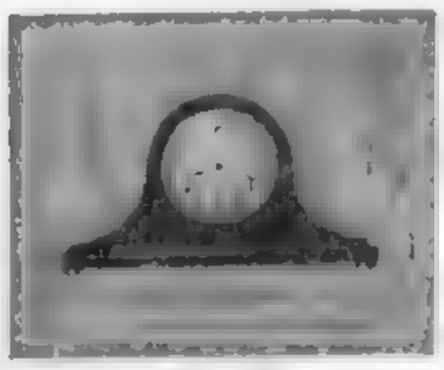
Seth Thomas PLYMOUTH

A quaint pattern inspired by a clock made by Seth Thomas more than a hundred years ago. 8-day movement striking the hours and half hours. Mahogany case with banner ornaments. Height 34 inches. Dial, 12 inches. $35.

Seth Thomas CYMBAL No. 1

Case in rubbed mahogany finish. 8-day movement with double strike on coiled spirals. Height, 8½ inches. Dial 7 inches. Five-inch dial $19.50.





SETH THOMAS CLOCKS

the Lads, his heart turned to water within him.

A fairly frequent attendant at race meetings in the neighborhood of London, Roderick knew all about the Lads. They ranged the world in gangs, armed with hammers. Sandbags and knuckle-dusters were to them mere ordinary details of what the well-dressed man should wear. They lay in wait for those at whose actions they had taken offense and kicked them with heavy boots. In short, if there was one little group of thinkers in existence whose prejudices ought to be respected by a man with any consideration for the pocket of his life-insurance company, it was these same Lads. And here was Pilbeam going out of his way to jar their sensibilities.

Roderick groaned in spirit and turned absently to take the form which was being held out to him by the boy in buttons who had just entered.

"What's this?" he asked, his eyes still on young Pilbeam, who was hammering away at a typewriter in the corner.

Pilbeam had just emitted a low chuckle of childlike pleasure at some happy phrase. To Roderick it had sounded ghoulish. He was torn between the desire to know what his young assistant had written and a strong presentiment that it was better not to know.

"Gem' waiting to see you, sir."

Roderick wrenched his mind away from the essayist in the corner and inspected the card. His attention was immediately enchained by the same omission which the boy had detected.

"He doesn't say what his business is."

"Wouldn't fill up his business, sir," said the boy eagerly.

A sensationalist at heart, this fact now appealed to him as pleasingly sinister. It appealed in precisely the same way to Roderick.

"Why not?" he said uneasily.

"Dunno, sir. Just wouldn't do it. I says to him, 'You ain't filled up your business,' I says, and all he done was take a crack at me with his stick."

"Crack at you with his stick!" echoed Roderick pallidly.

"Crack at me with his stick," repeated the child with relish. "Dunno what's the matter with 'im, but he seemed in a fair old rage, sir. Boilin' over, 'e seemed to be."

Roderick blanched.

"Tell him I'm busy."

"Busy, sir? Yes-sir. All right, sir."

The boy disappeared. Roderick sat down at his desk and gazed before him with unseeing eyes. The clatter of young Pilbeam's typewriter still rang through the room, but he did not hear it. At last, he felt, the blow had fallen and the avenger had arrived. Just which of the paragraphs printed during his editorship had brought this on him he could not say, but he was strongly of the opinion that almost any one of them might have done so. His nightmare had come true.

Roderick Pyke, as has perhaps been sufficiently indicated by the remarks of his Aunt Frances, was not of the stuff of which heroes are made. He was, as she had justly observed in her conversation with Sir George, a timid, feeble creature. There was once an editor of an organ of opinion catering to the literary wants of a Western mining camp who, sitting in his office one day, noticed a bullet crash through the glass of the window and flatten itself against the wall behind his head. Upon which a relieved and happy smile played over his face.

"There!" he exclaimed. "Didn't I say so? I knew that personal column would be a success!"

Roderick Pyke was the exact antithesis of this stout-hearted man. He liked peace and quiet, and shrank from all turbulent forms of life. Where a sturdier fellow would have welcomed with joy the prospect of an interview with a boiling stranger who cracked at people with his stick, Roderick quailed. He sat huddled in his chair in a sort of catalepsy of panic.

This cataleptic condition had not passed when Flick arrived to be taken out to tea.

III

MARKED as Roderick's air of gloom was, Flick did not observe it. She was feeling oddly preoccupied. Something strange seemed to have happened to her since she had parted from Bill, expressing itself in a vague and general discontent combined with a curious dreaminess. She greeted Roderick mechanically, and mechanically allowed herself to be introduced to young Pilbeam, who, ever a warm admirer of her sex, had ceased his writing and risen gallantly at her entrance. There was not much that went on in Tilbury House that Pilbeam did not get abreast of, and the news of Roderick's engagement had long since reached him. So this was the boss' niece. Niece by marriage, Pilbeam understood. A delectable girl, much too good for Roderick. He bowed genteelly, smiled, spoke a courteous word or two, opened the door. The young couple passed out. Pilbeam heaved a not unmanly sigh and returned to his writing. Much too good for Roderick, he was now certain. He held no high opinion of his superior officer.

Roderick escorted Flick downstairs. He led her by secret ways, for it was not his purpose to use the main stairway which ended in the vestibule guarded by the commissionaire. The information that he was busy had, he hoped, brought about the departure of the stick-cracking visitor, but he was taking no chances. He emerged with Flick from a small and insignificant door farther down the street; and looking apprehensively about him, saw with relief that no danger was in sight. Except for the usual fauna of localities in which printing houses are situated, shirt-sleeved men with blackened faces and the like, Tilbury Street was empty. Somewhat calmed, Roderick proceeded on his way.

Unfortunately it chanced that at this precise moment the commissionaire, who had finished the racing news, elected to step out for a brief breath of air; and still more unfortunately, Judson, tired of waiting, and realizing that the fortress was carefully guarded and that he was merely wasting time remaining in the vestibule, decided to get up and go home. The two came out almost simultaneously, and Judson was only a yard or so in the commissionaire's rear when the latter, sighting Roderick and wishing to show zeal and possibly acquire a small tip, touched his hat and uttered these fateful words:

"Shall I call you a cab, Mr. Pyke?"

Judson, hearing the name, froze in his tracks.

"No, let's walk along the Embankment," said Flick, "and go to the Savoy instead of Claridge's. It's such a lovely day."

The commissionaire, disappointed, but apparently feeling that in a world of sorrow this sort of thing was only to be expected, withdrew. Flick and Roderick turned down the street towards the Embankment. And Judson, recovering from his momentary trance, had just started off in hot pursuit, when he was delayed by the sudden arrival of a large truck, which drew up across his path and began to unload rolls of paper. By the time he had rounded this obstacle his quarry was out of sight.

But Judson had caught the word "Embankment." He needed no further clew. He hurried in the direction of the river, and there sure enough, halted opposite a taxi-cab which had drawn up at the pavement, was the man he sought. He seemed to be trying to persuade the girl to ride, while the latter appeared to favor walking. Judson dashed feverishly up.

"Are you the editor of Society Spice?"

Roderick spun round. The voice sounded to him like the voice of Doom. He had had his back turned and so had been unaware of Judson's approach until the latter spoke; and one may perhaps be permitted charitably to assume that it was the suddenness and unexpectedness of the onslaught that undid him. Some excuse, some theory in extenuation of his behavior, is, one cannot deny, urgently needed. For at the sound of these words Roderick disintegrated. His fatal timorousness, that disastrous legacy from "poor Lucy," was too strong for him. He cast at Judson a single quick horrified look; then, jettisoning in one mad craving for self-preservation all thoughts of manhood and chivalry, he sprang from Flick's side, leaped into the cab, hissed in the driver's ear and was off.

His departure not unnaturally created in both Flick and Judson a certain astonishment. Judson was the first to recover. With an anguished cry he started to race after the receding taxi, leaving Flick standing on the pavement.

For some moments Flick stood there motionless, her gaze on the flying Judson. A dull flush had stolen into her cheeks, and an ominous steely light was turning the blue of her eyes to glazed stone. Then she beckoned to another taxi that was ambling up from the east and got in.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

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The Cunard Steamship Company at Atlanta, Georgia, writes tickets in manifold with the Lifetime Pen for it makes carbon copies as easily as the hardest lead pencil.

Travelers from all parts of the world use the Lifetime in this office to write letters and sign Travelers' Cheques. This constant use by many people does not damage the point.

Only a pen built as staunch and true as an ocean liner could perform satisfactorily under such conditions, but the Lifetime Pen is built for it.

Of pure, ebony-black rubber—the over-sized barrel fits your hand with writing comfort.

The gold clip, band and lever were formerly $1.25 extra—now free. The writing point glides with jewel-like smoothness over the roughest paper, feeding just the right amount of ink the instant the point touches the paper.

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Worth More
$8.75

SKRIP—the best writing fluid for all fountain pens. Flows freely and will not clog or gum the point.

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"LIFETIME" PENS

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Save the Surface this Summer and you'll save Health and Eyes next Fall

THIS country has no greater asset than its boys and girls. They have a right to clean, wholesome surroundings in the school.

Painting is an essential factor in scientific lighting. Most modern school boards, fortunately, are alive to the necessity of saving young eyes and growing bodies. They recognize paint and varnish as an important factor in this "saving" process. They realize that children should not be compelled to spend the greater part of the year in a schoolroom that has grimy floors; dark, dingy walls, and unsightly, unsanitary ceilings.

Gloomy interiors are ill calculated to keep pupils buoyant and happy. Nor do they exactly sweeten the teacher's temper. Light-reflecting paints and enamels and varnished furniture are every bit as vital to our children's welfare as modern teaching methods. Save the interior surfaces of your school this summer and you'll save health and eyes next fall.

SAVE THE SURFACE CAMPAIGN, 507 The Bourse, Philadelphia, Pa.
A co-operative movement by Paint, Varnish and Allied Interests whose products and services conserve, protect and beautify practically every kind of property.

Names of the winners in the 1924 Save the Surface Prize Contest will be announced in The Saturday Evening Post of July 12

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ONCE A COWBOY

(Continued from Page 16)

the riders, and in pairs we branch out to circle and comb the country on the way back, running all the stock we see to the cutting grounds.

I'm riding along, trying to look through the steady-falling drizzle and snow for stock; it seemed to me that I was born and raised under a slicker, on a wet saddle, riding a kinky bronc, going through slush and snow, and facing cold winds. It struck me as a coon's age since I seen good old sunshine, and for the first time I begins to wonder if a cow-puncher ain't just a plain locoed critter for sticking along with the round-up wagons as he does; it's most all knocks, and starting from his pony's hoofs on up to the long sharp horns of the ornery critters he's handling, along with the varieties the universe hands him in weather twelve to sixteen hours in the saddle, three to four changes of horses a day, covering from seventy-five to a hundred miles, then there's one to two hours night guard to break the only few hours left to get a rest in.

All that makes a feller wonder sometimes if a cow-puncher's skull ain't about as thick as that wild-eyed steer's going over the ridge ahead of him.

We was moving camp for the last time that year, the next stop was the home ranch, and when we hooked up the cook's six-horse team and handed him the ribbons we all let out a war whoop that started the team that direction on a high lope, the cook wasn't holding 'em back any, and hitting it down a draw to the river bottoms the flying chuck wagon swayed out of sight.

Us riders was bringing in upwards of a thousand head of weaners and we didn't reach the big fields till late that day, when we finally got sight of the big cottonwoods near hiding the long log building of the home ranch; that, along with the high pole corrals, the sheds and stables, all looked mighty good to me again.

On the Inside Looking Out

The stock turned loose, we all amble towards the corrals to unsaddle; I tries to lead my horse in the dry stable, but him being suspicious of anything with a roof on won't have it that way. "All right, little horse," I says to him, "if you're happier to be out like you've always been used to, I'm not going to try to spoil you," and pulling off my wet saddle I hangs it where it's dry for once. The pony trots off a ways, takes a good roll and, shaking himself afterwards, lets out a nicker and lopes out to join the remuda.

"Just like us punchers," I remarks, watching him; "don't know no better."

Over eight months had passed since I'd opened a door and set my feet on a wooden floor, and when I walks in the bunk house and at one end sees a big long table loaded down with hot victuals, and chairs to set on, I don't feel at all natural, but I'm mighty pleased at the change.

The Chink ranch cook is packing in more platters, and watching him making tracks around the table, looking comfortable and not at all worried of what it may be like outside, I'll be dagged if I couldn't catch myself wishing I was in his warm moccasins.

The meal over with, I drags a bench over by one of the windows and, listening some to the boys what was going over the events that happened on the range that summer, I finds myself getting a lot of satisfaction from just a-setting there and looking out of the window; it was great to see bum weather and still feel warm and comfortable. I gets to stargazing and thinking, so that I plum forgets that there's twenty cowboys carrying on a lot of conversation in the same big room.

I'd just about come to the conclusion I was through punching cows when one of the boys digs me in the ribs and hollers, "Wake up, Bill! Time for second guard."

I did wake up, and them familiar words I'd heard every night for the last eight months struck me right where I lived; they was said as a joke, but right there and then I was sure I'd never want to stand no more of them midnight guards.

A Cowboy-About-Town

The work was over, and all but a few of the old hands was through. The superintendent gave us to understand as a parting word that any or all of us are welcome to stay at the ranch and make ourselves to home for the winter. "You can keep your private saddle horses in the barn and feed 'em hay. The cow foreman tells me," he goes on, "that you've all been mighty good cowboys, and I'm with him in hoping to see you all back with the outfit in time for the spring works."

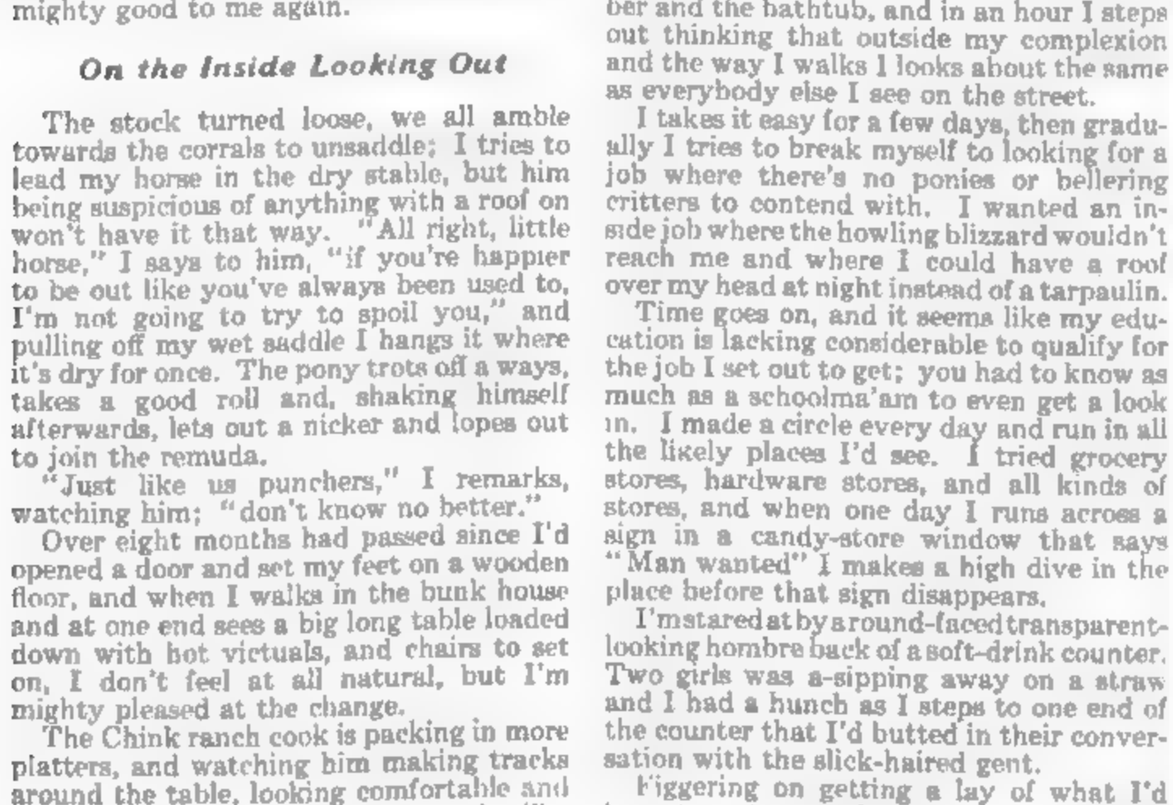
A couple of days later finds me in town, my own top horse in the livery stable and me in a hotel. I makes a start to be anything but a cowboy by buying me a suit, a cap, shoes, and the whole outfit that goes with the town man. I then visits the barber and the bathtub, and in an hour I steps out thinking that outside my complexion and the way I walks I looks about the same as everybody else I see on the street.

I takes it easy for a few days, then gradually I tries to break myself to looking for a job where there's no ponies or bellering critters to contend with. I wanted an inside job where the howling blizzard wouldn't reach me and where I could have a roof over my head at night instead of a tarpaulin.

Time goes on, and it seems like my education is lacking considerable to qualify for the job I set out to get; you had to know as much as a schoolma'am to even get a look in. I made a circle every day and run in all the likely places I'd see. I tried grocery stores, hardware stores, and all kinds of stores, and when one day I runs across a sign in a candy-store window that says "Man wanted" I makes a high dive in the place before that sign disappears.

I'm stared at by a round-faced transparent-looking hombre back of a soft-drink counter. Two girls was a-sipping away on a straw and I had a hunch as I steps to one end of the counter that I'd butted in their conversation with the slick-haired gent.

Figgering on getting a lay of what I'd have to put up with on that kind of a job



He Brought Another Feller Over the Next Day and the Same Thing Happened

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IN these newest creations of the ever useful Whiting & Davis Utility Mesh Bags! Behold, fine spun silver mesh—silk lining—vanity mirror a bag so roomy you can live in it.

Gleaming gold mesh bags a proud possession for every happy social hour.

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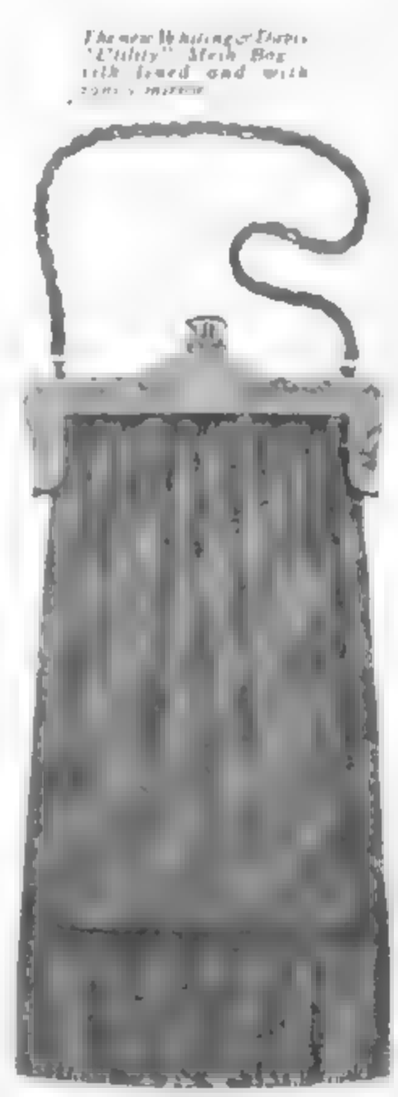

Whiting & Davis Mesh Bags

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"Glove-Grip Shoes have given me a new pleasure in walking!"

"WITH these new Glove-Grip Shoes on, my feet just seem to step out from sheer happiness of walking. I hardly believed that such good-looking shoes could be so comfortable."

Arnold Glove-Grip Shoes achieve that happy combination, *comfort* and *good looks*. Outside, they look like any other stylish, well-made shoe. But *inside*, they are fashioned to the actual shape of the human foot. They are snug-fitting and restful as a glove.

It's all in the way they are built in the instep. When you lace a Glove-Grip Shoe, you lift up the arch instead of pressing it down. This feature is patented and exclusive in Arnold Glove-Grip Shoes. Shoes like these can't help making your feet feel better, stronger, more like walking!

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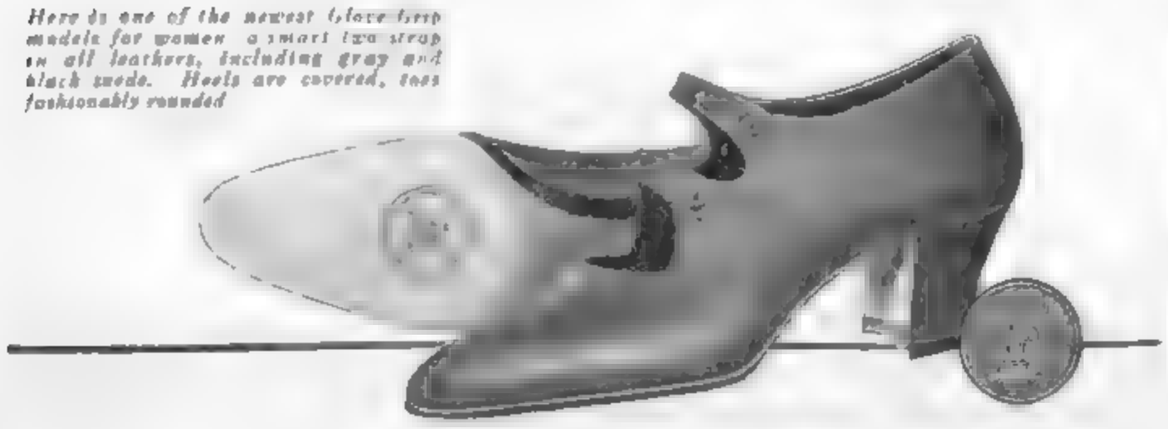
GLOVE-GRIP SHOES

Here is one of the newest Glove-Grip models for women—a smart two-strap in all leathers, including gray and black suede. Heels are covered, toes fashionably rounded



I sticks around and orders something for the privilege. The confab is resumed again between the ladies and the clerk, and the more I listens to it the more I have doubts as to my ability to talk and still say nothing as them three are doing. I'm trying hard to get interested in the talk when in comes two more couples, there's sounds of "Hello, girls!" from something in pants, and answers of "Oh, hello, Dicky!" from the ladies, and that was enough for me, I steps out while they was still milling, and leaves 'em to their troubles. I didn't want to be particular, but that job was past me, and the wrong direction of what my ambitions pointed out.

I'm some leg weary as I makes my way back to the hotel that night, and going to my room I stretches out on the bed to rest up a little before I go out to eat. I have a feeling that all ain't well with me as I lays there thinking.

I don't want to think that I'm hankering to get back to the range, so blames it to the new ways of everything in general what comes with town life, and I tries to cheer myself up with the idea that I'll soon get used to it and in time like it.

"I got to like it," I says to myself, "and I'm going to stay with it till I do,'cause I'm through with punching cows"; and getting up real determined I goes out to hunt a restaurant.

I'd been feeding up on ham and eggs and hamburger steak with onions ever since I hit town, and this night I thought I'd change my order to something more natural and what I'd been used to on the range.

"Bring me a rib steak about an inch thick," I says to the waiter. "Don't cook it too much, but just cripple the critter and drag 'er in."

I kept a waiting for the order to come, and about concluded he must of had to wait for the calf to grow some, when here he comes finally. I tackles the bait on the platter, and I was surprised to see a piece so much like beef, and still taste so different from any I'd ever et before. With a lot of work I managed to get away with half of it, and then my appetite, game as it was, had to leave me.

Connecting With a Job

The waiter comes up a smiling as he sees I'm about through, and hands me the bill. "I don't want to spread it around," I says as I picks up the bill and goes to leave, "but between you and me, I'll bet you that steak you brought me has been cooked in the same grease that's been cooking my ham and eggs these last two weeks. I can taste 'em."

The weather had been good and stayed clear ever since I hit town, but as I walks out of the restaurant I notice a breeze had sprung up, and snow was starting to fall. I finds myself taking long whiffs of air that was sure refreshing after stepping out of that grub-smelling emporium.

Feeling rested up some, I faces the breeze for a walk and to no place in particular. I'm walking along, thinking as I go, when looking around to get the lay of my whereabouts I notices that right across the street from where I'm standing is the livery stable where I'd left my horse, and being that I'd only been over to see him once since I'd rode in, thinks I'd enjoy the feel of his hide once more.

The stable man walks in on us as we're getting real sociable, and with a "Howdy" asks if I may be looking for a job. "Man named Whitney, got a ranch down the river about fifty miles, asked me to look out for a man who'd want a job breaking horses on contract, and I thought maybe you'd be wanting to take it."

"Not me," I says, feeling tempted and refusing before considering. "I'm not riding any more, and I been looking for work in town."

"Did you try the Hay and Grain Market next block up the street?" he asks. "They was looking for a man some time back."

No, I hadn't tried it, but the next day bright and early I was on the grounds and looking for the major-domo of that outfit.

At noon that day I'd changed my suit, and putting on a suit of Mexican serge I went to work. My job was clerking, and on the retail end of the business, filling in orders and help load the stuff on the wagon of the customers.

Breaking Old Ties

And that night, when the place closed up and I walks to my hotel I felt a heap better than any time since I'd hit town. Of course I wasn't in love with the job, it was quite a change and mighty tame compared to punching cows, but then I figgered a feller had to allow some so's to get what he's after.

I gets along fine with everybody around, and it ain't long before I'm invited to different gatherings that's pulled off now and again. I gets acquainted more as I stays on, and comes a time when if feeling sort of lonesome I know where to go and spend my evenings.

I'd manage to stop in at the stable and say "Hello" to my gray horse most every night when the work was through, and with everything in general going smooth I thought it wasn't so bad.

There was times though when coming to my room I'd find myself staring at my chaps and boots with the spurs still on and where I'd put 'em in the corner. They got to drawing my attention so that I had to hide 'em in the closet where I couldn't see 'em, and then I thinks, "What about my horse and saddle? A town man don't have no need for anything like that."

But somehow I didn't want to think on that subject none at all right then, and I drops it, allowing that a feller can't break away from what all he's been raised with or at in too short a time.

That winter was a mean one, just as mean as the fall before I still remembered; the snow was piled up heavy on the hills around town and every once in a while there'd be another storm adding on a few inches. The sight of it and the cold winds a howling by on the streets kept me contented some, and it all helped break me in to the new ways of living I'd picked on.

I'd been on the job a month or so when I notice that my appetite begins to leave me. I changes eating places often, but they all seemed to have the same smell as you walked in, and there was times when I felt like taking the decorated platter and all outside and eating it there.

(Continued on Page 165)

Me Being Only About a Thousand Pounds Lighter I'm Knocked Out of the Way Pronto

MAKES AN OIL STOVE COOK LIKE A GAS RANGE

Look for the name "Kerogas" on the oil stove burner

The Giant Kerogas Burner

Every "Giant Kerogas Oil Stove" equipped with "regular" Kerogas Burners also has one of the new Patented Giant Kerogas Burners. This Giant is capable of the most intense heat when you need it quickly—but is easily regulated for ordinary use. Models equipped only with "regular" Kerogas Burners are also available.

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All types, all sizes, at all good dealers'. Get ready for that hot spell. Push the buzzer. Order now.

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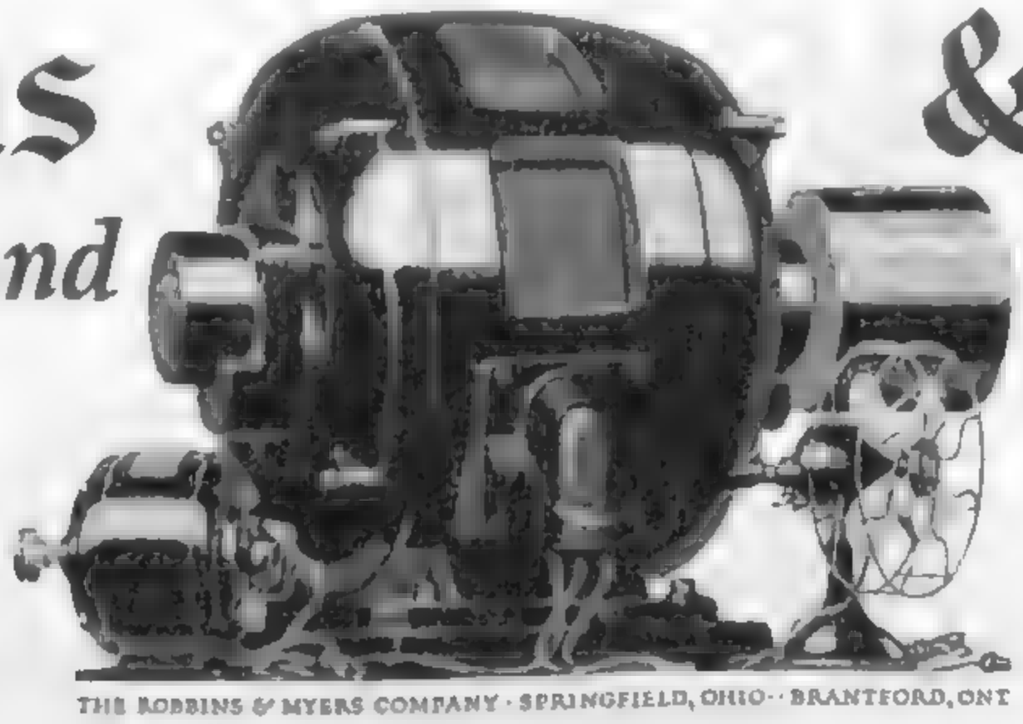

THE ROBBINS & MYERS COMPANY · SPRINGFIELD, OHIO · · BRANTFORD, ONT

Continued from Page 162

And what's more, my complexion was getting light, too light.

January and February had come and went, the cold spell broke up some, and then March set in wild and wicked. I'm still at my job at the Feed Market and my wages being raised once along with promises of another raise soon, proves that I'm doing well. What's more, my time had been took up considerable on account of me meeting up with a young lady what put my gray horse a far second in my thoughts, and when I'd walk past the stable I'd most generally be in too big a hurry to stop and see him. One day the stable man stops me as I'm hurrying by and tells me that he has a chance to sell that little horse for me for a hundred dollars.

That was a call for a show-down to myself, and of a sudden I realized that parting with that horse I was parting with the big open range I'd been born and raised into. I studies it over for quite a spell and finds the more I thinks the more my heart lays the ways of where that horse can take me, and my mind all a milling I can't decide.

I walks away, telling the stable man I'd let him know later.

I does a lot of comparing between the range and the town, and finds that both has qualities and drawbacks, only in town it was easier living, maybe too easy, but I figgered that here was more of a future.

Just the other day I was told by the main owner at the market that they was figgering on quitting the business and retiring, and that there'd be a good opportunity for a serious-thinking man like myself to grab. It was suggested that I could let my wages ride and buy shares with 'em as I worked till there'd come a time as I kept at it when I'd find myself part owner of a good business and a steady income.

That night I went to see the young lady, who by this time had a lot to say as to my actions. I didn't let her know what was going on in my think tank, 'cause I wanted to fight it out by myself; besides I'd come to conclusions, and long before I left her to go back to my hotel.

The next morning I stops by and tells the stable man that if he can get a hundred dollars for that little horse of mine, to take it. But it hit me pretty hard and I didn't go by the stable any more after that, not for a long time.

In the Spring a Cowboy's Fancy

April come, and with the warm weather that came with it the snow started to melting, the streets was muddy and the gutters was running full; it was spring, and even with all the resolutions I'd made, I didn't feel any too strong right then.

I was afraid to give my imagination full swing and think of the home ranch on the Big Dry; I knew the boys that came back for the spring works would be out on the horse round-up and getting ready to pull out with the wagons.

Each cowboy would be topping off his string about now, the bronc peeler would be picking out a bunch of green colts from the stock horses and start in breaking, the cook would be a cleaning up the chuck box on the back end of that wagon, and the cow foreman, glancing often on the road that leads from town to the ranch, would be looking for any of the missing cowboys what was with him the year before.

I found it mighty hard to walk away from that spring sunshine into the building where I was working. There was orders on the desk waiting for me to fill, and picking 'em up I walks among high walls of grain and baled hay.

Everybody I'd see would remark how great it was outside in the spring air, and rubbing their hands would get to work at the desk and typewriter, and forget all about it the minute they set down.

I felt sorry for 'em in a way, 'cause it struck me as though they'd never had a chance to really appreciate springtime—or was it that two years in captivity that way had learnt 'em better than to hanker for such?

Anyway, I sure didn't seem to be able to dodge how I felt. My girl and everybody else noticed it, and even though I'd try to laugh it off I'd soon find myself picturing little white-faced calves scattered out either playing or sunning themselves while their mammies was feeding on the new green grass.

I could near feel the slick shiny hide of the ponies after their long winter hair had just fell off. And dag-gone it, it was getting the best of me.

Capitulation

I'd catch myself sneaking glances at the green hills around the town and feeling as though I had no right to. And once in a while in the evening as I'd be walking to my room and I'd hear a meadow lark a singing way off in the distance, I'd look at the buildings, the sidewalks and streets as though they was a scab on this earth. I wanted my horse under me and lope out away from it.

I'd done a heap of reasoning with myself, and kept a pointing out all the whys I should forget the range and get used to the town, and I'd pretty near got it to, as long as I was in my room and couldn't feel the breeze but once outside again and a meadow lark sang out my heart would choke out all what the town offered and leave breath only for the blue ridges and the big stretches that laved past 'em.

Then came a day when my hide got too thick to feel the reasoning spur I was giving it. Something way deep inside of me took charge of things and I finds myself making tracks towards the stable.

I sneaks in, and I had to rub my eyes considerable to make sure that there in the same box stall was my little gray horse, fat as a seal and a snorting like a steam engine.

"Dag-gone your hide!" I says, and I makes a grab for him, he's pawing the air snorting and a rearing, but I'm hanging on to his neck with a death grip and hands him all the pet cuss words I can think of.

The stable man runs up to see what's making all the rumpus, and his expressions tell me plain he thinks I'm drunk and celebrating. I was drunk all right, but not on the same stuff that's handed over the bar.

"Sorry I couldn't sell him for you," I hear him say as I let go of my horse and walks up to him, "but the feller what wanted him came over one day to try the horse out and the little son of a gun throwed him off as fast as he'd get on; he brought another feller over the next day and the same thing happened. Too bad he acts that way," he goes on, "'cause he's a right pretty horse."

"You're dag-gone right he's a pretty horse," I says, "the prettiest horse I ever seen."

It's three days later when I gets sight of the Triangle F main herd, then the remuda, and down in a creek bottom by a bunch of willows is the chuck wagon.

There's war whoops from the bunch as I tops into sight, and the wagon boss comes up to meet me. "I knowed you'd be back, Bill," he says, smiling, "and I got your string of ponies a waiting for you, twelve of 'em."

And on guard that night, riding around the bedded herd, I was singing a song of the trail herd, happy again, and just a cowboy.

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CANADIAN NATIONAL RAILWAYS

The Largest Railway System in the World

THE MAKING OF A STOCKBROKER

Continued from Page 33

money. You wouldn't take the business I'd get if it wasn't the kind you wanted, would you, sir?"

You know, I wasn't very old, and I don't think I looked my age at that. My talk must have sounded youthfully overconfident to the colonel. He looked at me steadily. I want to tell you that Colonel Bronson is a kindly, genial man, one of the best mixers in the world and really very generous. But also he is very shrewd—keen, observant and wise. His partner, Mr. Barnes, once told me, "Sam Bronson always does a thorough job of everything he undertakes; but beyond all question, the most thorough job he ever did was on Samuel A. Bronson."

He stared at me, undoubtedly sizing me up. But I wanted that New York job so much that I imagine he must have read it on my face plainly.

"Wing," he said seriously, "we'll take you on. We are after business, and we know that the way to get it is through the right kind of men to help us."

"That is what I was told, sir," I said. "And that is why I was so anxious to come here."

"When can you go to work?"

"Right away, sir. I'll go back and tell Mr. Reade, and I'll return immediately. It won't inconvenience Mr. Reade in the slightest, sir."

I went back to Reade & Co.'s office and saw my chief. I told him that Colonel Bronson was ready to take me on, and he said, "Jack, you go right over and stay there."

It was the first time he had called me by my first name. He was a fine man. His health was not good, but he was never peevish. He retired from active business some years ago, but to this day we are friends, and he is as proud of my success as though I were blood kin to him.

Colonel Bronson's Gifts

So I went back to Mr. Bronson and told him I had told Mr. Reade and that Mr. Reade had made me drop everything and hurry back to Bronson & Barnes' office. Colonel Bronson smiled, and then we had a little talk. I confessed to him that if it had not been for the fact that Bronson & Barnes had a New York office I wouldn't have applied for a position, although my investigations had convinced me that if I elected to stay in a Boston brokerage house his was the firm I would have chosen. I have never been circuitous. To me, as a boy and later as a man and a stockbroker, my job has been to do certain things as quickly as was safe and as directly as was possible—no undue haste, but no lost motion. I assume I followed that habit in my first heart-to-heart talk with Colonel Bronson, and I assume equally that, according to his practice, he was sizing me up. What he learned or suspected I do not know. What he says is that I never gave him a chance to turn me down; but he says it in a tone of voice so affectionately condemnatory of the deed as to be in reality one hundred per cent approving. I will present myself another bouquet right here and state that Colonel Bronson's greatest gift in business was universally conceded to be a combination of accurate observation and vision. He habitually looked ahead.

Mr. Barnes I did not meet until the next day. He was busy all day on the Stock Exchange. When I did meet him I liked him immensely, and it simply made me two hundred per cent certain that I had picked the right people to tie up to. I didn't reach this conclusion because Bronson & Barnes had grown so much in the fifteen years they had been in business together, but because of the way both of the partners spoke about their policy as brokers and as gentlemen.

I am more than anxious to impress upon you that from my first talk with my new employers I was made definitely aware of the fact that Colonel Bronson and Mr. Barnes were less interested in the dollar profits of the business than in the real success of the business itself. To have a business that paid good profits was, of course, desirable; but it was more important that the business should be both clean and dependable. It was up to the firm and their help to see to it that the clean part was kept clean, and the dependability could be assured by sound methods and the maintenance of pleasant personal relations between the firm and the customers. This did not mean handshaking or sunny greetings, because the firm went on the principle that faithful are the wounds of a friend, and didn't hesitate to give unpalatable advice whenever needed. But each clerk and office boy in the office was made to feel first that the firm's interest and his own were one, and second that all must look out for the customers' interests, because it was on contented customers that the success of the firm and of the future partners depended. Mr. Barnes, without making specific promises, made all the boys in the office feel that they carried a marshal's baton in their knapsacks, like the common soldiers of the great Napoleon, and you know how they fought. Well, that is how we worked. Bear in mind this when you come to measure the growth of Bronson & Barnes' business.

Root, Hog, or Die

Colonel Bronson called me in to see his private office the next morning. It was my first forenoon with the firm. After I had a talk with Mr. Barnes, who was getting ready to go over to the board, Colonel Bronson told me that I could go out and sell bonds. He knew I had no experience in that line, and he made no suggestions. The one fact that he deigned to vouchsafe to me—probably with malice prepense—was that the firm had quite a block of Commonwealth Cast Iron Pipe first fives to dispose of, and I had the privilege of helping to find a market for them. Never a single selling tip to the poor young man from Maine who wanted to go to New York to drum up trade for the firm; never an indication as to whether the poor young man could go to somebody in the back office for guidance or advice. He simply told me to do the most difficult thing in the world—to go out and make money for somebody else by making utter strangers buy something of which I knew next to nothing.

The bond-selling department of such stock-commission brokerage houses as ours was not then organized as it is today. Of course the old-established investment houses had salesmen who went out among the country bankers and trustees of estates who invested money for others. These firms also did a regular mail-order business. But stock houses had no such separate department. There wasn't the call for it. Orders for such bonds as were dealt in on the Boston or New York stock exchange were given out to bond specialists on the floor. Bond selling was a different kind of business. The buyers were investors—men who bought once and did not buy again until they had accumulated another surplus or came in to money not needed in the business. In the stock department there was some cash or investment business to do, but most of it was speculative or semi-speculative. It was a different breed of cat and required a different technic.

I realize how difficult it is to teach first principles when the task that you have forced upon me compels me to think about it. Thus I find I cannot tell you anything that would be of much practical value to a youngster starting out as I did—willing but unprepared. I freely admit that I have sold a great many millions of securities, but I cannot tell you much more about the how of it than that I just went ahead and did it. The only technic I knew was to keep at it and try and try until I had sold what I had to sell.

In those days the public was not a bond-buying public. A fellow had to explain a heap. One of my friends told me the other day that a member of the firm of Kuhn, Loeb & Co. made this observation: "In the old days our customers bought bonds because we told them to. Now they even read the indenture." Any one of our salesmen could doubtless give a youngster valuable pointers about selling bonds today. But I suspect that he would stress the character of the security and the personality of the salesman, so the boy wouldn't

Continued on Page 169

Radio Reception
—more perfect this summer!

Tremendous improvements in sending and receiving combine with better programs to provide the best of radio fun!

This is indeed a radio summer! The vital interest of the presidential campaign —waged right in your own home. The glorious and inspiring church services. The important sporting events, market reports, home hints, intensely interesting talks, gay music—all these diversions are brought directly to you.

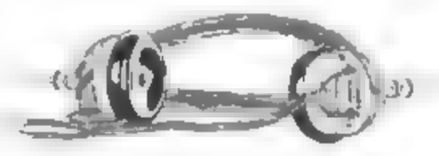
Why Sending Is Better

Last summer many high power broadcasting stations operated on a single wave length. This summer they are spread over a wave band. You may choose at your will. Sending stations have greatly increased their power and are spreading their programs over many more miles. Broadcasting from interconnected stations includes many people who would formerly have been deprived of the unlimited pleasures of radio.

For sixteen years the Brandes name has consistently stood for service —for skill—and dependability.

Table Talker . **$10.00**
(5% additional west of the Rockies)
In Canada . **$14.00**

Navy Type Headset. **$8.00**
In Canada . . . **11.00**



Superior Headset . . **$6.00**
In Canada . . . **7.00**

Why Reception Is Clearer

Sets have been vastly improved. They are more keenly selective, more sensitive, more satisfactory generally. Vacuum tubes have been redesigned, new circuits have been developed. New loudspeakers, assuring accurate and true reproduction, have been put on the market. In fact, the combination of finer programs, stronger sending and clearer reception now makes the marvels of radio an active part of everyday life.

All Brandes Products are sold under a money-back guarantee by reliable dealers everywhere.

Brandes
The name to know in Radio

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FLY-TOX

Kills

Flies, Mosquitoes, Moths, Roaches, Ants, Fleas, Etc.

THERE is nothing easier than spraying a cloud of FLY-TOX into the room. Within five minutes these insects will be dead. FLY-TOX works quickly, thoroughly and pleasantly.

FLY-TOX is a clear, clean liquid. It has an agreeable odor. It is harmless to humans and animals. It will not stain the finest of fabrics. It soon evaporates, leaving no muss or dirt.

FLY-TOX is bottled in convenient sizes, half-pints 50c, pints 75c, quarts $1.25, and in gallons $4. A trial sprayer is given with each small bottle.

To get best results the Improved FLY-TOX Hand Sprayer is recommended. It sprays a large, fine cloud whether pumped easily or vigorously. It sprays in any position, horizontally or vertically. The oversize barrel makes spraying easier.

Insects are not only disagreeable but dangerous. Be rid of them, they menace your health. Buy a bottle of FLY-TOX and a sprayer today.

Your grocer or druggist will supply you.

The Toledo Rex Spray Company, Toledo, Ohio
The Rex Company, Kansas City, Missouri
California Rex Spray Company, Benicia, California
Wenatchee Rex Spray Company, Wenatchee, Washington
Payette Valley Rex Spray Company, Payette, Idaho
Canada Rex Spray Company, Ltd., Brighton, Ontario

DEALERS: Write us for FLY-TOX ... prompt attention ... nearest Rex Company.

FLY-TOX was developed at Mellon Institute of Industrial Research by the Rex Fellowship

Continued from Page 166

get much more practical guidance than I had, who had none at all.

I always was a hard worker. I do not think I am entitled to any especial credit for that, because I'll confess right here that I have always enjoyed working more than any other one thing. To ascertain what it is that you will enjoy doing is the first and longest step toward success in life. This is more important than to find out the truism that successful men are almost all hard workers. When I got into that part of the brokerage business that I really liked, my work was for all the world like winning cups in tennis, of which I was and still am extremely fond. No difference. Yes; one: I don't believe I could stand playing tennis six days a week for twenty-five years. But I have never grown tired of the business game for a single minute.

I know some men who are extremely ingenious in discovering new markets or in developing new methods of salesmanship just as there are men who have a positive genius for short cuts. It saves them time and fatigue. But I am not built that way—I play a direct, straight game. I knew an insurance man years ago who was the pioneer at doing what today is a commonplace of the business. It occurred to him to pay a clerk in the Bureau of Vital Statistics to keep track for him of all the marriages. Then with the day's list in hand the agent proceeded to look up the newlyweds and to sell the still delighted bridegroom insurance for Sweetie's protection. It was so easy that it wasn't good sport. He also had the list of births. The increased parental responsibility made the task a matter of routine. He built up a tremendous business. I know because he was a customer of ours.

Well, my mind doesn't work that way. I make it a point to study my problems from various angles; but that is only ordinary business caution. And if I see a short cut or a simple method I'll follow it; but that is only common sense. My motive is efficiency—a saving of time and not primarily a saving of labor.

Intensive Selling

And now I'll go back to my first experience as an employe of Bronson & Barnes. I had to sell Commonwealth Pipe fives, of which the house owned a pretty good block. Well, I got my selling points from the circular the firm had got out. Then I found out all I could about the company. I just went about the office and found where to get the data I wished to know—which were the character and volume of the business the company had been doing and expected to do, the profits, and the property holdings—that is, the security back of the bonds. I simply sold myself some bonds, and to do this I was compelled to answer my own questions. I suppose being born in Maine helped. At any rate I couldn't help finding out all about the merchandise before I could sell it to myself. Thus equipped I went out of the office of Bronson & Barnes to have a try at something in which I had no experience either at first or at second hand.

I wish I could tell you a story that would help young men or thrill your readers, with a yarn about my adroitness or suddenly developed ingenuity as a bond salesman. But I cannot. If my job was in the nature of a test by the man to whom I had confided my wish to work in his New York office, I didn't dramatize it that way. All I can say is that I was out in the street, without instructions as to direction or methods, about to succeed or fail in the career which I had picked out for myself three years after leaving Harvard. It may have been a momentous occasion but I didn't even know which way to walk, leave alone which place to walk to.

I had not felt the need to think of destination or future, because my job in Bronson & Barnes' office up to that moment had been to study my line of goods. And now that I had the needed knowledge, my first step was to go out of the office, and I did. My second step was to stop a moment, just to one side of the main entrance of our building, and look up the street and then down the street. I saw nothing but hurrying throngs and big buildings. Well, I couldn't hold up the pedestrians one by one and try to sell them bonds. But I could go into each and every one of those buildings and see each and every tenant therein. That being the case, I naturally picked out the biggest office building in Boston. I did so because it was only half a block away and because it ought to have the greatest number of tenants - inferentially, the most bond buyers. Remember this was twenty years ago, when everybody had not been educated by a great war to buy bonds.

The building was on State Street. I walked over and took the elevator to the top floor. My plan was to go into every office in the building. I wasn't thinking of what an introspective soul would have been thinking—that my career was at stake, that I had to prove to Colonel Bronson that I was a business getter, that I must make good at any and all hazards for a dozen reasons. I can't recall that I indulged in any of those considerations with which a certain type of mind stimulates itself and is thereby spurred on to more enthusiastic attacks. I was there to sell bonds. Just that.

The first office I walked into was that of a small insurance agent. I don't think he made as much money at his business as I did at mine—but I talked to him and he listened. He was very nice about it, and I was very nice about it too. But there was nothing doing. Still I didn't feel badly about not selling the agent bonds, because I knew the fault was with him and his bank account, and not with me or my selling or my goods.

A Streak of Luck

I went into possibly a dozen offices and saw the heads. In those days business men were not guarded as zealously as they are today, and I had no trouble in getting to them. But none of them bought. In one or two places I was rebuffed in a way that made me feel like a book agent, but I got over that feeling pretty quickly. You see, as the result of my study and because of my faith in Bronson & Barnes, I made up my mind that the bonds were a good investment and that the price was reasonable, and that I was as good as the fellow I was talking to. He had other things to sell to his customers, but his goods in their way were no better than mine in theirs. I was there on a legitimate errand—to sell him something if he needed it. If I sold the bonds my firm would make some money, and that was the way I earned my bread and butter. The man that I was talking to was doing the same thing in his way. So I did not worry. I just kept going into one office after another. I had at the very start made up my mind that I wasn't going to skip a single one in that building.

I struck an office where I couldn't get to see the boss until after I had assured the young lady in the outer office that I had to see him on very important business. It was true enough. Nothing could be much more important than for me to see this man, because I had learned in the adjoining office that he was trustee for a lot of people and estates. I didn't know at the time that he was of the kind that get so many invitations that they are very difficult to land. He was a very able lawyer and had an expert's knowledge of securities.

Well, I got into his private office and began to talk Commonwealth Cast Iron Pipe fives to him. I didn't get very far when he interrupted me.

"What's your name?" he asked abruptly. He was frowning in a half perplexed way, as though he wondered how I had passed the watcher at the gate.

"John Kent Wing," I answered. I rather expected one of those execrating, fatingly polite speeches in which the full name is used with great solemnity preliminary to an invitation to proceed to Hades.

"And where do you come from?" he continued, as though the exhortation hellward would be a model of elaborate courtesy.

"Bangor, Maine," I said, and waited with some curiosity. It was a new experience and, after all, I was not very old.

"Are you any relation to Henry Prentiss Wing, who was in Harvard—class of '68?"

"Yes, sir; he's my uncle; my father's oldest brother," I said.

"I was in his class; know him very well." And he held out his hand.

I shook it in the friendliest spirit in the world, and intelligently allowed him to tell me a few stories about some of the things he and Uncle Henry did at Harvard just after the Civil War. Young devils! Then I sold him some bonds.

Well, that made me feel pretty good—grateful to Uncle Henry, and the class of '68. But you will observe that my first sale was not the result of any finished

MONROE

TRADE MARK-REGISTERED

THE HIGH SPEED ADDING-CALCULATOR

...flexibility are ... in our business and the ... has all of these. The flexibility of this machine is amazing, and ... h more money than its cost

Thompson Transfer C
C. O. Thompson, Pres
Charleston, S. C.

Lightning Speed *and* First-Time Accuracy *on all Your Figuring*

WHEN you think of the figure-work of your business, you are at once aware of the vital importance of Speed with Accuracy.

Innumerable Additions, Multiplications, Subtractions, Divisions, month in and month out—all bearing directly on your profits, your progress—all presenting chances for costly errors.

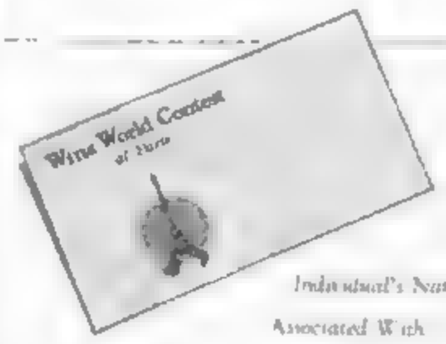
The Monroe gives you its distinctive combination of Operating Simplicity, High Speed and First-Time Accuracy on all your figuring—your ledger accounts, invoices, discounts, payrolls, averages, percentages, statistics, etc.

When you see Monroe advantages applied to your own work you will readily appreciate, as have thousands of businesses, large and small, why the Monroe won so decisively the recent World Contest at Paris in Addition as well as in Subtraction, Multiplication and Division.

The Monroe man will be glad to leave a machine with you to try out on your own work. Now is a good time, during the vacation period, to let the Monroe handle the extra work of the absentees.

Consult your telephone book or use the coupon.

Monroe Service is available at all Principal Points in the United States and Canada and throughout the World



Monroe Calculating Machine Company
Woolworth Building, New York

(Without expense or obligation—check items desired)

☐ Arrange trial of Monroe Model best suited to our work

☐ Send story of World Adding-Calculating Machine Contest at Paris.

Individual's Name

Associated With

Address

I always keep a *ROLL* for sport use–

FAR AFIELD, at the club, or in the home and garage there are hundreds of uses for DUTCH BRAND Friction Tape. Golf clubs, tennis rackets, baseball bats, fishing rods, tools,—and countless other outing aids are better when wrapped with tape.

Make your week end motor trips and summer tours all pleasure by avoiding annoyances from your car. Short circuits, rattles, squeaks and hose leaks are unnecessary. A few minutes and a roll of DUTCH BRAND Tape will fix them for the season.

DUTCH BRAND is quality Tape—insulates perfectly—possesses great tensile strength—won't ravel—is waterproof and weatherproof. Sticks tight and stays fresh.

Electricians, too, use DUTCH BRAND.

Keep a roll of DUTCH BRAND Tape in your car; carry a roll in your golf bag; leave one at home for use in the kitchen and laundry; put one in your tool box in the shop or garage.

At leading automotive equipment, bicycle, hardware, electrical, general stores everywhere. Ask for the DUTCH BRAND rack and place cart in with check-burglar. Four sizes: 5, 10, 20, 35c

Manufactured by

VAN CLEEF BROS.

Established 1910

Woodlawn Ave. 77th to 78th Sts., CHICAGO

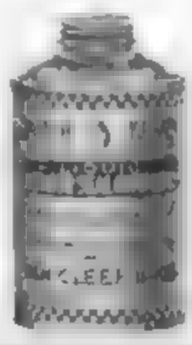
We originated these "Ask Dad" display cartons for Dutch Brand Friction Tape

DUTCH BRAND FRICTION TAPE

Write for highly interesting booklet "A Hundred Uses"

Stop Radiator Leaks

Easily, quickly, permanently with DUTCH BRAND RADIATOR-SEAL COMPOUND. Liquid or powder form. Simply pour it in. Will not affect circulation nor injure radiator. Large can 50c



technic. Nevertheless it encouraged me so much that the John Kent Wing who left the office of Uncle Henry's classmate was a much better bond salesman than had gone in.

I spent the whole day in that huge and noble edifice. I didn't skip one office. Before I got down to the main street door I had sold fifty-five bonds of the usual denomination of one thousand dollars each. It was harder than I had hoped and easier than I had feared, which, I fancy, holds true of most undertakings in the average man's life. But it taught me one thing about myself, and that was that I really found pleasure in having something good to put up to people, and then in putting it up. And to make doubly sure of the pleasure, to put it up to nice people only. That wasn't side-stepping difficulty, but rather appreciating quality. When you pick your line of goods you have in mind certain classes of people, don't you? Well, as a broker I must deal with all classes of people, but with only one kind—the decent kind.

It has just come back to me that among those on whom I called on that first day was a firm of stockbrokers. They obviously did not do a very large business, but I did my best to interest them and tried to sell them a lot at dealers' prices. But they didn't buy. We parted friends. I ran across one or the other of the partners several times after that when I was out trying to do business. They knew I was working for Bronson & Barnes, whose reputation was way up. What they did not know apparently was that they had met me on my very first day of bond selling. I say this because just one month after I went to work for Bronson & Barnes I received from one of the partners an invitation to call at their office. They were very anxious to see me. I went up and they offered me a partnership. I thanked them warmly, but told them I was going to New York. I was really grateful to them for making me that offer. It made me feel that I wasn't so bad as a bond salesman.

I used to drop in and see my old boss, Mr. Reade. He told me that he had never met Colonel Bronson, but that he knew Bob Barnes very well indeed.

"I wrote him a note the day you left, and told him New York was the place for you, Jack," said Mr. Reade.

I can't tell you how grateful I felt to Mr. Reade for doing this without the slightest suggestion from me. He wanted to help me, and his letter certainly did so. I have made friendships in every office I ever worked in, that have endured to this day. I gave them my best, not alone in work but in good will and sincere interest, and they paid me in kind. My experience in life has shown me conclusively that we usually get from people pretty much what we give to people. When men tell you that you can't mix business with pleasure they are all wrong.

Business should be a pleasure. To excuse sharp practices by asserting that business is business is absurd. Decent men do business decently, and there is never room for regrets if one does one's decent best.

Fortunate Partnerships

I made the acquaintance of Mr. Williamson, the New York partner, shortly after I went to work for Bronson & Barnes. He was in charge of the New York office. His work consisted of executing the orders on the New York Stock Exchange. You may be assured that I took mighty good care to have a good talk with him every time he came to Boston. I think he took a liking to me. I know I did to him, for from the first I saw in him my chief-to-be.

Before I go any further I'll say this: A man's success in business depends to a great extent upon his picking out not only the right job but the right firm. I have worked hard; possibly harder than the majority of men. But that alone is not responsible for what my friends call my success. What I am vain about is the way I picked this firm to tie up to. I want to tell you that I have never seen such a remarkable combination as Bronson & Barnes.

I heard an old man in Maine say once it wasn't always brains that was behind the success of certain copartnerships, but sheer luck—the lucky accident that brought together certain men who afterward turned out to possess certain qualities that made the combination extraordinarily successful. He meant that such partnerships did not come about because each man accurately sized up the other, but because fate brought them together. The success was logical. The partnership was an accident. To illustrate he cited the case of the Standard Oil Company. He questioned whether the oil industry would have developed along the lines it did if there had been no Standard Oil Company. And there could not have been a Standard Oil Company if it had not been for the fortuitous coming together of three men, each of whom had capacities that complemented those of the others amazingly—that is, the firm of Rockefeller, Andrews & Flagler. These men did a mighty efficient job in a magnificently big way. It wasn't because they refined petroleum or sold a cheap and safe illuminant, but because they had the types of mind they did, and because of the peculiar aptitude of each man for a certain part of the job in hand.

Without that particular combination at that particular time the history of the petroleum industry would have been very different, and our corporation strategy and the policy of big business in general would not have developed along the lines that they did. They certainly were influenced by the policies and practices of the Standard Oil Company. Doubtless the oil business in time would have become a profitable industry, and there would have been some large oil companies; but no Standard Oil. Alone John D. Rockefeller never would have become the richest man in the world. We have his own word for it that for the conception of the Standard Oil Company, Henry M. Flagler was responsible. Flagler alone had made a failure of his business, and was a middle-aged man when he met the others. Captain Andrews was an oil refiner, and a mighty able one. Without Rockefeller, Flagler probably would have gone bankrupt a second time; without Andrews, Rockefeller and Flagler could not have produced the goods to sell; without Rockefeller and Flagler, Andrews probably would have been somebody's hired man at a big salary. Each of these remarkably able men needed the two others. The three of them together did a tremendous thing.

The History of the Firm

The same thing has been said of the firm of McKim, Mead & White. Each of the partners was an unusually gifted architect, but each of them in charge of his own individual office never could have exerted the tremendous influence on American architecture that they together have. Each partner needed the two others, and the three together formed an organization whose worth is written large in our cities. I cite this case because they were not engaged in a commercial business. There is no end of other firms that I could mention.

Well, Bronson & Barnes was an unusual and happy combination. What the firm has become is the result of the fate that brought the two men together. It does not matter what one or another of the other partners did in later years. The growth of the business has merely a statistical interest for me. What I am proud of is the spirit of the firm, which has motivated all our actions and has been back of our deals. What we have made in dollars and cents we owe to hard work and to one or another business-getting partner. But what the firm is, that is the work of the founders, because each and every one of the twelve other partners began as boy or clerk in the office, and their business habits were formed there, because they were under the direct personal influence of the two seniors. That is why the firm does business the way it does. It is the only way in which it has ever done business. It is the Bronson & Barnes way. What I say comes not from an enthusiastic partner, but from a man who knows what he is talking about. I propose to prove to you that a stockbroker's business can be and is conducted as honorably as any in the world, notwithstanding the indiscriminate condemnation of Wall Street men by demagogues and others.

The parent firm originally was Barnes & Allison, the senior being Mr. Frederick Barnes, father of our Robert Barnes. Mr. Barnes, Senior, had been connected for years with one of the great railroads of the country as a sort of confidential right-hand man of the president. He was a great mathematician, an expert accountant, and—I get all this, of course, by hearsay—the possessor of a remarkable memory.

I want to tell you that a good memory is mighty valuable in our business. I have

(Continued on Page 173)

Two feet of lead in each pencil

Every lead three and one-half inches long

You get more line-mileage in a Conklin Pencil

CONKLIN

The Pencil with the Long Leads

THE outstanding, exclusive superiorities of the Conklin pencil make it uniquely distinctive in appearance, performance and serviceability. The 3½ inch lead is propelled, returned and expelled by the same simple, sturdy mechanism. The long leads eliminate the nuisance of frequent re-filling. Made in silver plate, Sterling silver, yellow, green and white gold, yellow and green solid gold, and in polished black.

Limitless Unending Perpetual

LINE-MILEAGE

FROM generation to generation the Conklin Duragraph will serve the hand that writes.

The thread of life may snap, but the written thread of thought that flows from the Conklin Duragraph will run interminably through succeeding years and lives.

Miles upon miles of words are in this pen. It remains forever the inexhaustible source of written lines, a faithful servant of the thoughtful brain, a cherished and an ever useful souvenir of writers and events that pass with time.

For the Conklin Duragraph is perpetually and unconditionally guaranteed. If it is damaged, no matter when, how or where, we will repair or replace it without cost when all the broken pieces are sent to us.

What better gift for the boy or girl graduate. The Conklin Duragraph is made in red or black. Two sizes—a veritable Titan of a pen for men—one more daintily proportioned for ladies. Gold band on cap, enameled rings in contrasting color on barrel and cap are the distinctive markings. The famous Conklin one-hand clip on the big pen and the gold chatelaine ring on ladies' models.

$7.00 for the big pen, $5.00 for the smaller model. At all dealers'—with a signed Perpetual Guarantee.

Conklin—Toledo

BOSTON • SAN FRANCISCO • CHICAGO • LONDON • BARCELONA

for **MEN**
Two Lengths
Red or Black
$7.00

for **WOMEN**
with Chatelaine Ring
Red or Black
$5.00

Conklin DURAGRAPH

Unconditionally & Perpetually Guaranteed

A Nameplate That Is More Than a Mark of Identification

If you stopped to think about it, you would readily agree that the old familiar Garland nameplate is vastly more than a mere mark of identification.

What you really do when you buy your Garland is to read into that nameplate—as your parents did before you—certain prime essentials, certain high qualities.

You are convinced, for example, that wherever the name Garland appears you will find a stove designed and built to give you the best possible service.

You know it is a guide to the kind of service that lightens the labor of the home maker and housekeeper.

Consequently the products that bear the name Garland have your confidence, as they already have merited and won the confidence of 4,000,000 American housewives.

That is the real significance of the old familiar nameplate. It means the lasting friendship of the great American public—the very best asset any manufacturer can acquire.

The Garland-Wilcolator illustrated below, is a scientific gas oven heat regulator with a most complete cooking chart on the dial. With the Garland-Wilcolator, your baking, broiling, roasting, preserving, etc., are easily and accurately done, eliminating the usual tedium of oven watching. If you do not know the name of the nearest Garland dealer, write direct to us.

The Michigan Stove Company, Detroit, Michigan

The Garland Six-Burner DeLuxe Gas Range in full white enamel with two baking ovens, broiler and spacious warming oven. One of one hundred Garland Models.

GARLAND STOVES AND FURNACES — The World's Best

GARLAND

COOKING AND HEATING

GAS—COAL—ELECTRICITY

(Continued from Page 170)

been at some pains to verify a suspicion I long entertained—to wit, that most successful brokers have been men of unusually retentive memories. Talk to almost any old-timer about the great stock operators of the past who also were brokers, and they will in nine cases out of ten tell you stories about how accurately such men remembered all details about their trades for a long time back.

Mr. Barnes was a great student of values, which he arrived at from the official figures of earnings, and so on. I emphasize these traits of the elder Barnes because his son Robert also possesses them in marked degree. While he was still the right-hand man of a well-known railroad president, Mr. Barnes, Senior, went on record as predicting that nothing could keep a certain rival road from going into bankruptcy. His analysis of the road's business made him see the inevitability of a receivership. It so happened that the road in question was at that time believed by experts and public alike to be financially the strongest in the United States. Mr. Barnes' prediction was met with ridicule. People called him a lunatic, a dyspeptic, a pessimist for profit, an envious competitor, and the Lord knows what else. His warning was unheeded by friends and strangers alike, and nobody sold out any holdings of the stock, much less went short of it. In due time the rich and prosperous road went into bankruptcy as predicted, and the doubting Thomases fell back on the usual lugubrious comfort of figuring out how much they would have made if they had only been wise enough to believe Mr. Barnes when so careful and conservative a man was so positive in his statements. It was not a thing to forget easily—the prophecy and its fulfillment. Indeed many of his acquaintances, brooding on that lost opportunity, told him he ought to be a broker, where he could make a specialty of such predictions. He would have many customers who would profit by his advice. But he decided to stay where he was.

Then two things happened: The president of the road, Barnes' chief and friend for twenty-odd years, died suddenly; and then, as if that were not enough, Barnes developed eye trouble. He consulted the best oculists in Boston, who told him that he was losing his eyesight. Specialists in New York were consulted, and they agreed with the Boston men. Their prognoses were alike: They told him he would go stone-blind in less than five years.

A Plucky Man's Misfortune

Mr. Barnes promptly resigned his railroad position—there was too much figuring to do and too much eyestrain—and he started a stock-brokerage firm, because he did know securities and security values. The firm was Barnes & Allison. Mr. Allison, an old friend, was the board member. Mr. Barnes worked in the office. He was bookkeeper, cashier, customers' man; in fact, he was the entire clerical force. After the Exchange closed Mr. Allison went back to the office and helped his partner.

When Mr. Barnes gave up all hope of saving his sight he had a talk with his young son, Robert. He said, "Robert, I am going blind. That means that I shall not be able to make my living in the future by auditing accounts and other work of the kind I have been doing of late years. It involves too great a strain on my sight. The situation leaves me no choice. I have come to the conclusion that since I have left only two or three years of fairly good vision, the best thing for me to do is to go into the stock-brokerage business. I may develop it to such an extent that it may keep on going after I have gone blind, though I rather doubt it; the time I have to do it in is too short, and my capital will not allow me to start on the scale I'd like to. But the fact that perturbs me most of all is the need of limiting my expenses. That will entail hardships on all of us, Robert. Just think about what I have told you, my son, and we shall talk about it later."

Robert thought about it right there and then, and said to his father, "There is only one thing for you to do, and that is to do exactly what you say. As for me, there also is only one thing to do, and that is to go to work at once. We can save what you are spending on me, and everything helps."

It was late spring. Robert was in his last year of high school.

"No, my son. It is better for you to finish with high school. If we find we can't send you to college in the fall, we will consider your going to work. But in any case, there will be no harm in your taking the entrance examinations for Harvard, as we had planned."

So Robert finished his high-school course a few weeks later. He also took the entrance examinations and passed them with ease. Then, with the understanding that if Mr. Barnes' new business should develop enough to justify incurring the expense, Bob was to go to Harvard in the fall, he went to work in the office of Barnes & Allison.

That summer Robert Barnes was office boy and first assistant everything. He, his father and Mr. Allison did all the work there was to do. When September came he told his father that he had made up his mind not to go to college, though his father thought it might be managed, but would stay in the office and work. It was a great help to the firm. Business was quiet. The list of customers was not growing as rapidly as Mr. Barnes had hoped, and you know how it is customers who bring other customers—after they have made money with the firm. But that takes time, because every day does not bring good trading opportunities. So young Barnes stayed in the office, running errands, helping with the books, doing a little of everything.

A Mild Rebuke

The other day Mr. Robert Barnes, head of the firm of Bronson & Barnes, and I, his partner, happened to be going out together to see a man in a near-by office building. When we arrived there we found that the elevators were not running. They were out of order or being repaired or something of the kind. I was for going back to our office, because the man we were going to see had his office on the seventh floor, and our business was scarcely pressing enough to strain the heart for.

But Mr. Barnes smiled in his pleasant, quiet way and told me, "Jack, in the days of my youth I thought nothing of climbing seven flights. They didn't have so many express elevators."

"No," I agreed; "nor so many tall buildings, either."

"No," he admitted; "but there were more than enough five and six story buildings without elevators, and our customers and the other brokers didn't always have their offices on the ground floor. Come on up." And he started. But I refused point-blank to let him do it, insisting that we could telephone our man and invite him to luncheon. He reluctantly let me have my way. He didn't say much then, but when we got back to the office he told me this story:

"'You know, when my father and Mr. Allison started the old firm I was the only clerk they had, doing whatever I could to help. Of course I ran all the errands. I remember the old Chicago, Burlington and Quincy office was on the top floor of a building that had no elevator. I had to go there quite often to get stock transferred, and on other business, and it was usually rush work, no breath-taking stops every four steps. I wasn't supposed to spare my climbs, but to get there as quickly as I could and then back to the office still more quickly. I must say I wanted to help my father all I could, but stair climbing never had any thrills for me.

"'Well, one day, after a mighty busy morning, I got back to the office. It was about 1:30. My father was out and Mr. Allison was over on the board taking care of the orders. I used to have to run over with the orders, because there weren't any telephones.

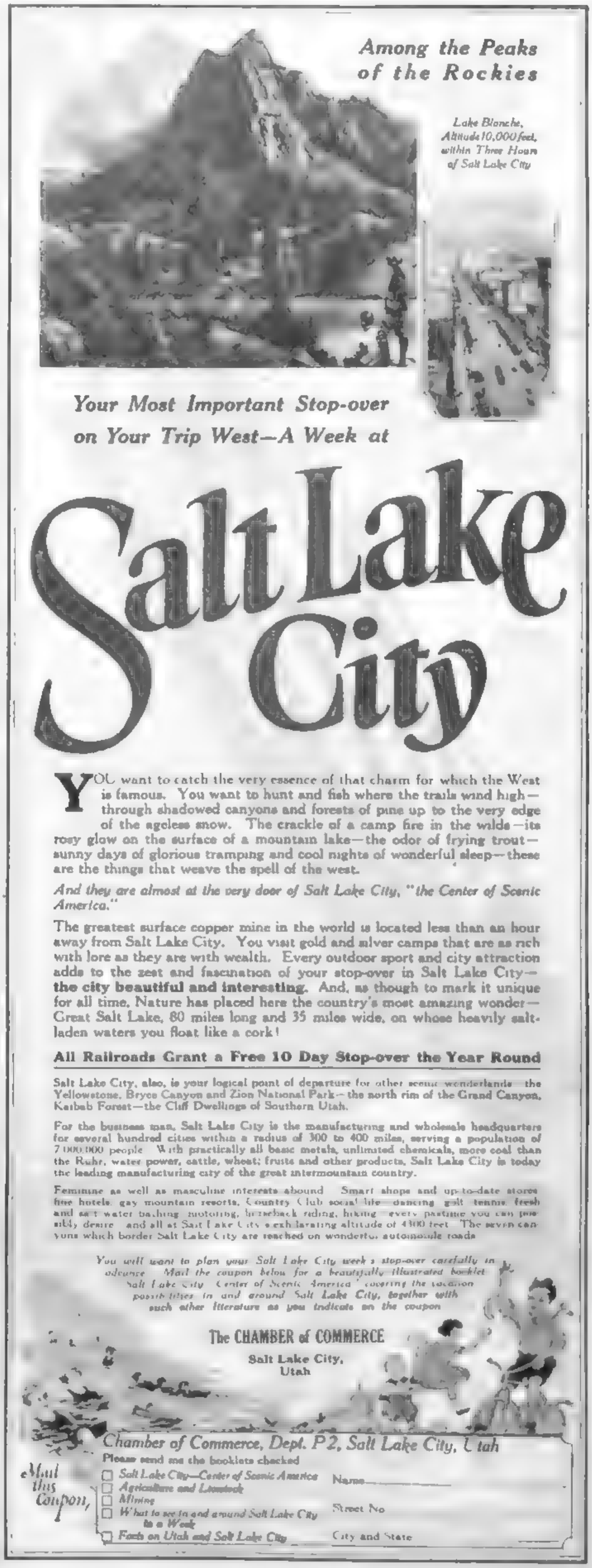
"'I was hungry as anything, and tired, and I was figuring on going out to buy something to eat when in walked one of the firm's customers.

"'"Bob," he said, 'here's an order. Rush it over to the Exchange, will you?'

"'As I told you, I had just about decided that I must have my luncheon in order to last out the hour, and this errand meant a run to the Exchange and probably waiting for a report and the trip back to the office and reporting to the customer, and all that meant a delay in eating, and I want to tell you I was mighty hungry.

"'I don't know it for a certainty, but I suspect I must have looked my dismay, for Mr. Rudd, the customer, put his hand in his pocket and said pleasantly, "Here's a quarter for you, Bob."

"'That remark and the sight of the money gave me a shock that I haven't forgotten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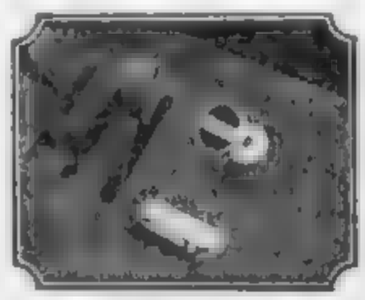

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"'No, Mr. Rudd,' I said. 'That is what I'm here for.' And I ran like mad to the Exchange and gave the order to Mr. Allison. That was all the lesson I needed to remind me of what a man owes to his customers. It isn't only service. It must be cheerful service. That's the only kind of service that gives pleasure to give and pleasure to accept. I became a pretty good climber after that. Jack, I'm rather sorry we didn't go up those little seven flights today."

The firm's success was not sensational, but enough business was done to compel an increase in the office force. A new office boy was hired and Robert was promoted. He was allowed to do more clerical work, while the routine errands were intrusted to the new boy. As time wore on, Robert acquired more knowledge of the brokerage business in his subordinate capacity. His father's infirmity grew worse with time, and just about the time when, according to the oculists, he was due to become stone-blind, Mr. Barnes passed away. It was a great blow to Bob and to the firm, for he was an unusually able and well informed man. Soon afterward the surviving partner, Mr. Allison, died.

There was young Robert Barnes, about twenty-two years old, all alone in the world, with no capital to speak of, in charge of what remained of a business that had depended for its very existence on the trade of personal acquaintances of two men who were no longer living. A broker's customers are not bequeathed or inherited; at least they are not apt to stay put. Their patronage depends upon the quality of the service they require and obtain. Young Bob Barnes did not think of holding all the old customers or of making new ones, because, for one thing, the business of the old firm naturally had to be wound up. He had to decide on what he must do for, and with, himself, and it was natural at his age that he should seek counsel of friends who were older and more experienced in business including the business of living—for Bob was engaged to be married and it behooved him to provide a living for two.

In Business for Himself

He was surprised when those friends to whom he spoke advised him to a man to go into business for himself. They urged him to buy a seat in the Boston Stock Exchange and to keep on doing the only business he knew anything about. It was the only way in which he could capitalize what he knew. He has told me that once or twice when the business was not growing as he hoped, he wondered whether it would be wise for him to go into some other line, where the returns might be both greater and quicker; but that he never could find sufficient justification for scrapping what it had taken years to acquire simply because of a hope that another business, which he must learn, might possibly prove more profitable after some years. He decided that so long as time would be needed to succeed in any business, he might better stick to the old.

He considered dispassionately the advice given to him, this youngster of twenty-two, modest, serious, the son of an honest and competent man. It seemed to him good advice. He thought he would make a living at it. He was familiar with hard work. His training had been of the best, his personal wants were modest, he knew every angle of the business; he was honest and had the courage that the consciousness of his own intentions gave him. He decided to be a stockbroker.

He borrowed enough money to buy a seat on the Boston Stock Exchange. They were selling at the same figure as memberships on the New York Stock Exchange, but whereas the price of a seat on the New York board has increased fivefold since then, the Boston seats have gone down in price.

Of course he looked for a partner. A mutual friend brought him and Samuel A. Bronson together. Bronson had been in the real-estate business in Baltimore, but his wife was a Bostonian and was obsessed by a desire to live in her native city, where her parents were. Bronson was a Vermonter, and if he couldn't do business in Vermont he was willing to work anywhere, for Vermonters are like Maine men in that respect. The two men were young but judgmatical. They sized each other up calmly, impartially and accurately, and formed a partnership. Either of them will tell you that not once have they had any words over any firm matter. They are like brothers. They soon perceived that whenever both were of the same mind they invariably were successful, so they made it a practice of undertaking only that of which both approved. The decision must be unanimous. Often one was in favor of some deal that the other was not very keen about, and that was enough. It was dropped. I once asked Mr. Barnes why if he thought he was right, he did not insist on going on, for I know him to be extremely careful and to have very good judgment as well as—very decidedly—the courage of his convictions.

From Office Boy to Partner

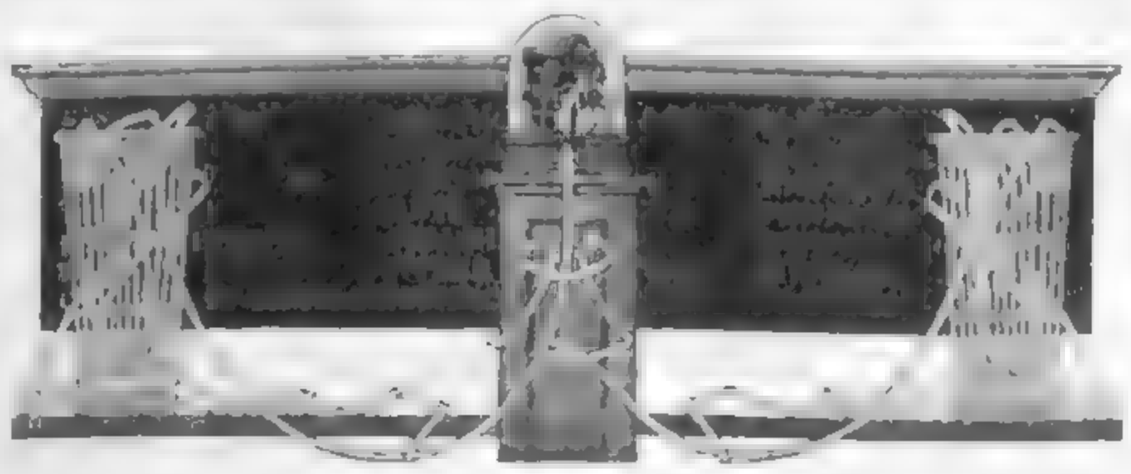
"Well," he answered, "suppose he was wrong and I was right and that I insisted on having my way. I have always felt that the principal thing to consider in our copartnership was our personal relations and our mutual affection. Suppose I was right? Well, Sam would have felt badly to think he had opposed me in the beginning, and I have always preferred to forego the profit on that deal than to have Sam feel uncomfortable or regretful for one minute. You know, a business partnership is like a marriage. You may not be wedded to an angel, but to a human being with whom you have to live day in and day out. To live comfortably, there should be as little friction as possible. Unanimity is one of the few things that do not breed quarrels. I never wished Sam to feel badly over anything if I could help it, and he felt the same way about me. And so we have gone all these years together without one quarrel, and without a moment's irritation. Now you know why."

That is the way the two youngsters felt then, and that is the way they feel now. It is a wonderful thing.

They had no clerk at first. Samuel Bronson did all the office work and Robert Barnes was on the Stock Exchange from ten A.M. to three P.M. But in the morning before he went to the board, and in the afternoon after the market closed, Mr. Barnes was in the office helping his partner with the books, and the like. They did not have any too much capital and they were not spending any more for help than was indispensable. After a while they did have an office boy, Patrick J. Molloy. He was a bright and willing lad who before that had held but one job, and that was as messenger on the floor of the Boston Stock Exchange. Mr. Barnes liked him and made him their chief and only office boy and general assistant. He was the first help the firm hired.

Ten years later they took him in as partner—the first partner they took in. He had brains, industry, honesty, devotion. He was a creation of the firm. His business ethics were formed in that office. He fitted. He believed in Bronson & Barnes, and today he is one of the family. Later office boys, thinking of Mr. Molloy's beginning, worked very hard. What one man had done other men could do.

Editor's Note—This is the third of a series of articles by Mr. Lefèvre. The next will appear in an early number.



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EVOLUTION

Continued from Page 26

channel to the surface, cutting the racing water like a knife blade. The bottom of the birch canoe was no more than paper and, at the speed it was moving, this bit of protruding rock slashed through bark, through the wood veneer supports, through the stout ribs, even through the canvas bags on the bottom. And in that fraction of a second as it passed the length of the canoe it touched the left ankle of Clayton MacKenzie; and the next instant he was fighting for his life in a boiling caldron of icy water.

Straight down he was sucked and rolled, like a dead leaf in a whirlpool. His right leg struck a rock and he felt the dull snap of broken bones. But there was within him the strong will to live, the old primitive instinct to struggle and endure. He was a powerful swimmer, a well-built, wide-shouldered, heavy-armed youth, and with all his strength he fought to regain the surface before his lungs burst. There was but a fraction of a second, only one deep gasping breath of spray-soaked air, before he was hauled down again.

Even beneath the surface the water roared its menacing terror in his ears. But there was no stark horror in this man's face, no paralyzing fear gripped his strong heart.

"You won't get me!" flashed again and again through his brain. "You won't get me!"

He clenched his teeth and determined to suffocate before he would draw into his lungs the deadly water. A mounting wave tossed him against a sloping rock, worn smooth as glass, and another brushed him off like a gnat, but not before he had drawn in a great breath of life-giving air.

Now this young man, struggling for life, did not waste his breath in fruitless screams. He did not put forth his puny strength to oppose the plunging river, fighting the current, as so many do in their hour of terror. He did not clutch at the rocks or try to reach the shore. His efforts were all to keep to the surface and let the rushing stream carry him on down through the rapid. When he could he swam with powerful overhand strokes straight down the channel. When rocks threatened he reached out with strong arms and thrust his body away from their death embrace. When tossing white water appeared he dropped his head and dived through it. But the water was like ice and he was seriously hampered by high shoepacks and heavy clothing. And his broken leg could only be dragged awkwardly behind.

Even as this youth fought for his life he knew that Sebatis was gone. He also knew that even if he won the shore all their equipment was destroyed

The extent of this rapid was no more than five hundred yards. After a final furious boiling over worn bowlders the water dropped into the new level and, as though tired after its age-old struggle with the rock enemy, lay resting there in a great pool before continuing its journey on down to the northern strait.

Wounded, broken, battered and bruised, but still living, Clayton MacKenzie swam feebly, low in the water, gasping for each hurried breath, toward the sloping sandy shore on the southern side. Twice he sank, but twice recovered, and now with the shore so near a new vitality flamed up a brief instant and he thrust forward again His knees bumped on the bottom, and he crawled slowly, painfully out, like a wounded water beast, dragging himself up on the dry sand to collapse.

III

NO MORE than a breath of life remained in the broken body of this youth—a faint fluttering of the overworked heart, the merest vibration of the lungs, the blood but a sluggish current within him, chilled, overwhelmed with fatigue; only the merest spark of vitality, but capable of being fanned back into flame again. The sun beat down and warmed him. The hot sand gave up its heat. The clean air fanned into eager lungs, and beat by beat the wonderful muscle engine within his breast took up its ceaseless work again.

Clayton MacKenzie opened his eyes as one resurrected from the dead. It seemed ages and ages ago since he had crawled, like some sea animal, out of the water and into the air for the first. He rolled over on his back, gasping, trembling in every muscle, but fast regaining his strength. He sensed a warm trickle on his cheek and raised a hand, to find blood running. He sat up with difficulty to see how badly he was hurt, what chance there was still for life

With his first strength he pulled off his sodden garments to find many large bruises on his body, but nothing but what a few weeks would mend. When he removed his shoepacks and could examine his legs he found his hurts more serious. The left ankle was all but crushed. It looked and felt like a bad sprain combined with a terrible bruise. It would be at least three weeks, with the greatest care, before he could bear his weight upon it again. His right leg was broken, but fortunately the broken bones had not been jammed through the flesh. With strong fingers he felt and probed for the bones to see how badly they were broken. Regardless of the pain, he pinched and felt, finding both bones broken fairly clean nearly midway between the knee and the ankle. This, as he knew, was one of the most serious accidents that could befall a man alone in the wilderness. Provided he could set it at all, it would be at least ten weeks before he could use the leg again.

But even the horror of all this could not conquer the inherent will to live. Broken and crippled, without shelter, without weapons, without food, without anything! Still he must maintain, guard and keep the great gift of life. There was no chance that anyone, red or white, would find him there. No one even knew where he was, nor would look for him in months.

"It's pretty bad," said he aloud, "but man has lived in this wilderness before without fire, without weapons, without even clothing; and man can do it again!"

Though his wounds restricted him to but a narrow circle of activity, a few yards of sand, still was it possible to maintain life for a time. Obviously he could not improvise a raft and float on down the river. There were other rapids, and soon he would meet winter coming down from the north. It was more than two hundred miles upstream, southward, to the watershed divide, and full three hundred more to the St. Lawrence; still that was the way he must somehow struggle out. He recalled reading of a religious fanatic in India who was rolling two thousand miles

"If any fool Hindu can roll two thousand miles I can crawl five hundred!" he declared grimly

He sat up again, stronger now, more determined than ever not to forfeit his life without a struggle.

"Got to fix up these legs" aloud; "may need them soon."

IV

CUTS and bruises could take care of themselves. The hurt ankle ought to have hot packs, but that was out of the question. The matter of setting his own leg was more serious. Once Clayton had helped a frontier doctor set a man's leg. He knew what was to be done, and he knew the strength and skill required to do it.

"Pretty well busted up," said he, "but I'm not licked!"

(Continued on Page 181)

A Mink Came Scampering Along the Sand. Clayton Had No Desire to Harm or Frighten These Animals. They Were Welcome Company

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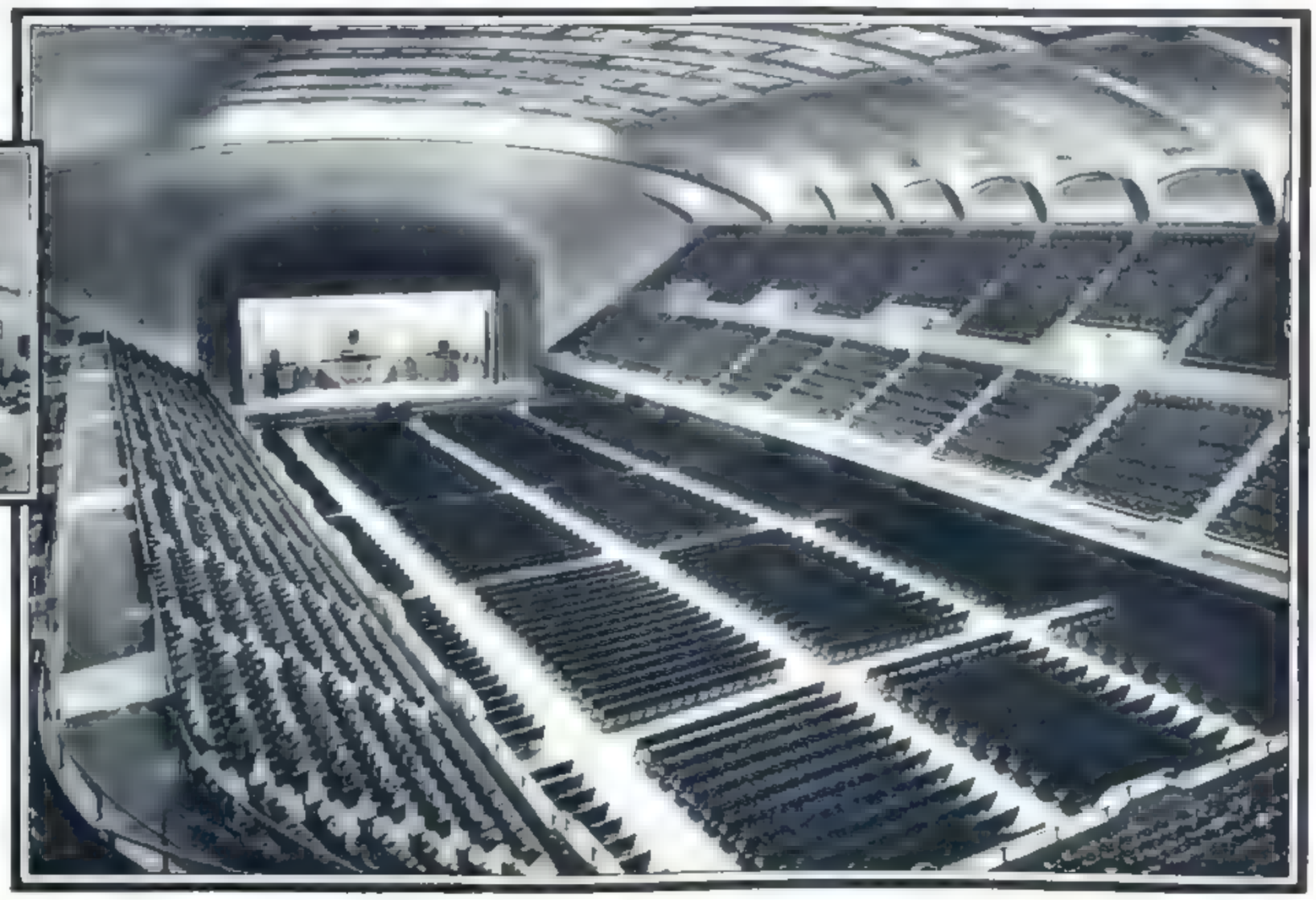

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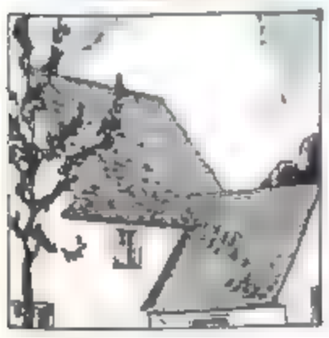

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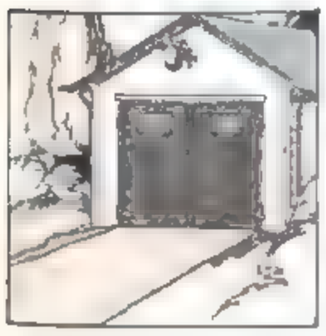

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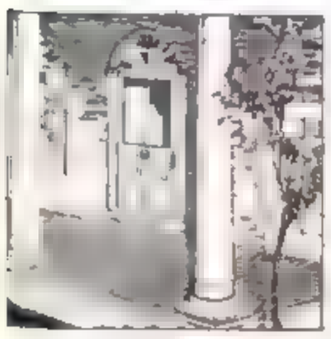

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Exterior	*SWP House Paint:*	*Rexpar Varnish:* weather resisting, for porch ceilings, etc.	*S-W Oil Stain:* for new wood	*Old Dutch Enamel:* white, gray, ivory, gloss or rubbed effect
CONCRETE	*S-W Concrete Wall Finish*, a paint, resists weather			
DOORS, Interior	*SWP House Paint:*	*Scar-Not Varnish:* gloss *Velvet Finish Varnish No. 1044:* dries to a dull finish without rubbing	*Floorlac:* a varnish and stain combined *S-W Handcraft Stain:* penetrating spirit stain for new wood only	*Enameloid:* assorted colors
Exterior	*SWP House Paint:*	*Rexpar Varnish:* weather resisting spar varnish	*S-W Oil Stain:* for new wood	*Old Dutch Enamel:* white, gray, ivory For interior and exterior use
FENCES	*SWP House Paint:* *Metalastic* (iron or wire only) *S-W Roof and Bridge Paint:* for rough work		*S-W Preservative Shingle Stain*	
FLOORS, Interior (wood)	*S-W Inside Floor Paint:* stands repeated scrubbing	*Mar-Not Varnish* water resisting heel proof	*Floorlac* a varnish and stain combined	*S-W Inside Floor Paint:* the enamel-like finish
Concrete	*S-W Concrete Floor Finish:* wears well, washes well			*S-W Concrete Floor Finish:* high gloss, durable
Porch	*S-W Porch and Deck Paint:*			
FURNITURE, Indoors	*Enameloid:* the decorative enamel	*Scar-Not Varnish:* stands hard usage	*Floorlac:* a varnish and stain combined	*Old Dutch Enamel:* white, gray, ivory, gloss or rubbed effect *Enameloid:* assorted colors
Porch	*Enameloid:* assorted colors	*Rexpar Varnish:* weather resisting	*S-W Oil Stain:* for new wood	
HOUSE OR GARAGE Exterior	*SWP House Paint:*	*Rexpar Varnish*, weather resisting	*S-W Preservative Shingle Stain*	*Old Dutch Enamel:* enduring gloss
LINOLEUM	*S-W Inside Floor Paint*, stands repeated scrubbing	*Mar-Not Varnish:* protects the pattern		*S-W Inside Floor Paint:* the enamel-like finish
RADIATORS	*Flat-Tone:* flat oil paint *S-W Aluminum* or *Gold Paint*			*Enameloid:* assorted colors
ROOFS, Shingle Metal Composition	*S-W Roof and Bridge Paint:* *Metalastic:* *Ebonol* black coal tar paint		*S-W Preservative Shingle Stain*	
SCREENS	*S-W Screen Enamel:*			*S-W Screen Enamel*
TOYS	*S-W Family Paint:* assorted colors	*Rexpar Varnish:*	*Floorlac:* inside use, a varnish and stain combined	*Enameloid:* assorted colors
WALLS, Interior (Plaster or Wallboard)	*Flat-Tone* the washable, flat oil paint *SWP House Paint:* a full oil gloss			*Old Dutch Enamel:* white, gray, ivory, gloss or rubbed effect *Enameloid:* assorted colors
WICKER	*Enameloid:* high gloss assorted colors	*Rexpar Varnish:* durable, elastic	*Floorlac:* a varnish and stain combined	*Old Dutch Enamel:* white, gray, ivory, gloss or rubbed effect
WOODWORK, Interior	*SWP House Paint:* gloss *Flat-Tone:* flat oil paint	*Scar-Not Varnish:* high gloss but can be rubbed to a dull finish *Velvet Finish Varnish No. 1044* dries dull without rubbing	*S-W Handcraft Stain:* penetrating spirit stain for new hardwood *S-W Oil Stain:* for new soft wood *Floorlac* for new or old wood, a varnish and stain combined	*Old Dutch Enamel:* white, gray, ivory, dull or gloss, aristocrat of enamels, specified by leading architects *Enameloid:* assorted colors

NOTE: Best results can be had by following the carefully prepared directions on labels.

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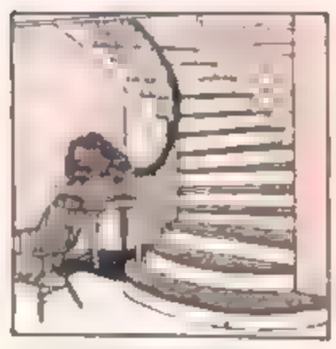
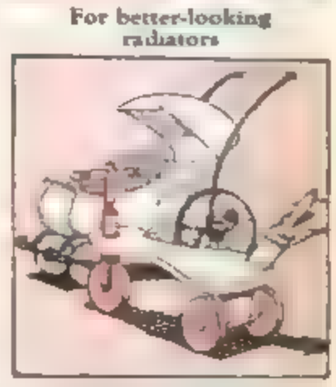
To withstand the weather

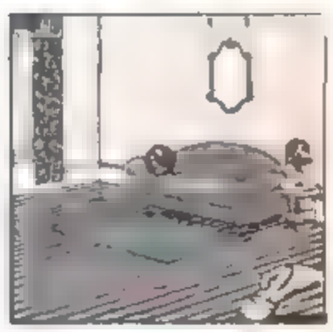
To renew furniture



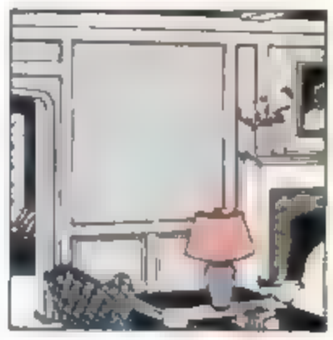
To keep attractive



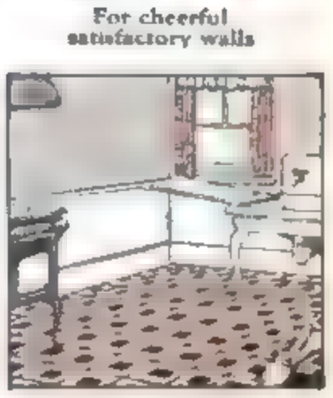
To make toys "new"



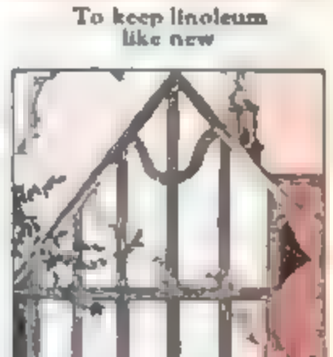
To enrich hard wood



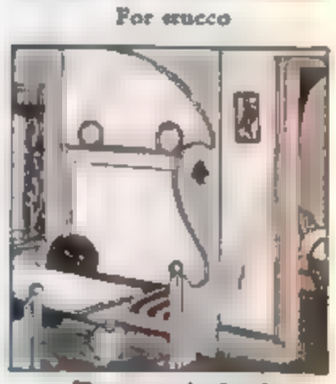
For cheerful satisfactory walls



To keep linoleum like new



For stucco



To properly finish woodwork

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A ROYAL CORD grows old gracefully. It may, after thousands of miles of service, show wear but it doesn't wear ragged. The tread wears down evenly. It not only keeps fit but it looks it. That is one reason Royals are so generally chosen by the owners of fine cars.

United States Rubber Company

U.S. Tires are the only tires in the world made of cords solutioned in raw rubber latex

U.S. Royal Cords

Continued from Page 176

He took a careful inventory of his clothes. There was not much. He had gotten in the habit of putting things into the many pockets of his canvas hunting coat, which he had, unfortunately, laid aside before the accident. Now he found that his total wealth consisted of a large red handkerchief, a worn bill fold with identification papers and Canadian money—as worthless as Crusoe's gold. There was also a bit of pencil, some cigarette papers, a leather pouch of water-soaked tobacco. That was all! It seemed the very irony of fate that this accident should come just when his pockets were empty. If only he had a knife and matches!

He dragged himself to a near-by clump of willows and broke off some strong branches. These he fashioned into rough splints, pounding them off to a desirable length with a heavy stone. Then he carefully tore up his cotton shirt, worn under the heavy woolen overshirt, and knotted together a long bandage. But the problem of getting the bones back in place was more difficult. And the leg had to be fixed up immediately before it swelled.

The sandy shore slanted easily upward to a long line of gray driftwood piled tumbling among broken rocks. Above this was the overhanging lip of the root-fibered forest floor. Bandage and splints in his hands, he dragged himself up to the driftwood and searched about the edge until he found a convenient rock crevice wherein he could wedge his foot so he could pull the broken bones back into place. Winding his woolen shirt about this foot he jammed it tightly between the rocks. Then he built up with smaller stones a fulcrum for his left knee so that by pressing on this, and bending his body to the left, his right leg could be stretched sufficiently for the broken bones to be brought back into place, broken ends together. Then began an hour of torture. Time and again he pulled the edges of the bones together, but before he could raise up and reach over with the splints and bandage they would slip back again. Sweat rolled from his naked body. Teeth ground one upon another like millstones. At last, by repeated failure, he learned the knack of it, and his strong fingers gripped the broken bones in place. The rest was easy.

From then on it was only a question of pain and patience—and food! Somehow, some way, he must live for weeks on that little spit of sand, shut in by water and forest, until his leg healed and he could begin his long weary struggle back through hundreds of miles of wilderness to civilization.

"I've been wanting a rest," said he, "and now I guess I'll get it. All I've got to do is to rustle the eats!"

That was all.

V

GARMENTS still damp, no shelter, no covering, and the night was cold, but he endured. Perhaps a bit of fever in his blood helped to keep away something of the chill. He slept by spells, waking when his many pains and aches conquered desire for sleep.

With the first of day he crawled laboriously to the water edge to bathe and drink. When the sun came up he would set about this business of life! First, he determined, there must be some kind of shelter. Rains would come and he must keep warm and dry, must conserve every bit of strength he had—he would need it all! After that he must have a fire, and next he must find food. Though no animal life stirred in the dark forest above the river bank, though no fish jumped in the water before him, still he knew that this great wilderness was not devoid of life. Eyes were watching from the willows, from the trees, from the fringe of ferns and bushes above. And in the cold deep waters were heavy fish.

He progressed slowly, somewhat painfully, on hands and knees, like a beast, now and then raising himself upright on his knees, very like a bear, to examine the ground about him.

"I'm the first man," said he. "I've just come down out of the trees, only to find that getting about on the ground is slow and awkward business."

He found a few berries growing along the edge of the driftwood, and ate them. They did not satisfy his hunger, but every bit of food counted now. The rough shelter must be at the edge of the sand and rocks where the material for his building was available. It was slow work and he did not hurry about it. He dragged out rocks and stones to build up a little box affair about seven feet long and six feet wide, open in front. There was no need of any great height, as it would be weeks before he could stand. He roofed it with broken sticks from the driftwood, making a sloping roof covered with sticks and earth to shed rain. Against the outer walls he threw up the sand to keep out the cold night winds. He fashioned a rough couch of sticks and small logs to raise his body from the damp ground.

All day he worked at the hut, resting and working, though a great emptiness seized him, though the dull ache of his bruised ankle and broken leg never ceased. The mere matter of hunger could be attended to later, and he had been hungry before. He knew that he could go a week, or even longer, without food, and still have strength.

That night he slept in the hut, which was but one stage above the den of a beast.

"I've a roof over my head," said he, "and that's a good start."

A few hours later he was wakened by the howling of wolves on the bank behind him.

"Go way," he shouted. "I'm nowhere near dead yet!"

He pulled a heavy stick from his bed platform, and thus man, who could not yet walk upright, had his first weapon.

After a little the noisy beasts went on about their nocturnal hunting, biding their hour.

"Tomorrow," the man promised himself, "I'll have a fire."

VI

THE matter of a fire was not serious. He could get along without a fire. Probably man was centuries old before he captured fire and bent it to his needs. But there is something about the bright glow of a fire—leaping flames and flying sparks, the soft smoke curling upward that is comforting and cheering. Man's companion of the ages. He wouldn't feel so lonely with a friendly fire crackling and whispering to him at night.

All about lay an endless supply of firewood. He had only to pull it out of the drift and drag it down on the sand before his hut. But first he had to have that tiny bit of fire life, the little spark which can be blown into consuming flame.

But the progress of man did not begin with fire, but rather with the first hand tool. Genius entered the brain of man when the first savage fitted a flint knife to his hand. From that day the world was at his mercy.

Clayton had to have a knife.

The creeping river of ice that had, ages ago, piled up these very hills, had brought down from the north a heterogeneous collection of rocks and stones. Along the shore line were all kinds of stones, from granite blocks to bright water-worn pebbles. It was not long before he found a large piece of blue-gray flint. This he smashed against a granite bowlder, the hard and brittle flint breaking into hundreds of jagged pieces.

One of these flakes, some seven inches long and three inches wide, was to be his knife. He shaped and sharpened one end of this for the blade, working with a bit of stone, flaking it to a ragged saw edge by pressure. The other end he roughly shaped into a handle.

"I've advanced another cycle of centuries," he laughed.

From a dry limb broken off a driftwood log he worked out a wooden spindle, about a foot long and an inch through, pointed at both ends. Another piece, dry and dozy, he smoothed off, and in it cut a shallow tapering hole to fit one end of the spindle. With a willow branch and the leather lacing from one of his shoepacks he fashioned a rough bow. A half turn of the bowstring around the spindle, one end of it in the wooden block, a smaller block to fit over the other end, and he was ready to bring fire down to the earth. It is not easy to make fire in this way under the most favorable conditions. Faster and faster he whirled the spindle, by sawing back and forth with his bow, until the fine wood powder spurted up. Soon a bit of smoke curled up from the friction-heated wood and then a tiny glow appeared, to spread almost instantly through the powdered wood dust. With a handful of dry bark fiber he blew this glowing coal into a bit of mounting flame.

A fire snapping and crackling beside him, and he felt better and of greater courage. He had shelter, he had warmth, and now he needed only food to sustain life, to keep up his strength until his broken body mended.

VII

"A FOX," mused Clayton MacKenzie to himself, "needs a square mile of territory to sustain life; it will be hard for a grown man to live within the narrow circle of a few yards."

So he began a systematic inventory of his domain, spending the entire day at it. He worked his way downstream to where the river cut against a steep bank and farther progress was impossible, without finding a thing to eat. He crawled back upstream to the foot of the rapids. Here in the shallows near shore there were many small fish, but he could not catch them in his hands. Under the stones near shore were curious water bugs and insects, a few small crabs, but nothing large enough to eat, nor fit to tempt his appetite. Obviously his first task was to provide himself with fishing gear. Time and again he had seen in his travels the curious fishing rigs of the northern Indians, used for centuries before the white man came with his iron hooks and long nets. A fish spear was useless because he could not get out on the rocks into deeper water to use it. But a fishhook was not difficult to make.

From a bit of strong wood he split out two splinters and scraped them nicely round. These he fitted together in the form of a V, making one side about an inch long, the other somewhat shorter but barbed and sharply pointed. The bottom of the V he wound tight with a bit of thread pulled from the lining of his canvas breeches. It wasn't much of a hook, being large and cumbersome, but it would do until he found a bit of bone to make a smaller one. The matter of a fish line was not so easy. He tore the large cotton handkerchief into narrow strips and braided them into a long heavy cord. He added to this several feet of smaller line by cutting up his leather tobacco pouch. Another four feet, still finer, was woven from cotton threads unraveled from one of the hip pockets of his breeches.

The hook was baited with a large crab, weighted with a pebble, and tossed out into the pool. Bites were few and far between. Time and again his bait was nibbled away by small fish. Obviously this method depended too much upon luck.

"Got to make a trap," he told himself. "Make one like those squaws in In-to-ka were using last summer."

The rest of the day he cut willow wands, scraped off the bark with his flints and wove them into a basket-shaped affair more than a foot in diameter and nearly three feet long. One end was closed by bringing together the ends of the willow sticks. The other end had to be fitted with an inverted cone, woven of smaller willows, leaving a place for the fish to work into the trap but making it difficult to find their way out again. Just before dark the trap was finished and he dragged it upstream and set it carefully in a shallow rift. With stones he built two short wings above the trap to guide the fish toward the set.

VIII

THAT morning he ate for the first time. Not a very large or satisfying meal; still it was food. Small fish had been moving near shore during the night and nearly two pounds of little suckers, chubs and minnows had blundered into the trap. He cleaned them carefully, baited the trap with the refuse and toasted his first meal over the coals. The stimulant of food gave him new courage as well as strength. He saved out one small fish to bait his set line for the night.

"It's time this savage developed a bad habit," he laughed aloud.

So he made a pipe.

He found a bit of soft stone and hollowed it out for bowl and stem. A bit of weed stalk supplied the stem. But his tobacco must be augmented and conserved. Like his friends, the Indians, he shaved off a quantity of the inner bark of the willow, dried it in the sun and mixed it with his tobacco.

In a little while he was puffing away, quite content, resting on a very comfortable seat before his fire.

Sometime during the morning a small bunch of spruce grouse flew down from the forest to drink. These birds were quite tame, walking about within a few yards of him. He tried to knock one over with a stone, but succeeded only in scaring them back into the woods. Later in the day he had two other visitors. A sleek brown otter came upstream and disported in the pool. Finally it caught a fine trout and climbed out on a rock to feast. A mink came scampering along the sand, a dark brown sinuous body with a white spot on its slender throat. Clayton had no desire to harm or

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frighten these animals. They were welcome company.

Fish would undoubtedly keep him alive, but it was obvious that once he began working his way southward he could not depend upon fish to support him. He must have something to reach out and kill at a distance. Soon his ankle would heal, then he could stand up and hobble about on crutches. This would enlarge his world considerably. He could even climb the bank and venture out into the forest above. Then he could manage snares and traps. More for amusement than anything else he fashioned a spear from a long willow shoot, hardening the sharp point in the fire, and a heavy throwing stick. But there was small chance that any worthwhile game would ever venture near enough for him to harm it.

"I'm coming!" he grinned over his work. "Yesterday I was an ape man with the first knife—today I am armed with spear and club. Other centuries will soon pass, and this savage will walk erect and have his bow and arrows."

That night his catch in the willow trap was smaller, but his set line yielded a fat eel.

The task of making a bow and arrows was not so simple. Like most country children he had played with this weapon when a boy. A careful search revealed a young hardwood sapling of good shape growing out of the bank below his camp. But it required hours of work with his flint knife to cut it down and sever the trunk so that he had a piece about five feet long. Back in camp near the fire he began the laborious task of scraping this piece of wood into the form and shape of a bow. The wood was hard and tough fibered. He scraped and scraped, hour after hour, tapering from the middle toward both ends.

The making of this bow occupied three entire days, the wood drying out and seasoning as he progressed. When it was done he notched the ends and fitted it with a string made from the leather laces of his shoepacks. Arrows were easier. He cut willow wands, peeled and straightened them, fashioning blunt heads and feathering them with ravelings from his woolen shirt.

Then began hours of practicing. He set up a small mark in the sand perhaps forty feet away and shot all his arrows at it. Then he crawled over and recovered the arrows, shooting them back at a similar mark.

IX

FOR the next two weeks camp life became a mere matter of routine. He made another and larger fish trap. He caught, from time to time, large coarse fish on his set line. He practiced with his bow, cooked, bathed, ate, rested his hurts. Twice it rained, but his little hut did not leak much and he was able to drag down sizable logs for his fire; so it did not go out. His two first friends, the otter and the mink, came almost every day, and once the former left quite half a fat salmon behind. He had another visitor, a half-grown black bear, but this animal was too shy and suspicious to repeat the venture.

Cuts and bruises healed. The swelling diminished in his ankle. And by this time he had grown more or less used to the dull ache in his broken leg. He made a pair of rude crutches against the day when he would need them. Points he must also have for his arrows if he ever expected to kill large game.

With a stone hammer he knocked off flint flakes which he could work down into arrow shape by pressing on opposing edges with a bit of hard wood. He flaked, in this way, a little from first one side, then the other, until the chip took on a wedge shape, with sharp cutting edges, and was roughly notched so it could be fastened in a cleft in the arrow. These he fitted in his shafts with wrappings of eelskin.

Came the eventful day when, with the aid of crutches, he could stand erect. He thought how many, many years it had taken man to rise up, straight backed, and look out over the world he was to conquer.

All about him lay the unexplored wilderness.

Clayton had already cleared a way through the driftwood, by using it for firewood, so the bank was negotiated easily enough. He did not plan any extensive journey on crutches, but he had the best part of the day to adventure in. Here along the river edge, the air vibrant with the noise of the rapids above, the trees grew tall and thick, and there was little underbrush to hinder his progress. A bark quiver of arrows, both pointed and blunt, swung from his shoulder. His bow was shoved through his belt. Gripping his crutches he swung slowly through the wood. Moving in this fashion it was quite impossible to stalk game and he did not consider this hunting. But only a short circle above his camp was necessary to prove that game was there. He saw tracks of deer, of woodland caribou, of a moose or two. There was also sign of hares, squirrels, fisher, bear and other animals.

The first living beast he came upon was a fat porcupine. Meat hungry he was, and the porky can be eaten in emergencies, but he was not hungry enough for such strong flesh. Once he thought he heard a stick break as though some heavy animal was skulking away at his approach. Another time he caught the faint flitting shadow of a big hare moving awkwardly out of his path.

It was not until he neared camp again, more exhausted than he thought by this new method of locomotion, that he chanced upon the spruce grouse. They ran ahead of him, calling one to another, moving jerkily along through the cover, well within range of his arrows. Hastily he strung his bow and fitted a blunt shaft to the string. But his shot was too high, frightening the birds into the air. A young one fluttered straight up and alighted on a small limb no more than fifteen feet above him. This time his aim was better, the blunt arrow killing it instantly.

It was not a very delicious bird, but it tasted awfully good to a man tired of fish. After he had eaten he set about making a better and smaller fishhook from the hard wing bones. He made this hook as he had made the first, but because of better material he was able to make it much smaller and more effective. Pointed and barbed, it was a worthy implement. He bent this on his line and baited it with a live minnow from his trap. In less than half an hour he was rewarded with a big trout.

X

DURING the next few weeks young MacKenzie became more accustomed to traveling on crutches and daily enlarged his tiny world of life. He knocked over two more grouse with his blunt arrows, and snared a hare. Once he saw a young caribou, but there was no chance of getting near enough for a shot. For hours he hid out along favorite runways, but never got a shot, probably because he could not stay until dusk.

But now he had all the fish he needed and there was no danger of going hungry. He also found considerable quantities of berries in his travels.

It was time to think about his return. Five hundred miles of wilderness is a long journey for a man with but one good leg, but it had to be accomplished somehow. Unless he was prepared to winter there he must start. The season was already late. Soon there would be snow and ice, and the waterways would be closed. Even though he started out on crutches he could make a few miles a day, increasing his speed as his leg healed. In preparation he made up a great bundle of arrows, flint tipped and grouse feathered. He fashioned a bark and clay-lined receptacle, cylindrical in shape, with a wooden stopper, for the carrying of live coals. In case he failed to have good luck in his hunting he caught many trout and young salmon and smoked them over the fire. From soaked willow sticks he wove another basket creation, something like a big fish creel, to be carried on his back, wherein he could pack along his store of food and his few possessions.

It would be easier walking out on the open barrens and along the heights of ground, but his one dependable source of food was the river and he must keep near the water. His first and most formidable barrier was the range of hills behind him. An entire day and the utmost of his strength were consumed in climbing the height. Another day was required to get safely down the other side. Here he rested for a day and caught more fish, recuperating his strength.

Five miles a day is what he hoped to do. At this rate, in somewhat less than a hundred days, even if he failed to increase the pace when his leg was well, he would be within reach of help. There was no romance and no adventure about this toilsome progress through the forest along the river shore. It was the bitterest kind of hard work. Some days he did not make five miles. He had little time to hunt. His store of fish was soon exhausted. Came the time when porcupine flesh tasted good. Once he shot and ate a fish duck.

Clayton MacKenzie was two weeks out before he made his first real kill. He came to the edge of a barren space and through the screen of bushes he saw three caribou coming into the wood. They were following a distinct trail, so he hurried forward to intercept them. Fortunately the wind was in his favor and he dropped out of sight behind a tree before the animals saw him. A slight attack of buck fever possessed him as he hastily strung his bow and fitted his best arrow to the string. But his arms were steady enough when the game approached.

Trail worn and weak with hunger, he steadied himself for the effort. An old cow passed, but when the broad side of a fat yearling appeared in an opening in the brush he drew back the bow string with all his strength and loosed the shaft.

The result was truly astonishing to one not familiar with the power of a good bow.

The flint-tipped arrow disappeared its full length within the animal, ranging forward through lungs and heart, dropping it instantly in the trail. The other animals whirled about at the sound and stood there questioning. He could have killed another had there been the need.

He dressed out the meat and made a brush-and-bark shelter for a temporary camp. Here he would stay and feed up on fat meat and cure some of the venison for his journey.

XI

HE HAD now reached the stage of the nomad savage, wandering over the face of the earth, hunting his living. First one crutch disappeared, then the other was replaced by a cane. A few more days and the cane was gone.

By the time Clayton MacKenzie reached the watershed he was ragged and bearded, practically dressed in skins, but clean and stronger than ever before. He had no fear of the wilderness. A haversack of half-tanned skin now held his fire sticks, his flints, his dried and smoked provisions. He had become remarkably proficient in the stalking of game and the accuracy of his shooting. There was no longer danger of his starving. Once he killed, with a single arrow, a ponderous bull moose.

He topped the last ridge and walked down the southern slope until he came to the first tinkling little spring brook. All these streams, as well he knew, ran southward to the St. Lawrence. He had only to follow this water down until he came to civilization.

As soon as this brook had widened into a sizable creek and become of sufficient depth to float a small raft he ceased to walk. Of dry driftwood logs he fashioned a raft, lashed together with strips of hide and withes, and on this he floated easily and comfortably toward his destination. When he felt like it he increased his speed by poling, but usually he drifted. Where rapids intervened he left the raft to its fate and laboriously climbed around. If he failed to find the logs he dragged out others and made a new raft. He ventured to shore only to sleep and to hunt.

XII

A FROSTY morning in November, and one of the guides to a hunting party up the Manikuagan saw a strange object floating down the stream. It looked like some kind of shaggy animal humped up on a bit of driftwood. A pair of glasses revealed that it was a man.

A loud woodsman's call floated out over the water, and Clayton MacKenzie lifted his bearded face from his arms folded about his knees. He thought at first he was dreaming. Then he saw the smoke of the camp fire, the figures on the shore, and answered. A canoe put out to meet him.

"Sebatis?" the Indians asked.

"Dead," answered MacKenzie.

And no more was said.

A smiling New York sportsman, clean shaven, in stout hunting clothing, came down the shore to meet him.

"I'm Clouden, from New York. Come up and tell me what happened."

"White water," answered MacKenzie. "Last July in Upper Ungava."

"Must have been hell!"

"Was. With a broken leg."

"No?"

"Other one smashed up a bit. Crawled around like an ape for weeks."

"You must be famished."

"No—only for white man's food."

"Sure had one tough time!"

"I passed through centuries of time, struggling on to civilization!"

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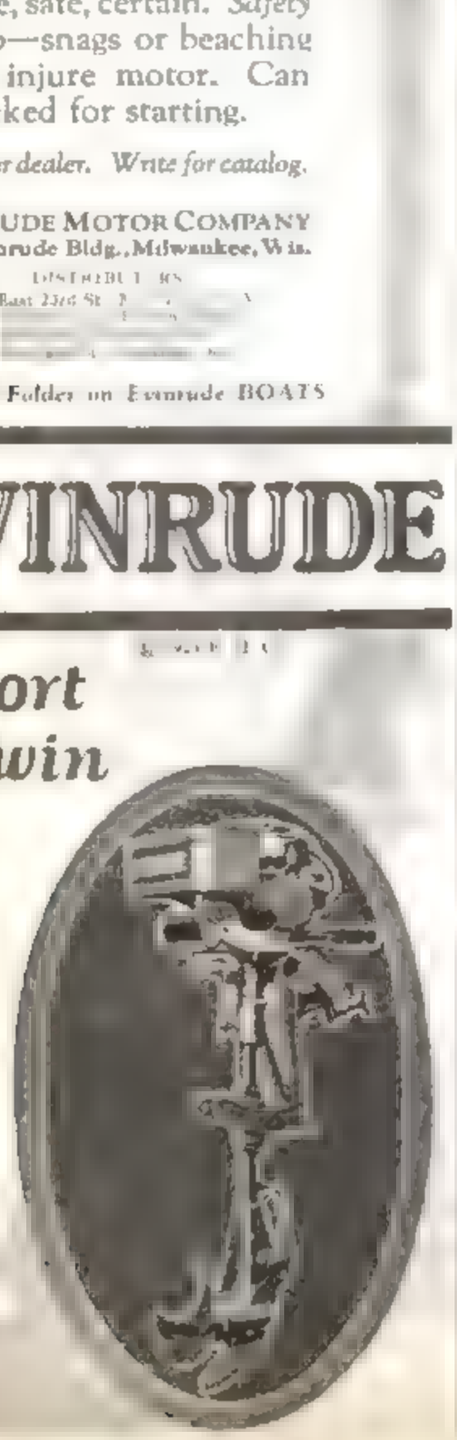


THE KEEPER AT KARN

Continued from Page 13

he detected the chauffeur in a number of minor peculations in connection with the purchase of supplies for the cars. Since Marlatt and not Fenno suffered by these petty thefts, Sander kept his discoveries to himself; but they increased his vigilance. He could never forget that Karn and all that lay therein were in his charge, that Fenno had trusted him; and he was quite determined that he would be true to that trust. The fact that Vaught failed to perceive in Sander any obstacle to his plans is sufficient evidence that the chauffeur was unfit for the career on which he was embarking.

One afternoon toward the end of August the Marlatts with half a dozen guests went down the lake for a picnic by moonlight and a swim upon one of the little beaches which may be found here and there along the shore. Vaught ran the boat, and Sander saw them depart with the misgivings he always felt for fear the chauffeur would pile the craft on one of the many ledges or hidden rocks. His disquiet increased as the evening wore on, and was only appeased when, toward midnight, waiting at the boathouse, he heard the roar of the engine as the craft rounded the lower end of Karn and swung up toward her berth. He turned on the lights that would make Vaught's landing easy, and himself caught the bow line and jockeyed the boat into her slip. Mrs. Marlatt gave him the furtive little nod habitual to her; Marlatt spoke a brief word; the others piled out upon the floating stage with much loud talk and laughter, and they all departed up the path toward the house, save the chauffeur

Vaught said, as soon as they were gone, "She's missing on one cylinder."

Sander made no reply. His ear had already detected the discord in the motor's resonant song. Vaught stepped on the cushioned seat which ran around the inside of the boat, and so out upon the landing stage. "I don't see why you can't keep these tubs running," he grumbled. "You tinker with 'em enough."

The older man held his patient peace; but his eyes were not so mildly blue as was their habit. Vaught swung toward the door, broad shoulders insolent. "Get her going," he commanded. "That's what you're here for."

When the other was gone Sander breathed a little more deeply with faint relief. Vaught had switched off the ignition; but Sander stepped into the boat now—and he was careful not to put his foot upon the cushions as Vaught had done—and pressed the starter and bent above the engine with an attentive ear, his hand manipulating the throttle. After a few minutes he forgot Vaught in his absorption in the task.

He had little notion how much time passed while he was thus engaged; but at length he was satisfied that the engine was all in tune. Only then did he fully perceive the disorder of the boat itself. Cigarette butts were littered beneath his feet; a cork or two and an empty pickle bottle rolled to and fro; there was sand upon the cushions, and a wet bathing suit had been thrust into a half-open locker beneath the seat. He began, working slowly and lovingly, to remove these traces of the evening's festivities; and at every new discovery his slow indignation grew.

When the whole task was done he turned out the lights and left the big boathouse. Emerging into the open he came into a flood of silver moonlight; and the position of the moon told him the hour was very late; that already in fact it drew toward morning. Sander did not turn at once toward his own lodging. He was no slave to slumber; so now he chose to fill a pipe and light it, and went to sit on the outer landing stage above the water, smoking meditatively while the cool night air calmed and rested him.

He was still sitting there when by and by he heard a footstep on the path that led from the house toward the water; and when he looked that way he saw that it was Vaught who came, with a bag in his hands Sander thought his manner faintly furtive; and his doubts of the other were in an instant all alive.

Sander had been suspicious and distrustful of Vaught for a long time. He had disliked the man by instinct; and this dislike had been accentuated by Vaught's heedless abuse of the motorboats which were so dear to Sander's care. As a consequence he had always a meditative eye upon the man's activities; and his discovery that Vaught was robbing his employer had made the caretaker the more alert. It seemed to him

It Was Vaught Who Came, With a Bag in His Hands, and Sander's Doubts Were in an Instant All Alive

that Vaught's appearance at the boathouse at such an hour as this deserved some scrutiny; and he accordingly withdrew himself into the shadows and watched to see what the other would do.

Vaught had gone straight to the boathouse door and entered; and in order to observe him Sander hurried around the platform which encircled the building till he came to the slip in which lay the motorboat that had been used that day. Vaught had turned on the lights and stepped down into the motorboat; he saw Sander as Sander saw him; and the two men watched each other for a moment in silence

Then Sander asked slowly, "Where you fixing to go, this time of night?"

Vaught hesitated momentarily before replying. Then he laughed in a short fashion. "The boss," he said harshly. "The old fool had a rush of business to the head. Says I've got to get a bunch of papers into the mail."

Sander considered this, puffing slowly at his pipe. "I'll run you over to town," he suggested.

Vaught shook his head. "I'm just going to put the stuff on the night train," he explained, and indicated the small leather bag which now lay at his feet. "Coming back right away."

"You'll pile up on something, running at night," Sander protested.

The other laughed in a complacent fashion. "I can find my way around," he retorted, and turned to adjust ignition and throttle preparatory to starting the engine.

Sander, finding nothing more to say, stood on the slip above him, watching him, uncomfortable and uneasy. Vaught said over his shoulder, "Let her go, will you?"

Sander cast off the mooring lines reluctantly enough, and returned to his position above Vaught as the latter pressed the starting gear. The clamor of the engine, hiccuping for a moment before settling into a chattering roar like the crisp staccato of a machine gun, filled the boathouse Vaught set the gears in reverse and the motorboat began to slide backward into open water.

It was only as this movement began that Sander gave a second glance to the leather bag at Vaught's feet. Some familiarity in its contours struck him; an instant later he had recognized it. It was an old shabby brief case discarded by Fenno the summer before and converted into a receptacle for odds and ends of fishing tackle. Fenno had taken it with him on too many fishing trips about the lake for Sander to be in doubt of its identity now. This bag the caretaker distinctly remembered storing away in the attic of the service house which he and Vaught shared. He had put it there with the other personal belongings of the Fennos, and had in response to an inquiry from Vaught explained what the things were and told the chauffeur they were to be let alone. The fact that Vaught had violated this injunction woke in the little man that loyal devotion which was his ruling passion. He cried out a protest; and since Vaught could not hear what he said above the noise of the engine, Sander took a running jump and leaped aboard the bow deck of the motorboat, stepping down into the cockpit beside Vaught at the wheel

Vaught was by this movement taken unawares; he had no opportunity to prevent Sander's joining him But it now happened that he was between the caretaker and the leather bag; and Sander tried to thrust him aside. Failing this he turned off the ignition of the motor and the boat drifted clear of its slip and lay almost motionless upon the moonlit water of the little cove.

Sander at once explained his movements. "That's Mr. Fenno's bag you've got there," he cried accusingly.

Vaught's face was congested with anger. "What the devil you trying to do?" he demanded.

"You can't take that," the other insisted. "Those things have to be let alone"

"I told you I didn't want you," Vaught said harshly.

"I don't care anything about going with you," Sander replied, but with the tenacity which was characteristic of him he added: "You can't take that bag though. What did you have to take that for?"

"It's full of papers," Vaught retorted. "I've got to ship the whole thing."

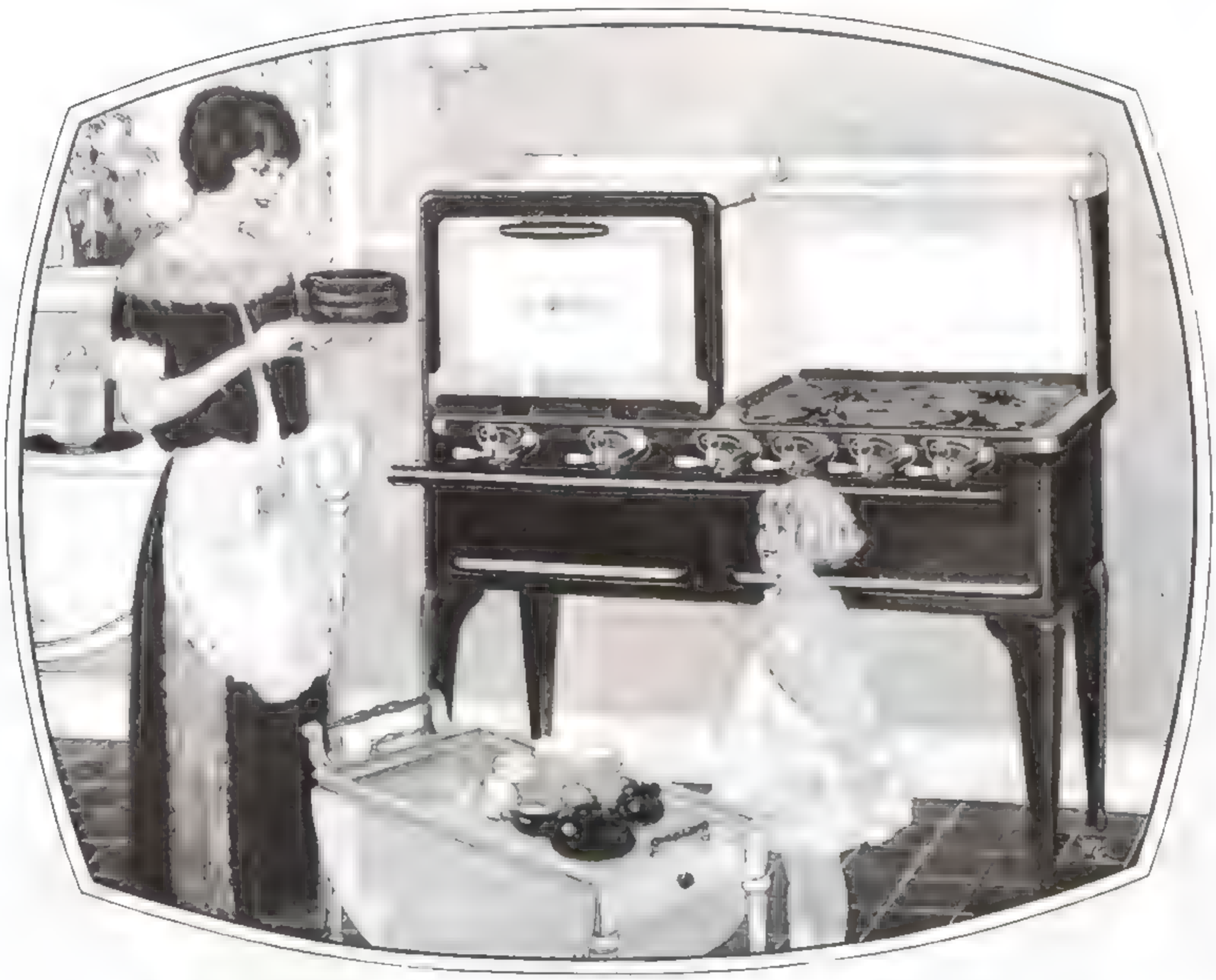
"Put them in something else then," Sander told him. He made some effort to pass the other and pick up the bag from where it lay in the bottom of the boat.

"Oh, you give me a pain," the chauffeur replied. "What's the row about anyhow? Get back there and leave that alone."

Sander paid no heed to this command. He caught at the other's arm and tried to pull him aside, but this effort was so obviously futile that Vaught laughed aloud. This laughter and the big man's easy success in barring his way waked in Sander a sudden and unreasoning fury; and he flung himself forward like a projectile. This aggression turned Vaught's laughter into rage. He said harshly, "Oh, all right!"

And with a movement so easy it was the more humiliating he caught Sander beneath the arms, wrestled him to one side, and with a thrust and a heave dropped him bodily overboard into the shallow water. Sander floundered to his feet, his shoulders above the surface; but the gunwale of the motorboat was too high for him to reach,

(Continued on Page 189)



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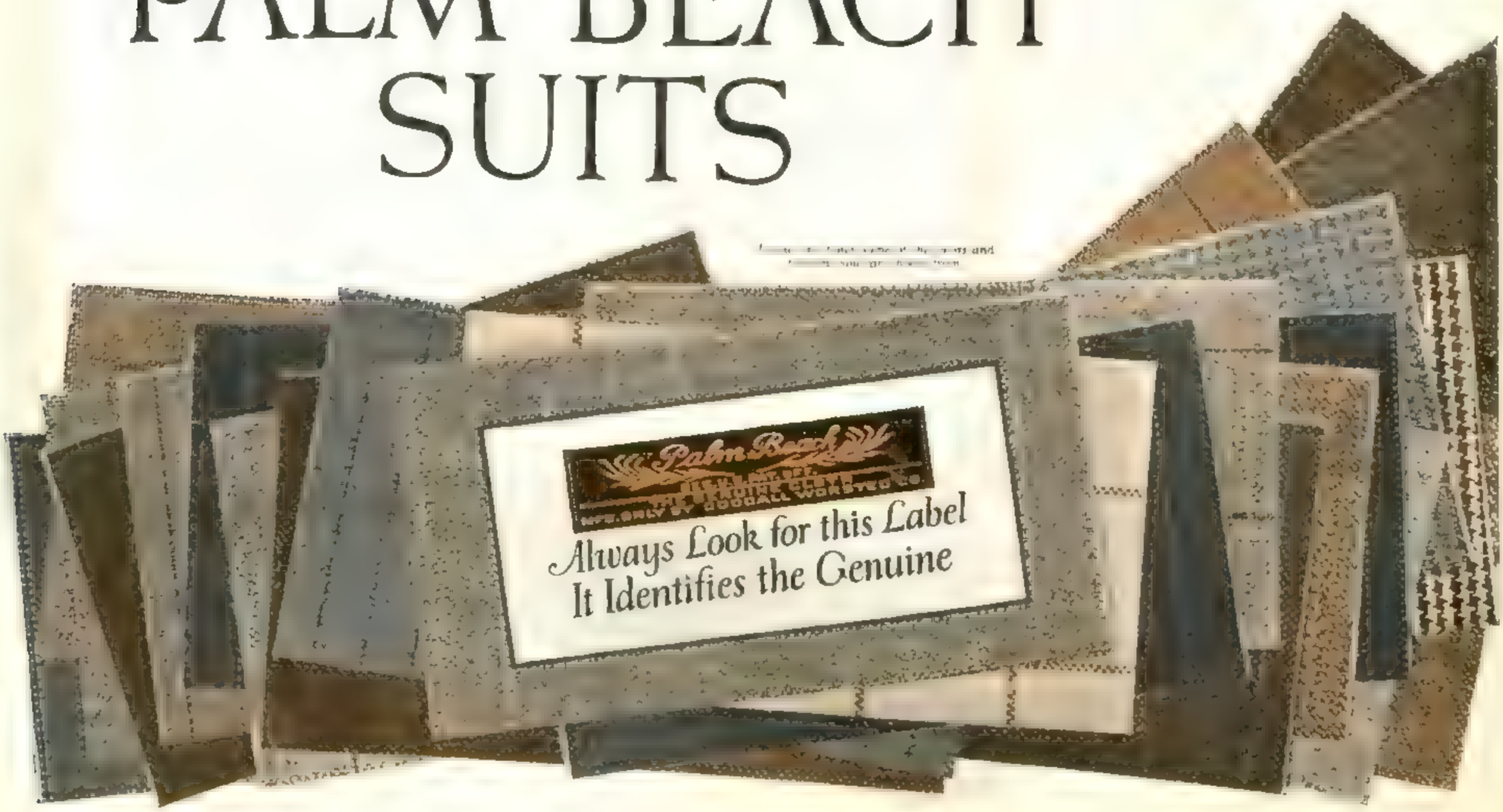

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R C

(Continued from Page 184)

and he had to submit to Vaught's uproarious mirth as the big man calmly started the engine once more, and with a derisive wave of his hand headed his craft for open water and glided away. He had already straightened out upon his course down the lake when Sander pulled himself ashore.

Now to a wiser man than Sander Haws, or to one of cooler head or more reasoning mind, it might have seemed that the demands of duty had been met. That old leather brief case was, after all, of small account. Its actual value was of the slightest; but it had in Sander's eyes not only the merit of belonging to Fenno and the sacred character common to all the objects left in his charge, but also it was clothed in sweet associations. For the caretaker his hours afloat with Fenno, lazily trolling for trout or fishing for bass, were filled with calm delight. In all these memories the bag had a part. The sight of it tonight had brought the figure of Fenno vividly before his eyes; he was acutely homesick, acutely unhappy, and Vaught's arrogant insistence upon having his own way even in this minor matter awoke in Sander a cold anger which coupled with his determined tenacity to drive him to try every expedient in order to even the score between him and the chauffeur.

His own humiliation had weight with the man of course; but the overwhelming consideration was always loyalty to Fenno. That the object in question was of small account could not affect for him the principle involved.

In order to understand that which followed, it is necessary to visualize the topography of Karn and the waters round about. The island itself, long and narrow, faces the southwest. Along its northeastern side runs the steamboat channel, good navigable water. Off the southeastern end there is deep water and plain sailing; but between the northwestern end and the land opposite there lies a maze of rocks and ledges, difficult of navigation, into which large craft never venture. From the boathouse at Karn around the island and up the steamboat channel is well over three miles; from the boathouse through this rock-bestrewn strait is scarce a tenth that distance.

All the lore of the lake was bred in Sander's bones. In this moment, when another man might have exploded in a baffled but furious tirade, or satisfied his conscience with the reminder that a protest had been made and overruled, the caretaker was coolly considering the situation; and almost before he reached the shore Sander had remembered that by traversing the narrow strait of shoal and dangerous water he might intercept Vaught if the chauffeur were bent, as he had said, toward town. To navigate the strait in any large motorboat was impossible; but even though the water was low Sander felt sure he could get through in the old Queen Bess. While he ran along the shore toward where she was housed he was already planning what to do when he should have succeeded in putting himself in Vaught's way; and with this consideration in mind he threw into the motorboat a coil of old frayed rope which hung from a peg above her slip.

Within three minutes after Vaught threw him into the water Sander had backed the Queen Bess into the open and headed toward the great rock around which he knew his course must lie.

The passage of that tortuous gut, even by daylight, was a considerable feat. By moonlight, when the hidden rocks failed to betray their presence by any discoloration of the water above them, it was infinitely more difficult. Sander himself rarely came this way; the water was this year inches lower than usual. Nevertheless he went boldly forward, studying the contours of the shores and taking a line from distant channel lights, turning and twisting with swift spinnings of the wheel. There was an interval when the event lay in some doubt; but in a surprisingly short space of time the bow of the Queen Bess emerged into open water.

To the north the steamboat channel rounded a projecting ledge where a light burned on a marking pole. If Vaught came this way he would round the marker, close in; and it was here that Sander thought it might be possible to stop him. Far down the lake he already heard the roar of the other boat, just rounding the lower end of Karn. He lifted the loose cover of one of his seat lockers and knotted around it an end of the rope he had brought with him. The board, which served as a float, he paid out behind him, and supported the rope at intervals with other bits of wood so that it would not sink below the surface. He maneuvered so as to lay this obstruction across the channel where Vaught must surely come; and, having done so, he left it there, moved a little way up the channel, turned off his engine and awaited the event.

The other craft came up the lake straight toward him, the loud humming song of its engine sounding through the night. When it was almost upon the marker where the channel turned, Sander started his engine again and drew slowly ahead in such a way as to cross the other's course. In the moonlight he could see one of the boards which supported the floating rope; and as Vaught drew up with it he watched this black spot upon the water intently. If that obstacle failed to stop Vaught he was determined to throw himself in the other's way, even at cost of a collision.

But abruptly he saw the bit of board snatched forward and inward; and he knew his device had been successful. The powerful engine of the other craft labored, slowed, choked and died; and Vaught's profanity arose upon the night. Sander at once circled back toward the other motorboat, now disabled and drifting, its propeller meshed and tangled in the rope Sander had put in its course. His countenance was calm with triumph.

Vaught had perceived his approach and watched his coming with a curious and hostile eye until he recognized the other man; then his profane objurgations broke out afresh. His threats were loud; his demands were plain. Sander stopped his engine and drifted at a little distance, listening with meditative appreciation. When he spoke at last, it was to say, "Well, I told you not to take that bag."

"Did you put this blasted rope here?"

"Why, yes," Sander said. "Yes, I did."

Vaught promised to achieve some violent and unpleasant alterations in the arrangement of Sander's features. Sander listened to these threats quietly enough, then replied by starting his engine and circling nearer till he could pick up one of the floating boards. He took a turn of the attached rope about the cleat at the stern of the Queen Bess and headed her down the lake, towing the larger craft at an ignominious snail's pace, stern first, behind her.

When Vaught perceived this maneuver he called harshly, "Look here!"

Sander glanced toward the other and perceived that Vaught had produced a pistol and now leveled it. He made no comment. A faint wind was springing up with the approach of dawn; it helped the Queen Bess with her task, and they were already in open water, Karn a quarter of a mile to one side, an opposite point a mile away on the other, and the wind driving in that direction.

"Come here with that boat!" Vaught commanded

"My boat?" Sander asked. He was willing to delay the issue; perceiving that by so much as they drew away from the shore his position was strengthened.

"Yes, your boat. Back up here before I let you have it."

"Looks like you're mighty worked up over a leather bag," Sander commented.

"That's enough talk," Vaught told him. "You back up. I'll let you off the licking; but I want that boat."

"I'm kind of choosy about this here boat," Sander argued. "And she's used to my ways too."

"Say, listen," Vaught exclaimed. "You hear what I say. I'll shoot a couple of holes in your hide in a minute, old man."

"You'd look kind of foolish doing that," Sander suggested. "I kind of recollect you don't swim so good. If you was to pot me you'd have to just sit around till morning till somebody come along and nailed you."

"That wouldn't do you any good."

"Besides," the other added, "I don't figure you could hit me from there."

He demonstrated his complete unconcern by turning his back upon the other boat and bending above his engine, manipulating the spark to fit the slow gait at which the Queen Bess now was moving. Some unexpected movement of the craft beneath his feet drew his attention to what Vaught now sought to do. The chauffeur, with a boat hook, had secured the line which connected the two boats and pulled it up out of the water and was now taking it in, hand over hand, narrowing the distance between himself and Sander. Sander moved quickly, loosing the hitch about his stern cleat and releasing his end of the line. The Queen Bess, freed of her burden, seemed to leap ahead; and Vaught's profanity arose upon the night behind

Sander swung in a circle till he was within hailing distance again, then called, "Course if you'd ruther just set. I figured on towing you home; but I'd just as soon set and keep you company here." He cocked a wise eye toward the east where day already announced its imminence with a flare of color like a blast of trumpets.

Vaught made no reply. He watched Sander with a malevolent eye; and Sander switched off his engine and sat down in the stern of the Queen Bess, idly directing her movements with an oar so as to keep her at a certain distance from the other craft. The morning wind freshened momentarily; and they drifted slowly toward the farther shore of the lake, the larger boat, since it presented more freeboard to the pressure of the gusts, making the better speed. Sander equalized this difference with his oar; but after a time he began to consider the progress of events with some misgivings. He saw that unless someone came along soon to relieve him of his present responsibility, the other motorboat would drift ashore. On the water Sander had all the advantage, but on solid ground the odds would shift the other way.

Sander added to his qualities of loyalty and devotion that of common sense. He had no fear that Vaught would shoot at him. The fact that the leather bag belonged to Fenno made it sacred in Sander's eyes; but he understood it could have no such value to the other man. There was nothing about it to justify Vaught's doing murder to keep it. So Sander considered that Vaught, in flourishing the weapon, had merely sought to frighten him. He was assured the other would not shoot, and as long as this was the case, and as long as twenty yards of water separated them, he could do Sander no harm. It did not occur to Sander that there might be more to Vaught's movements than appeared on the surface. He knew the other man to be stubborn and scornful and resentful of advice or interference; and to his mind this incident was simply a duel between the other's stubbornness and his own equal determination to prevent or repair the violation of the trust left in his charge.

But he was equally sure that if Vaught could come to hand gripe with him he must suffer; and if Vaught's boat grounded so that he could wade ashore there seemed no way for Sander to stop him. So the little man watched the increasing pressure of the wind with an uneasy eye; and by and by he perceived, dawn by this time illumining the sky, that within a few minutes the other boat must touch upon a sandy beach which ran along the point of land ahead. At the base of this point there was a cottage, from which a wood road led to the main highway. Once ashore, Vaught could, if he chose, depart in that direction with the bag

The possibility awoke Sander to new action; he decided what to do, and so deciding started the engine of the Queen Bess, ran ahead, anchored her in deep water off the point and himself swam somewhat clumsily ashore. From the rubble of frost-shattered granite on the point he chose four jagged fragments fit for throwing; and with these in his hands he ran along the shore till he came opposite the spot where Vaught's boat would ground. He waited there, determined to prevent the other's coming ashore.

Vaught, compelled to fret in impotent fury at the situation in which he found himself while the helpless craft drifted slowly across the lake, perceived as soon as Sander that he would eventually be able to wade ashore. Sander's preparations to prevent this movement he watched with a grim and ruthless eye and, when the little man took his stand on the beach opposite the spot where the drifting boat seemed certain to ground, Vaught waved a derisive hand and cried, "I'll be with you in a minute, old man."

"You'll stay where you are if you know what's good for you," Sander warned him.

Vaught laughed. There was still an interval before the big motorboat would ground; and he occupied himself during this interval with some activity which was concealed from Sander's eyes by the fact that the big man bent below the gunwale. From this position he presently rose and called brutally, "Take a look at this. Now what you going to do about it?"

With the word he swung the bag which had drawn upon him Sander's wrath in a wide arc and let it fly. It turned over and over, sailing toward deeper water to one

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side, struck with a splash, half-floated in a bobbing confusion for a moment, then quickly sank from sight. Sander watched this proceeding impassively; but his countenance hardened and his eye was bright as steel and, when a moment later he saw Vaught in the water and coming toward him, he picked one of the fragments of rock in his hand and hurled it with all his might at the other's head.

Vaught ducked this missile, escaping it so narrowly that his cap was grazed; and when he came erect again his pistol was in his hand, and he cried, "Cut it out. You old fool, I'll kill you."

Sander found himself caught up in a tempest of such anger as he had never felt in his life before. All his minor grievances against this man, capped by this last atrocity, drove him into a state not unlike madness. He forgot all caution and went forward a step or two; and the combatants were not twenty feet apart when Sander flung his second bit of granite. Yet even in his fury Sander remembered that the other's body was a larger mark than his head, and Vaught was unable to dodge this rock. It struck him on the shoulder, hurt him cruelly, bruised and cut, and numbed his arm to the wrist.

But it was the left arm that was thus disabled. The pistol was in his right hand; and his reaction to the blow was to raise this weapon and fire it three times as fast as he could pull. The roar of the shots in his very face was like a gulp of strong and fiery liquor to Sander. He knew he was hit, felt a shocking tug at his leg; but he also knew that the other could not hurt him, and he flung first one and then the other shard at Vaught's very head. The first missed; the second struck the man high upon the cheek bone and knocked him back upon his heels in the shallow water.

But Vaught was not overthrown by the shock. He blundered forward to come to grips with the other, and the pistol barked unevenly and without effect. Sander by this time was lost to all sense of strategy or tactics. He might have kept clear of a front-to-front encounter; might have harried the other from a certain distance without risking himself in Vaught's grip. But the wound in his leg and the atrocity committed upon that insignificant leather bag combined to destroy his usual cool calculation.

So in the shallow water along the edge of the beach the two collided.

It was in effect an actual collision. Sander, traveling at the greater speed, struck Vaught in the body with his fists and his head; and Vaught, the now empty pistol in his hand, was thrust back while with the weapon as a club he beat down at the smaller man. His footing was uncertain. Sander made no attempt to keep his feet; he was willing to worry the other to the ground, where the odds against him would not be so heavy. And, because of his singleness of purpose against Vaught's blind and uncertain efforts, he succeeded. Vaught did go down, sidewise, like a tower struck at the base. In his fall he twisted, crushing Sander beneath him; but Sander beneath him was like a panther beneath a bear. Sander, like a cat, fought best on his back; his knees, his feet, his fists and his very teeth were active; and in an instant Vaught, roaring with rage and pain, was fighting rather to regain his feet than to pin Sander down.

About them the lake, ruffled by the morning breeze, lapped the sand almost mirthfully. The sun was about to rise, and from the water wisps of mist arose, forming a band like a ribbon against the distant hills. Away across the lake toward Karn a motorboat was moving; but neither of them heard it. They were engrossed in each other; they wallowed and struggled in the shallow water, and it rose in spray about them. Each was already weakened; Vaught by the blows of the projectiles Sander had hurled at him; Sander by the wound in his leg; Vaught by the damage Sander had done in that first close encounter. But Sander was strengthened by his resolution and his honest rage, while Vaught was, after all, bent principally upon escaping. This disproportion served to counteract the physical odds. The battle which had at first seemed so hopeless became almost an even thing. Once Vaught broke loose and got as far as the beach, backing away before Sander's attack, before the little man caught him and bore him down.

The blows they struck, at first devastating, became weaker. Their combat lost its desperate character and became half-hearted and uncertain. Yet still they struggled, lying quiet for an instant now and then, while breath fought back into their lungs, before resuming their efforts. The victory, when it came, came not by chance but by the sheer insistence of the victor, for Vaught's strength ebbed more swiftly than Sander's, and the impact of Sander's blows hurried the other's surrender. In the end Sander got both hands upon the big man's throat and it seemed to him wise to maintain this hold. Vaught, his palm against Sander's face, fought to thrust the other away; but Sander's teeth fought, too, and Vaught was forced to shift his effort. Elsewhere he failed to get the necessary purchase. After a long instant, automatically his hands sought Sander's wrists in desperate effort to tear loose the other's grip; and when things had once come to this pass the end was not far away.

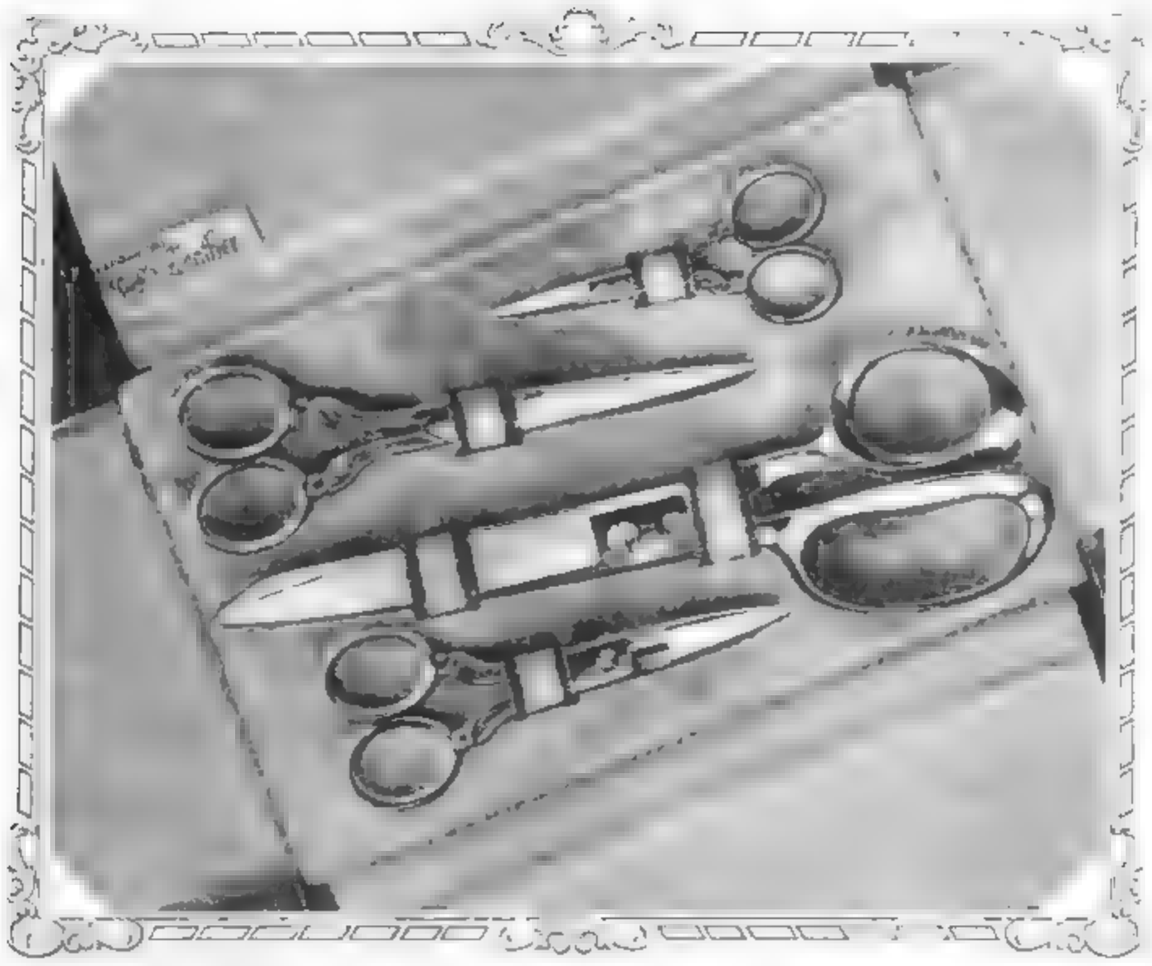
When Marlatt and the others came across from Karn a little later, they found Vaught lying on his face in the sand, his own belt about his ankles, Sander's suspenders knotted around his wrists. Sander himself was in the water as they approached; they saw him dive and dive again, and watched him at last flounder awkwardly toward the beach, the recovered bag safely in his hand.

He had opened the bag before they got ashore; and they gathered around him to see the miscellany of tools—wrenches, pliers, screw drivers—which it contained. To their babble of questions and conjectures Sander had nothing at all to say; he betrayed only faint surprise and satisfaction when from Vaught's pockets Marlatt drew the string of pearls, the silverware, the watches and all the other loot the chauffeur had stored there when he transferred it from the bag. They overwhelmed Sander with congratulations, which he received without undue exaltation.

"It just happened that way," he said philosophically.

This provoked Marlatt to inquire, "But how did you know what he was doing?"

"I didn't know," Sander told them honestly. "But you see, he took this bag of Mr. Fenno's and wouldn't give it back to me—and that made me kind of mad!"



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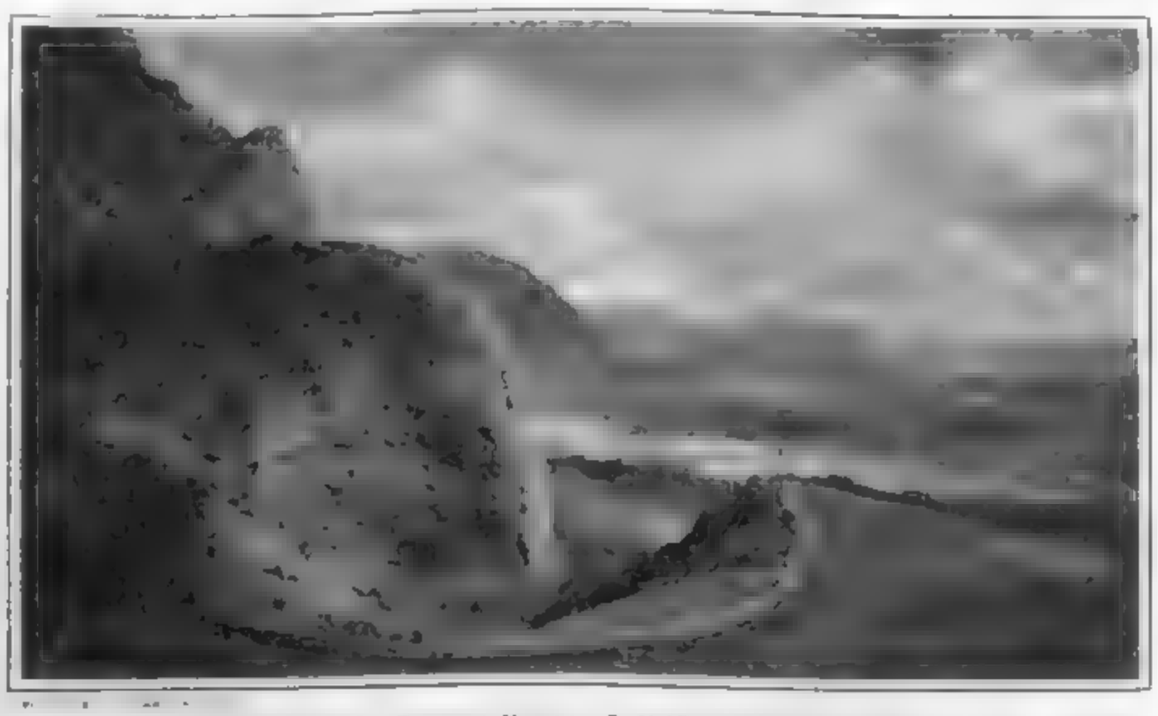

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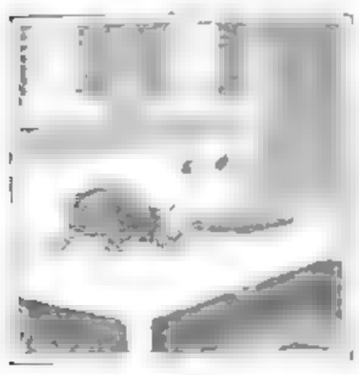

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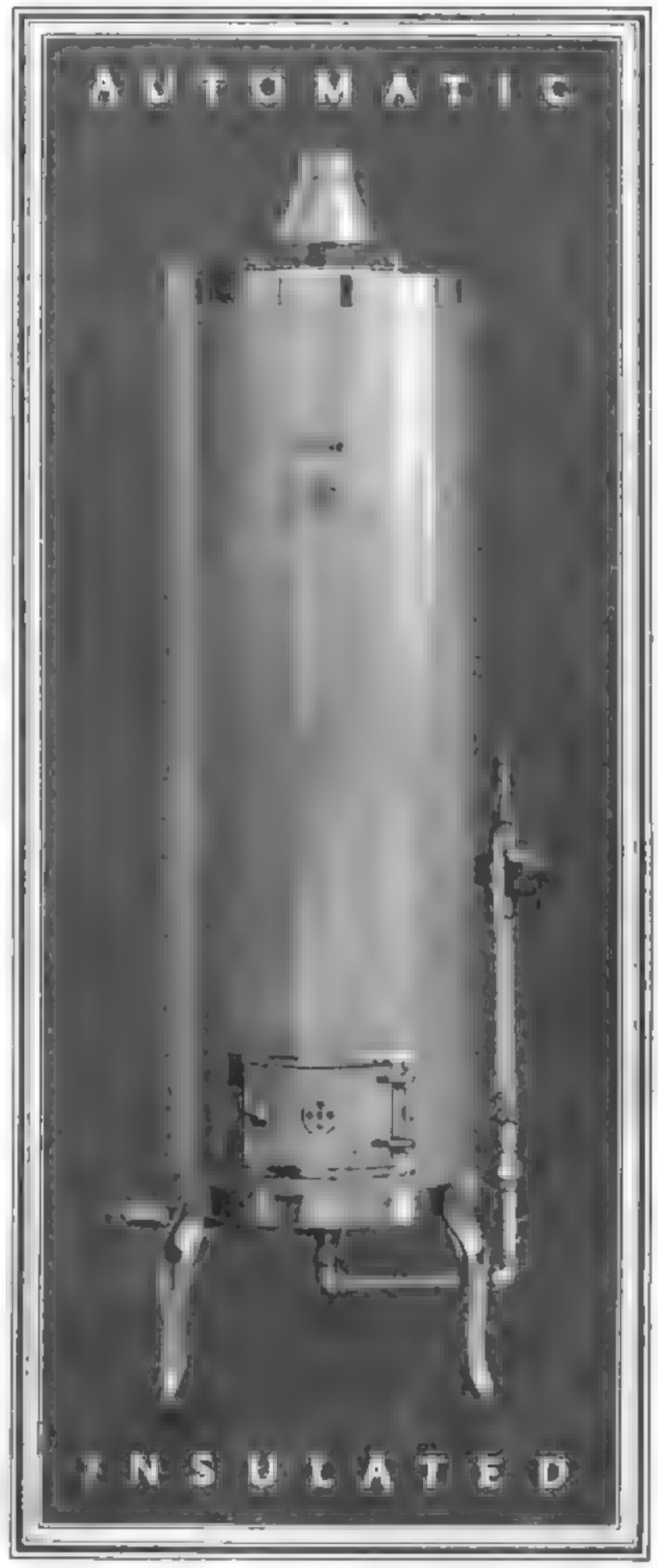

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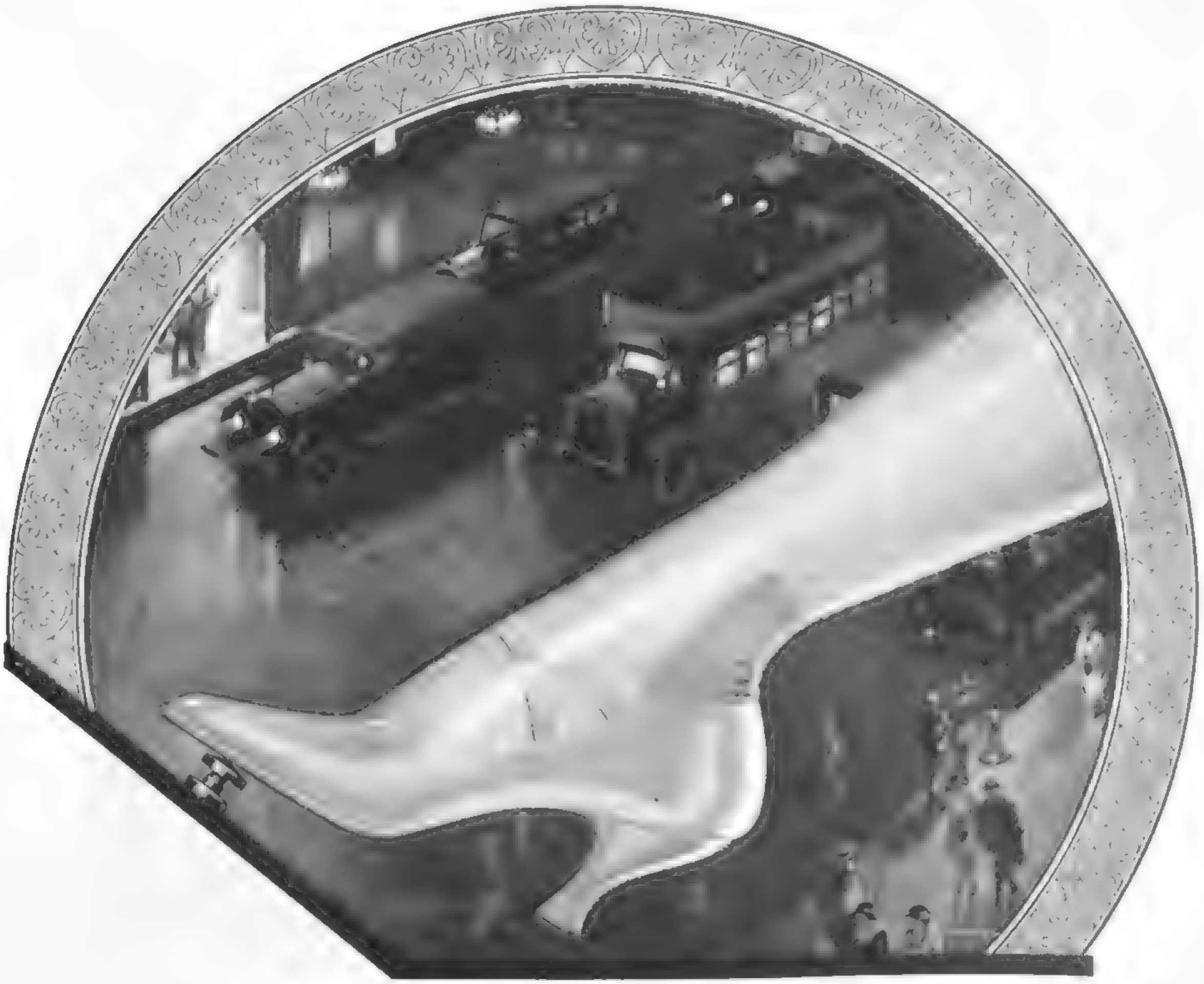

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THE RICH MAN AND HIS TAXES

(Continued from Page 15)

merely to turn the contract, just for the one deal only, with any crazy old name, it does not matter.

It may be the Elo Corporation, or the Higho Corporation, or the Ibzibibzo Corporation. These names are no more foolish than those actually employed. It is a very conservative estimate that in the year 1923 at least a thousand corporations were formed for the express purpose of avoiding and reducing taxes, many of them for the one deal or contract-turning purpose, and others for different tax-avoidance objects to be explained shortly.

The old gentleman now has his Higho Corporation. It is capitalized at exactly $1,500,000, which is the market value of the property. He turns the building over to the new company and takes its stock, presumed to be worth its par value, or the market value of the property. Thus on paper there is no gain or loss resulting from the transfer.

The corporation then sells the property for exactly the same amount, $1,500,000, and also refrains in this manner from suffering loss or enjoying profit. It sells the building for exactly what it paid for it. But the owner has gotten his $1,500,000 and escaped taxes on the $1,000,000 profit by a neat and very simple corporate trick.

Of course the Higho Corporation is now dead, as far as the building is concerned, but it has $1,500,000 cash or equivalent. The law is so worded that if the company turns the cash over to the old man, to whom it really belongs, he then gets soaked the full tax. Consequently it does not turn over the cash, and as a corporation it must be kept alive by artificial means, so to speak. In other words, the Higho Corporation invests the $1,500,000 in securities, and pays out the interest, and perhaps small portion of the principal, all in tiny gobs so as to protect the old man from the surtax.

The new law will no doubt close this tremendous gap by providing that the basis of the assets in the Higho Corporation shall be the same as it would have been in the hands of the transferor—that is, the old man himself, or as in the hands of a previously existing corporation which held the building for him. Some lawyers say the changes to be made are not constitutional, but that doesn't make so much difference, because it takes a lot of time and money to determine constitutional questions, and meanwhile the altered law will have scared many of the rich from using this device.

The Famous Section 220

But the barn door is being locked very late in the game, for it is literally impossible to exaggerate the number of fat surtax horses which have escaped through this one rather simple opening, not to mention literally hundreds of other devices, or rather variations of a few standard forms. I asked one authority to describe several others, or at least one to me.

"Make up cases for yourself," he replied. "You can't conceive or imagine any trick which hasn't been tried."

But to the writer the most astonishing device—and I did not make it up—is a corporation formed to hold property belonging to a man who has a wife and children. The corporation pays only enough in dividends to support the family, leaving the rest in surplus, thereby reducing surtaxes. The corporation, however, has three different classes of stock. One class, which alone has voting power, is held entirely by the husband and father; another class is held entirely by the wife and mother; and the third class is held entirely by the children.

The charter provides that the two nonvoting classes of stock can redeem the voting stock at par. This means that the husband and father cannot lose control unless both his wife and children turn against him, which is, of course, unlikely. It is hoped that the value of the holdings, or assets, will increase enormously with the years, the par value of the stock representing merely their present value. But now supposing the two nonvoting classes of stock decide to redeem at par the voting stock, just before or just after the death of the man, then just think what a nice argument will be put up to the tax authorities to show that there has been no increase in the value of the assets!

Consider another peculiar case. A man with millions of dollars in securities forms a corporation, all or nearly all of whose stock he retains. He makes a contract with the corporation to turn the securities over to it, payment to be made to him in installments running over a period of years and on account of principal. Technically he receives no income, the payments on account of principal are, of course, sufficient for him to live on, and the corporation pays only a 12½ per cent tax. The lawyer who told the writer of this device said he doubted himself whether it would get by.

But do not get the idea, reader, that our legislators are wholly dumb. They have tried to stop these sleight-of-hand, hocus-pocus maneuvers. Each revenue act has contained the famous Section 220, which some lawyers prefer to mention under their breath, or not at all. Section 220 "imposes upon a corporation formed or availed of for the purpose of preventing the imposition of surtaxes upon its stockholders by failing to distribute its gains and profits, a tax of 25 per cent of its net income."

This section provides in addition that the fact that any corporation is a mere holding company shall be prima facie evidence of purpose to escape a surtax. The new law is expected to add "investment company" as well, and will be improved in certain important technical respects.

Constitutionality Questioned

But, as far as the writer can learn, Section 220 has never been enforced, although there is no question that efforts have been made to apply it to one or two important corporations. The section is in a sense academic only: the penalty, or special tax, has in no case, as far as I can learn, been imposed. Perhaps indeed this section is not constitutional. Can a corporation be taxed for something it has not done, and can it be forced to pay a 25 per cent income tax after it has already paid a 12½ per cent tax on the same income to the same government? But possibly this section has been of value in frightening off many additional tax evaders.

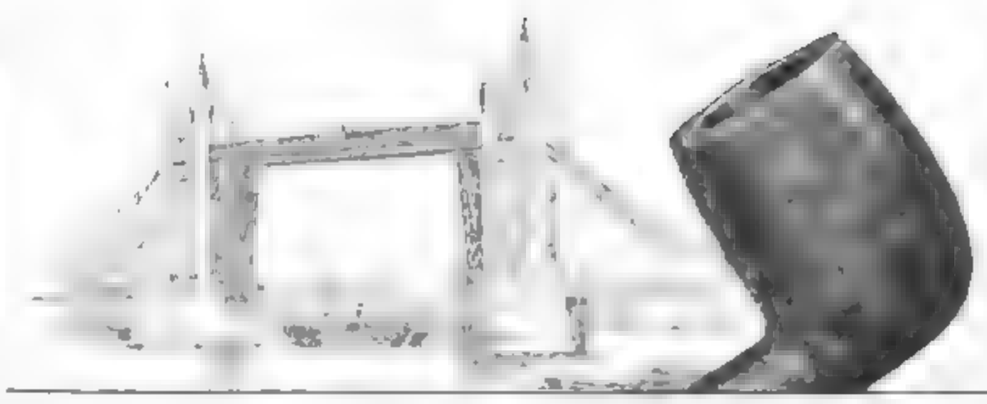
The real obstacle, however, to enforcing any such penalty, or special tax on profits which directors omit to distribute, is found in the impossibility of reading the minds and intent back of all the hundreds of thousands of corporations which exist in this country. Who is to say whether profits are reasonably retained in a business? Who is to enforce a tax based so largely upon mental processes? This penalty should apply presumably to the countless individual, personal and family holding and investment corporations, owning real estate and investment securities, which companies are at first appearances obvious subterfuges.

But how about the corporations which were formed long before any Federal income tax existed, for the purpose of preventing partition suits when the founder of the fortune died or generally simplifying the administration of estates? It is obvious enough that if many heirs are to receive portions of many different investments it may be better to keep the investments together in permanent form and give each heir stock in a holding company. Such a company reduces inheritance-tax confusion, makes gifts easier to handle, and reduces the entanglements due to changing residence on the part of the founder.

Of course these corporations save nothing in the way of surtaxes, provided they pay out as much as they take in. But are there no millionaires willing to gamble on a reduction of surtaxes? Section 220 is designed to reach these companies if their surplus is too large; but cannot they enlarge their operations, engage in new activities, even in manufacturing as a side line, which would change their whole legal character?

As one tax expert said to the writer: "I can always show that the profits are necessary to the business. I see to it that the directors pass proper resolutions for engaging in manufacturing or some other activity requiring surplus profits, and even if the activity is never engaged in, the resolutions stand on the books to show to government inspectors."

It is common report in financial circles that wealthy men have incorporated their country estates, shooting boxes and even automobiles, with some vague idea of saving taxes. Indeed lawyers receive almost



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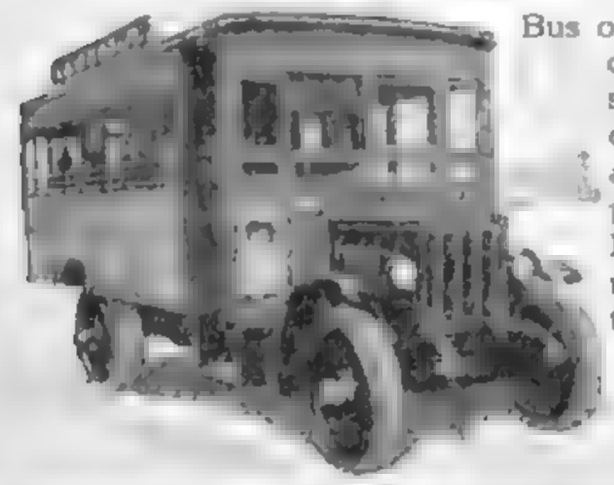

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daily inquiries regarding the formation of entertainment corporations, the idea being to entertain one's own family, and somehow avoid surtaxes. But all the authorities with whom I talked waved these obvious subterfuges aside, stating that they turn them down constantly on the ground that not even a nominal excuse can be offered, such as regular syndicate transactions, real-estate purchases, and the like.

But perhaps the most extraordinary feature of this whole business is the effort being made by persons in receipt of service rather than property incomes to dodge surtaxes. At first blush it seems clear that all these devices play into the hands of the person with large accumulated property, leaving those with big incomes but practically no accumulations forced to pay the highest theoretical surtaxes.

And such is the literal fact, but none the less many of the receivers of service incomes are making a desperate if futile effort to escape.

Here is Tony Makeup, the great film star, who has just reached the heights of fame and can get $500,000 a year for five years from the Colossal Film Company. But oh, what an awful surtax Tony will have to pay! To make matters worse, neither Tony nor his slick lawyer can find any method of plunging into the mazes of depreciation, depletion, amortization, obsolescence and discovery value by means of one or more of which the owner of property income can perhaps get relief. Tony is allowed to write off nothing for the decline in his ability and popularity, although the owner of an oil well or even an office building has this form of mitigation.

But suddenly the lawyer comes to the rescue by producing the Baba Corporation, all of whose stock, except a share or two in the name of his wife and lawyer, go to Tony.

In return for the stock Tony transfers his contract to the Baba Corporation, which then proceeds to deal with the Colossal Film Company. Tony also agrees to work wherever the Baba Corporation tells him to go, and nowhere else. The Baba Corporation after lengthy consideration decides that Tony had better work for the Colossal Films, and leases him for $500,000. But Tony is able to live on $100,000 a year, and that is all the salary which the cruel Baba Corporation is willing to pay Tony. The difference between $500,000 and $100,000 is invested by the Baba Corporation in securities, which it holds in reserve against the day, if ever, when surtaxes are done away with.

An Alarming Possibility

"A man who in some years receives as much as $500,000 salary and bonus combined, came to me and said one of his friends was doing this trick, and he saw no reason why he shouldn't take advantage of it," said a lawyer. "His idea was to hold most of the stock, but he wanted to give a lot of it to his daughter.

"'All right, I'll do it,' I said, 'but I'm not at all sure it will stick. Besides, suppose your daughter should marry and die; her husband could then tell you where you must work.'

"'That's right!' he shouted. 'There's a young whippersnapper around here now. I hadn't thought of that.'"

It is quite possible that the movie stars, high-salaried officials, and occasional opulent fiction writers who have gone in for such devices are on shaky ground. These devices yet remain to be tested. The courts may decide that such contracts are not quite the same thing as a building or securities. The Government may be able to show that the $500,000 income is "constructively" received by Tony, and not by the Baba Corporation at all. It is highly debatable stuff.

In a previous series of articles on inheritance taxation the writer showed how these taxes are extensively avoided by the making of gifts and trusts. But escape from the income surtaxes through the same openings is on a vastly greater scale, and is much simpler, and less legally or ethically questionable, than the involved corporate contortions, only a fraction of which have been described.

If a man has an income of $100,000 from real estate, stocks or other property, the income tax will be from $25,000 to $30,000. But if he gives half of the property itself to his wife or children, then the combined taxes will be only about $11,000. The saving is tremendous.

Testifying before the Senate Finance Committee in 1921, Prof. E. R. A. Seligman said that the rich men in New York wouldn't pay much income tax that year because the prices of securities were then way down and these men would sell their depreciated holdings and deduct the losses. But, he added, that when prices went up again in a few years, these same men would give away securities—having bought them back at low prices—to their wives and children, and thus escape surtaxes once more.

No financial prediction ever made has proved sounder than this. The business of making gifts, and more especially setting up trust funds, in securities for wives, and even more particularly for children, has assumed literally colossal proportions. Under its influence the trust companies of this country have swollen out with new business like a bad case of the mumps.

One lawyer alone, known to the writer, has set up a trust fund of $10,000,000 for one client within recent months, and though this happens to be the largest trust fund advised upon by this lawyer, it is only one of many arranged by him and running into large figures.

Now though the effect of this enormous trust-fund activity is to free thousands of the very rich from paying the high surtaxes they would otherwise pay, the remedy is very far and hard to find. The Treasury Department suggests that the income on trust funds which are revocable be taxed to the donor or giver himself. It also suggests that where a trust fund is set up to pay life-insurance premiums on the life of the maker of the fund, its income be taxed to him.

Tricks of the Tax Expert's Trade

But even if these new proposed provisions can be enforced there will still be escape through the means of irrevocable trusts and outright gifts. A lawyer has a client with an income of $60,000 a year from securities. Each year this person gives away $20,000 to needy individuals. These gifts cannot be deducted from the income tax because gifts to individuals, even the most needy, do not come within the classification of charitable and philanthropic purposes.

But the lawyer felt that his client was paying too high an income tax, and has arranged to turn a batch of securities yielding $20,000 a year over to a trustee with a provision that the trust cannot be revoked. But the client's income tax is thereby greatly reduced, and the lawyer says it is a highly moral and laudable scheme, because if the client had been compelled to keep on paying such a high income tax he might have begun to cut down on these entirely desirable and praiseworthy charities.

There are lawyers so smart, no doubt, that they can make a really revocable trust appear for all legal purposes to be irrevocable. But entirely aside from such tricks of evasion, how are the really irrevocable trusts and outright gifts ever to be reached? The very highest type of people have many different motives for giving away securities or setting up trust funds for their wives and children, other than tax evasion. Are all makers of trusts, all givers of money and property to wives and children, to be penalized because trusts and gifts are made at times for evasion purposes?

A man's business may be profitable but risky. He is determined, however, to educate his children, and sets up a separate trust fund for each of his sons for that express purpose. It is absurd to say that he is a tax evader, and yet such action on his part does reduce his surtax.

It is common practice for salesmen for trust companies to go to a business man worth, say, $1,000,000, and put up this argument: "You are making a lot of money producing and marketing that patented article of yours, and they rate your business at $1,000,000, but it is a speculative business. You may lose every cent you have. We think you ought to form a trust fund containing $200,000 of good securities to protect your family in case of loss. You cannot afford to take these risks unless you establish something like a trust fund."

To clap a heavy tax on this particular practice is highly questionable. In a previous article the proposed gift tax was discussed in some detail, and the arguments for and against it which were then stated will not be repeated here. It is, of course, a counsel of despair, a last forlorn effort to make the high surtaxes work, and to reach

(Continued on Page 197)

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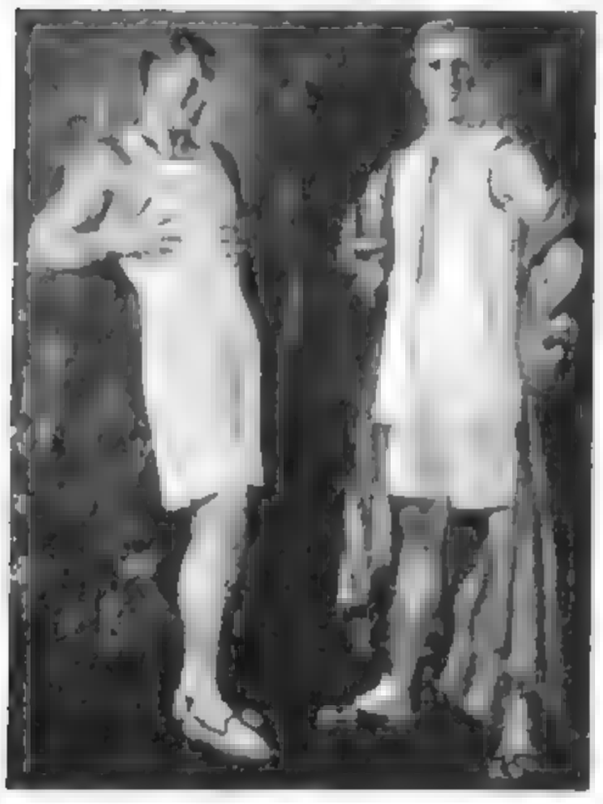

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(Continued from Page 194

even the most laudable gifts. There is grave doubt whether such a tax is constitutional, but there is no doubt whatever that it would be extraordinarily difficult to administer. If such a tax should be imposed only on gifts of $50,000 a year or more, the rich man would simply give away $49,999 each year.

To make the tax effective at all, the payer would be compelled to report smaller gifts, which would be repugnant to most people. It would be a stigma on generosity and probably more offensive to the taxpayer than any other feature of the income-tax law.

Of course a gift tax might frighten many rich men into keeping their fortunes intact. But that would have exactly the opposite effect from what is desired by those who advocate high rates of inheritance and income taxation. The gift tax would nullify the social purposes of both income and inheritance taxes, although suggested for the purpose of strengthening them. The rich man caught between the Scylla of gift taxes and the Charybdis of death duties will probably prefer to keep his huge fortune together as long as possible, which is just what social reformers don't want.

One ingenious suggestion made by an experienced attorney is that taxes be imposed on all gifts, but not collected until the death of the giver. This would preserve many of the advantages of generosity and voluntary trusts, and yet might help to enforce the surtaxes

There is, of course, one apparently sure way of preventing escape from surtaxes by means of gifts and trust funds—namely, to compel all families to make a consolidated income-tax return. This means that no matter when or from whom a wife or minor child obtained property, it would have to be lumped together for income-tax purposes by the head of the family

Some lawyers say this scheme is unconstitutional; others say it might get by the courts. But certainly such a law would severely penalize marriage between the rich, or even between those of moderate means, and would but ill harmonize with the increasing economic and political independence of women.

Community-Property Laws

The situation is still further complicated by the community-property laws of eight Southern and Far Western states. In these states, under the old Spanish or civil law, the wife has an absolute right to one-half the husband's property, even though the husband has earned or inherited every cent of it. As a result the husband and wife are given the privilege of making separate returns, the consequence of which is that a doctor or lawyer in Iowa or Illinois or New York is compelled to pay twice as much tax on the same income as a doctor or lawyer in any of the eight Southern and Far Western community-property states

Chairman Green, of the Ways and Means Committee, has said of this extraordinary discrepancy: "I know of no cases arising under our revenue laws where the inequalities are so great and the injustice so manifest. The public generally is not aware of the situation. If it were I think there would be an irresistible demand for a change." Secretary Mellon has said that it gives "an unfair advantage to the citizens of those states over the citizens of other states," and he suggested a change in the revenue law which would tax community-property income to the spouse having control of the income.

But eight states have a good many senators, and Mr. Mellon's suggested amendment seems to have been quickly lost in the legislative shuffle. Apparently the rich will continue to seek a home in a certain well-known Far Western state for reasons other than its climate and sunshine. But the manifest injustice of such a discrepancy must be obvious to anyone.

Indeed I fail to see how any student of the incidence or bearing of high income-tax rates can fail to be struck by the unevenness, inequity and contrariety with which they fall. I do not mean that there is any better tax; perhaps there is none. But why should anyone be so hypocritical as to describe these taxes as a means of relieving social inequality when they fall so lightly upon some of the rich and so heavily upon others?

An employe in a small city bank, whose salary could by no stretch of imagination exceed a few thousand dollars a year, found when he made out the income-tax return for one of the city's richest capitalists that he himself was paying more taxes than the capitalist. A young lawyer whose income cannot possibly exceed $25,000 or $30,000 a year, and is probably much less than that, told me that he had clients with incomes of ten times as much as this, who paid much smaller income taxes

Such cases can be multiplied by the thousands. Bank employes in every town and city will tell stories of how customers with ten times their incomes are paying smaller taxes.

The answer, of course, is obvious: the client or customer has property as well as income, which he can juggle in such a way as to avoid taxes.

Incorporation, the setting up of trusts, depreciation, bad debts, losses—all these and numerous other devices are open to the man who already has money, but not to the man who is making money. They are open to the man whose income is derived from property, and are practically closed to the salaried employe or other worker.

To a large extent the settled, substantial rich, the multimillionaires, and the idle rich who inherit property have been able to shift the paying of surtaxes over to the salaried and professional classes and a great miscellaneous group of business men who have an occasional good year, but who cannot really be considered rich

Sensitive Consciences

This is a constantly varying, changing group, the members of which happen in one year to realize in one way or another some kind of large profit, which is often the result of individual effort, the venture of a lifetime, representing risk and often deprivation.

An ambitious man with moderate savings and good credit sees a manufactured patented article which has merit, but is poorly marketed. By borrowing heavily at the bank, interesting all his friends and floating an issue of securities he may be able to make quite a killing for a year or two. But then a better proposition is put on the market by another and richer concern. His sales fall off, he no longer has the big income which he enjoyed for a couple of years. But does the Government hand back to him the enormous taxes he paid while he was so flush? Not much!

As long ago as 1907 Professor Bullock predicted that if very high income-tax rates should ever be adopted they would be evaded through the formation of voluntary trusts, and the "very persons the reformer desires most to reach will be best able to escape." Another almost 100 per cent prediction!

There is no doubt that in the field of supertaxation the base is steadily narrowing, and certainly a broad base even with moderate rates is to be preferred to high rates on a narrowing base. Of course the writer is not so rash or ill-informed as to assert that all or nearly all men with a large amount of property are escaping surtaxes. What I do maintain, and believe can be successfully shown, is that the tendency is markedly in the direction of escape on their part.

Rich people differ among themselves, like other human beings. Lawyers give widely varying advice, and a few, no doubt, advise against all tricks and devices, no matter how legal. It is said that a man famous for his wealth for thirty years or more, and in an excellent position to shift into tax-exempt securities, holding companies, trust funds, and the like, if he cares to, pays practically his full theoretical tax each year, although it runs into millions.

Coming down several financial grades, a bank official told the writer of a customer with an income of $70,000 who refuses to put in any of the ordinary deductions for gifts to charity, on the ground that the Government needs the money.

Another banker told of a customer, a bachelor, with an income of $50,000 a year, who paid an unnecessarily high tax rather than permit an inspector to verify from the taxpayer's mother certain statements, on the ground that he didn't want his mother disturbed.

In a very real sense with many rich men the payment of surtaxes is optional. As George O. May, an accountant, said at a recent meeting of tax experts: "The payment of these surtaxes is a function not of ability, as it should be, but of the conscience. A policy of high rates with plenty of holes is inefficient, inequitable and demoralizing."

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But rich men are exactly like other people in that they are open to suggestion, especially from their own fellows and associates. Most men of means are naturally reluctant to split up their fortunes, give away money, and change the form of their affairs and holdings. But they will make those changes under pressure, and especially if their own associates kid them for not doing so. No doubt many of the ideas and suggestions which come to the man of means for avoiding taxes are the most baseless of rumors, mere woodshed opinions.

But the point is that the friends and cronies whom Mr. Millionbucks sees at the Plutocrats Club on Fifth Avenue at five o'clock in the afternoon, as well as the other directors in his own company, give him the merry razz when he happens to mention with a sigh that he paid a terribly big tax last month. They tell him he's just a common idiot, that he isn't old enough to be out in the dark. He turns them off, but that night he does a lot of thinking. The merry ha-ha which Tom, Dick and Harry gave him is working.

Early next morning Mr. Millionbucks appears at the office of his attorneys, Smith, Brown, Robinson, Jones & Johnson, on the fifty-fifth floor of the Mammoth Trust Company Building. His brows are heavily corrugated as he stalks into the private office of Mr. Jones, the smooth, suave junior partner, perhaps formerly employed in the Bureau of Internal Revenue.

"My friends tell me I'm being played for a sucker," says Millionbucks. "I want you to fix up one of these trusts for me."

"The really creative man of affairs goes into these devices only when he is goaded into them by the common talk of his own class," is what Mr. Jones and numerous other equally high-placed lawyers told the writer. "You ask if we lawyers aren't to blame. No, the really important client doesn't ask us so much what to do as how to do it. Oh, there may be a lot of so-called tax experts, fixers, men who worked for the Treasury for a few months, who are neither lawyers nor accountants and have no professional background or standards, who pry into the private affairs of the rich in order to get business. But of course any lawyer of standing is far too busy himself to pry into his client's affairs. He simply hasn't the time. What the lawyer of standing does is to show his client how to save taxes when the client comes to him with a statement of income assets and liabilities, and asks him how he can save something."

Profitably Spent Hours

"You ask whether these devices are not like tricks played by schoolboys to cheat on examination, when the same ingenuity devoted to their studies would get them higher marks. That's a superficial criticism, for the reason that the amounts involved are so enormous that what you call tricks are more than justified from a money-saving standpoint. A man who owned a couple of million dollars' worth of real estate worked three hours a day for months devising a satisfactory scheme for dividing his property with his wife and children. Obviously he saved far more in taxes that way than he could have made in real estate in those same three hours.

"The high surtaxes hit people differently, just like a machine-gun volley. Some are up and some are down. Some are behind a tree and others in a ditch. But that is their luck, not their inherent right or merit. They didn't take these positions in reference to the shooting originally. But are we going to say to the man behind the parapet, 'You should get up so that you can get hit?'

"But it is said the taxpayer should leave himself in an open position so that he will pay the most taxes possible. That would be a moral attitude to take if the next fellow had happened to be in the open when the shooting began and is now paying his share, but he didn't happen to be where he could get hit and he doesn't have to now.

"Don't forget that it takes a trained lawyer nearly six hours merely to read the tax law itself. Every move is governed by law. The Treasury is hidebound by laws, regulations and decisions. It can show no mercy, even where the taxpayer has an ethical case. Any lawyer can tell of case after case where injustice has been done by the Treasury to the taxpayer, but the Treasury cannot help itself. It must abide by the letter of the law. It is rigid. Therefore the taxpayer himself should stand on the absolute letter of the law. By employing the means of escape which the law permits, he helps to make prominent the evils in the system and tests out the theories upon which it is built."

British Methods

"Of course with lower rates the whole government machinery would work more smoothly, there would be less grist in the mill, and disputed points would be less serious to both parties. Then, too, the tax fixers would disappear as the stakes in the game grew smaller, and with smaller sums at issue the taxpayer himself would be more inclined to let the Government have its way in a dispute."

It is sometimes said that England can collect high surtaxes, and why can't we? There are literally scores of technical and administrative as well as political reasons why England is more successful than we are. In that small compact country, administration of the law is decentralized to the last degree, there being 600 separate surveyors' districts, whereas here in a very large and less homogeneous country the administration is highly centralized. The law is administered in England with far less rigidity, most disputed points being left to the discretion of local commissions.

Although administration is decentralized in England, the laws are drawn up in much more consistent and coordinated manner. Laws are not put into effect until the government believes they can be operated. The same Parliament where tax laws originate also controls the formation of corporations. Here the organization and dissolution of corporations depend upon forty-eight separate and distinct state legislatures in no way connected with one another or with the Federal Government, and, as we have seen, it is through corporate juggling that rich taxpayers so largely escape.

Finally the English do not collect such high surtaxes. The total income-tax rates there have been rather similar to those in this country, but with no such discrepancy between normal taxes and surtaxes. The English Government has been willing to risk political unpopularity and has at all times set a very high normal tax, which reaches the great mass of incomes and citizens. In this country the surtaxes have been from eight to twelve times the normal tax. In England the supertax has not been more than twice the normal tax at any time. These facts are quite commonly overlooked, but are significant to the last degree.

Editor's Note—This is the second of two articles by Mr. Atwood

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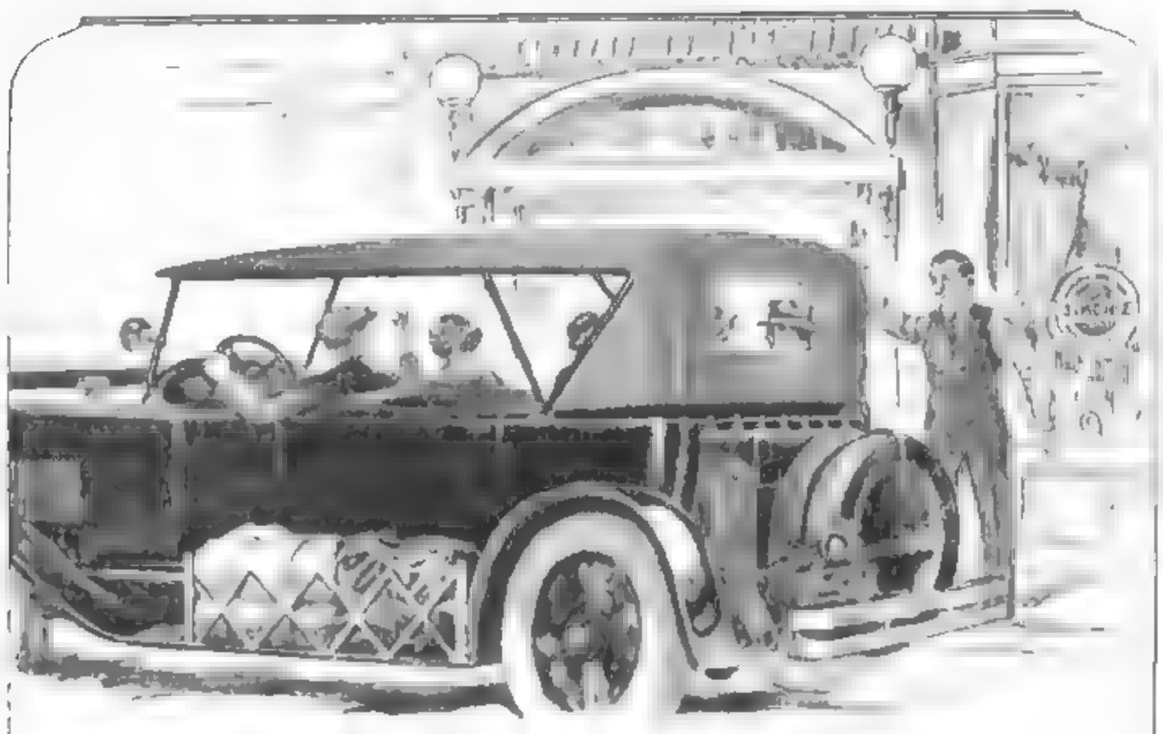

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A DEFENSE OF FAT MEN

(Continued from Page 8

balance; of poise if not judgment; of quiet reliability and contentment; of willingness to make the best of a pretty good world. Excellent qualities to have in a bank or in a family. It is seldom fat men who menace the peace of the world; but they are the balance wheels of its engine, the wheel horses of its coach of progress.

Yet we are ten times as much afraid of getting fat as of getting thin. An elixir which would make lean people fat would hardly more than pay expenses of bottling and advertising, whereas one that would harmlessly make fat people thin would coin a fortune for its owner inside of a twelvemonth. Why have we such a vivid and really unreasonable dread of a moderate surplus of a substance of such high vital importance and economic value, associated with half the Biblical fruits of the spirit? One little word accounts for nearly two-thirds of it; fat isn't pretty! The second reason is that though fat, like poverty, is no disgrace, it's mighty inconvenient! And the third and last reason is that healthy, harmless fat has become associated most unjustly in the public mind with a group of bodily breakdowns known as the fatty degenerations, especially of the heart and liver.

This last cruel misapprehension about fat has been the cause of more needless anxiety, of more agony of dread, than any other belief about overweight and its consequences. Like many another groundless fear, it is of most venerable antiquity and respectable origin; for one of the very fathers of medicine in classic times most deplorably declared, in a bilious moment, "Fatness is itself a disease." And every owner of an obesity cure, every promoter of a "harmless method of reduction without dieting or drugs," has quoted him in display headlines ever since.

But even great Homer sometimes nods, and the father of medicine, with only his naked eye and his finger and thumb to guide him, could be excused for thinking that fat was fat wherever found, while we, with the microscope and all the reagents and resources of the modern laboratory at our command, can distinguish a world of difference between diseased fat and healthy fat. One is a degraded, oily, cheeselike substance which fatally takes the place of chemical-manufacturing cells in the liver, or of muscle in the heart; the other a healthy golden adipose, which is deposited as a surplus just under the skin or around the waistline.

Too Much of a Good Thing

Diseased or, as it is termed, degenerate fat is the result of the breaking down of liver or heart tissue into fat, much as occurs in the ripening of old cheese, by poisons, such as phosphorus in match makers or lead or the toxins of yellow fever, malaria and chronic infections. It has nothing whatever to do with diet or exercise, and is quite as likely to occur in the thin and emaciated as in the portly and obese.

So that if you happen to be a trifle too plump and prosperous for your own bodily comfort and peace of mind, you need have no serious fears of fatty liver, or fatty heart, or even of healthy fat accumulating round your heart; for these disasters are among the rarest and remotest of possibilities, almost curiosities in medicine, in fact. No danger of getting a Strasburg-goose liver unless you stuff yourself with a force pump.

Of course there may be too much even of a good thing. For example, there is the recently reported case of a worthy Belgian lady, weighing nearly four hundred pounds, whose affairs require that she travel much on the government railways. She has found it such an arduous task to urge her generous proportions through the rather narrow doors of the passenger coaches, to say nothing of the delay and annoyance resulting both to herself and to others from the process, that she has obtained an official decree permitting her to ride in the baggage car. The capacious openings of the latter, designed for the reception of trunks, wine casks and milk cans, may now swing hospitably open to one whose frame, if not opinion, carries so much more weight than the average of humanity. Equipped with a folding stepladder and a folding chair, both of the best quality of chilled steel, she may travel as she will, in happy freedom from the cramping exigencies of car doors and the unkind comments of her fellow travelers.

Generally speaking, a moderate degree of overweight is a sign of health and prosperity, and you can settle down to endure or reduce it in that spirit. But don't starve yourself as if your life depended on getting rid of it, or chase yourself about like a squirrel in a cage, or you may easily do more harm than good.

Excessive degrees of overweight are, of course, undesirable from every point of view, from hygienic to æsthetic. For instance, the reports of certain large insurance companies show that twenty per cent or more of overweight for age and height in men above forty distinctly shortens the standard expectation of life.

But this means weights of from 180 to 220 pounds, and includes many early stage diabetics, who run to fat before they begin to run to sugar, so to speak—which accounts for the belief that fat men are peculiarly liable to diabetes; also many cases whose excess of weight is due to retention of water in the tissues, literal water-logging from beginning disease of the kidney, liver or heart, and not to fat at all. So that it is hardly fair to blame all the shortening of life upon deposits of healthy fat, even though they may be somewhat extensive.

Safe Ways to Get Thin

On the other hand, at the other extreme of insurable life namely, in men under thirty—the possession of twenty pounds more than the standard weight for age and height is such a powerful barrier against consumption that it cuts down its death rate in these happy fats nearly seventy-five per cent. So that though fat and forty may sometimes portend disaster, plump and thirty often bars out the white plague; and the honors are even for golden adipose. Recent experimental reports also show that fat men have a little better chance than the average of being cured of cancer by operation; and, rather to our surprise, that they stand heat at work better than thin men.

What, then, is to be done if, in the mellow maturity of our approaching prime, we find the sylphlike lines of our youthful figure slowly but surely disappearing?

First of all, go to your family doctor and have him give you a careful once-over, just to be quite sure that heart, liver, kidney and pancreas are in good working order. In case any one of them is not, then the adipose will prove a warning of priceless value, for it would mean the discovery of the disorder at a stage at which with our modern resources the mischief can usually be relieved or balanced. If, on the other hand, the examination rates everything O.K. except a few extra pounds of adipose, then the way is clear for a satisfactory reduction by moderate and practically painless methods, without phantom fears or loss of sleep over possible fatty heart or diabetes or other terrors of the obesity-cure advertisements. Then ask your doctor to outline a diet suited to your constitution and needs.

There are half a dozen leading systems of weight reduction, but they are all based on one fundamental idea: Cut down the coal, increase the draft! Down with the starch, up with the hill climbing, and your waistline will usually soon show the result.

But it must be done gradually and cautiously, never more than ten per cent a week change of either rations or exercise. And the total food reduction should not exceed one-fourth or one-fifth of the original diet.

There is also coming to be fair agreement among the different systems as to the foods which are to be most heavily cut down. A decade ago one method almost prohibited fats, another sugar, another starches; but now nearly all center their heaviest fire upon the starches—that is, breads, biscuits, puddings, cakes and pastry. This is partly because starches form so much the largest fuel bulk of our dietary and partly because experience has shown them to be the direct producers or sources of fat in the body in both men and animals.

Fats, curiously enough, are not very greatly cut down, partly because recent careful observation has shown that, paradoxical as it sounds, fats are not specially fattening, as they are eaten in such comparatively small amounts, and they have the great practical advantage of being so satisfying that they cloy the appetite and give a sense of repletion in scarcely more than tablespoonful doses.

The psychologic element counts for much in reduction cures; and would-be reducers will submit cheerfully to a twenty or even forty per cent cut in their starches if they are allowed a few teaspoonfuls of cream in their coffee or on their cereal, or an extra pat of butter with their toast or potato. They have a positive personal affection for these pet foods, and in actual practice these trifling amounts of fat prevent sensations of discomfort or emptiness or hunger better than four or five times their fuel value in the form of starches. Fats are a sort of natural pain killer for the pangs of hunger.

Besides, what is of highest importance from the modern point of view, our favorite fats—butter, cream and egg yolk—are rich in the indispensable fat Vitamin A, or Growth Vitamin; which probably accounts for our strong natural affection for them. And if these vital foods are cut off or heavily reduced we rob our bodies of a most valuable tonic, which controls the basal metabolism, or burning rate, of the entire system.

Experts are practically agreed that it is not necessary to lessen the amount of meat, fish and milk greatly, both because meat and fish are not turned into fat in the body, and because the former by its stimulating effect upon the draft of the vital flame—in technical terms, its specific dynamic effect upon metabolism—not only burns itself but helps the burning of the other foodstuffs. Besides, a fair intake of meat and milk is necessary to keep up our resisting power against disease.

As a rule, the intake of sugar is limited, not because it is in itself very fattening, but because of the amount of starch it may entice us to take, when added as sweetening to cake, pastry, puddings, sauces, and the like.

There are still those who, so far from wishing to reduce, are proud of their noble aldermanic girth; they glory in their feats of prowess with the knife and fork, and sigh for new gastronomic worlds to conquer. The ancient guilds and merchant companies of London have long been famed for the massive and overpowering liberality of their banquets, which have become a tradition, dating perhaps from ancient days when square meals were few and far between, and full advantage had to be taken of such opportunities as were offered.

To Drink, or Not to Drink

Even in this day of slim, not to say slat-like, ideal figures, there are certain prosperous merchants who take a solemn pride in the number of these feasts through which they have eaten their way, regarding them as noble feats of endurance and capacity.

One of these mighty trenchermen was once beamingly addressed by an old waiter who knew him well, "Oh, sir, I 'ope you're coming to the banquet tomorrow night; it's extra special, I can assure you, sir. If you'll sit back about seven inches from the table—well, by the time your weskit touches the tablecloth, sir, you'll find you've 'ad a very good dinner indeed!"

The chief point upon which dieting systems now differ is the amount of fluids to be taken. Oertel, for instance, insists that water in all forms, including tea, coffee, milk, and so on, should be kept down to three, or even to two pints a day; while Van Noorden, equally celebrated and experienced, advises drinking plenty of water to promote chemical metabolism and free washing out of wastes.

The decision between the two depends chiefly upon the heart. If it be weak and below par the dry diet is better; if vigorous and competent the forced draft and free flushing will give better results. Incidentally Oertel, who advises the dry régime, is a famous heart specialist, and most of his overfat patients would probably have weak hearts.

Cutting down on fluids also has the practical advantage of killing appetite and making marked reduction of food fuel easier. Another painless method of reduction, working on like psychologic principles, is by forbidding all use of salt in or on the food, which makes everything taste so flat and insipid that appetite dies a natural death.

Lastly, all systems are agreed that a large part should be played by green vegetables and salads, both cooked and uncooked, particularly the latter. This was originally to give bulk to the diet and prevent sensations of emptiness due to withdrawal of starches. But recent developments show two other high virtues in greenstuffs—one that they are rich in vitamins, both fat Vitamin A and water Vitamin B; the other that they contain from five to ten per cent of starch, and this in a highly digestible, burnable form which has very little tendency to form fat in the body. Also their alkaline salts are of great value in preventing acidity of the blood and urine.

For similar reasons fresh and stewed fruits—except the sweetest—may be taken fairly freely, as their sugar is easily burned and their acids, which turn into alkalies in digestion, are valuable stimulants to the kidneys. Your doctor will tell you which ones are best in your particular case.

In fine, the general trend of recent expert opinion is in the direction of cutting down sharply on the starches—not more than two potatoes a day, or two small slices of bread or toast at a meal, or one piece of cake or pastry. Cereals may be taken with milk or cream, because they contain much water and are very filling in proportion to their fuel value.

Stand pat on cream, butter and eggs, but go light on other fats and on pastry. Reduce slightly on meats and fish, and drink more milk—up to a pint or a pint and a half a day—because it is filling, and its water and salts help the kidneys to flush the liquid wastes of increased combustion out of the body. Be a rabbit on greenstuffs and a bird on fresh fruits.

A Rule of the Fat Men's Club

But this is only half the cure for adipose, and the lesser half; we must increase the draft, as well as shovel in less coal; in other words, we must exercise more, for exercise and adipose are traditional enemies. Thus, there is the story of the president of a fat men's club who was once asked whether there were any special tests for admission of new members to their corpulent circle. "'Yes," he replied; "we've got just one test, but it's a bird. We tell the candidate that our offices are on the sixth floor of a certain building that hasn't any elevator; and if he doesn't bog down by the time he's climbed that far he isn't fat enough for us."

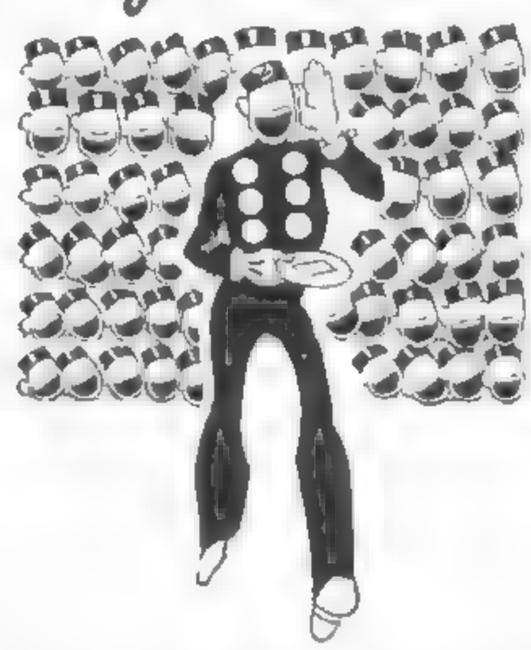
If we can just get back again the happy mind of the child who would rather play than eat, relief is already in sight. It makes little difference what the exercise is so long as we enjoy it; walking—especially hill climbing—riding, swimming, gardening, wood-chopping, dancing, gymnastics, tennis, golf, hockey. But begin gradually, ten per cent increase at once and ten per cent more each week. If you try to sweat it all off in one round, instead of a clear fat-burning flame, you'll probably have an explosion! Many of the high-speed methods, especially if they induce profuse perspiration and at the same time cut down on the amount of fluids taken by the sufferer—and the word is used advisedly—get their results by treating the patient as if he were a juicy fruit being prepared for preservation by drying; they literally wring the moisture out of him. Such methods may be all right for apples or apricots, but are hardly suitable for human beings. It is to be noted, moreover, that whenever those worthy articles of diet are prepared for eating they are invariably reconstituted by the addition of water, so that their normal moisture content is restored. For such a complex organism as a human body to endeavor to shrink itself down like a dried apple is bad enough; but for the shriveler to try to do anything but rest when in that semidesiccated state is to imagine that his constitution is cruder and tougher than an unconverted boarding-house prune.

Prize fighters and jockeys are peculiarly prone to try this high-speed method of reduction; the results may often be very serious, and sometimes actually fatal, as was pitifully illustrated by the death of a young jockey in the very moment of victory on a famous race course only a few months ago.

Exercise is helpful both ways from the ace; it burns up existing fat, it prevents future deposits, it strengthens the heart and thus relieves shortness of breath, it builds up the muscles to brace up the waistline and to carry about the extra weight. When the extra adipose has been lowered to the point where the strengthened muscles and heart can carry it comfortably, then we had better call it a day and carry on at that same level of food and exercise, even if we have not completely regained our youthful figure.

For, though excess is undesirable, a moderate amount of adipose at and after maturity is normal and natural, a reserve

Step right up



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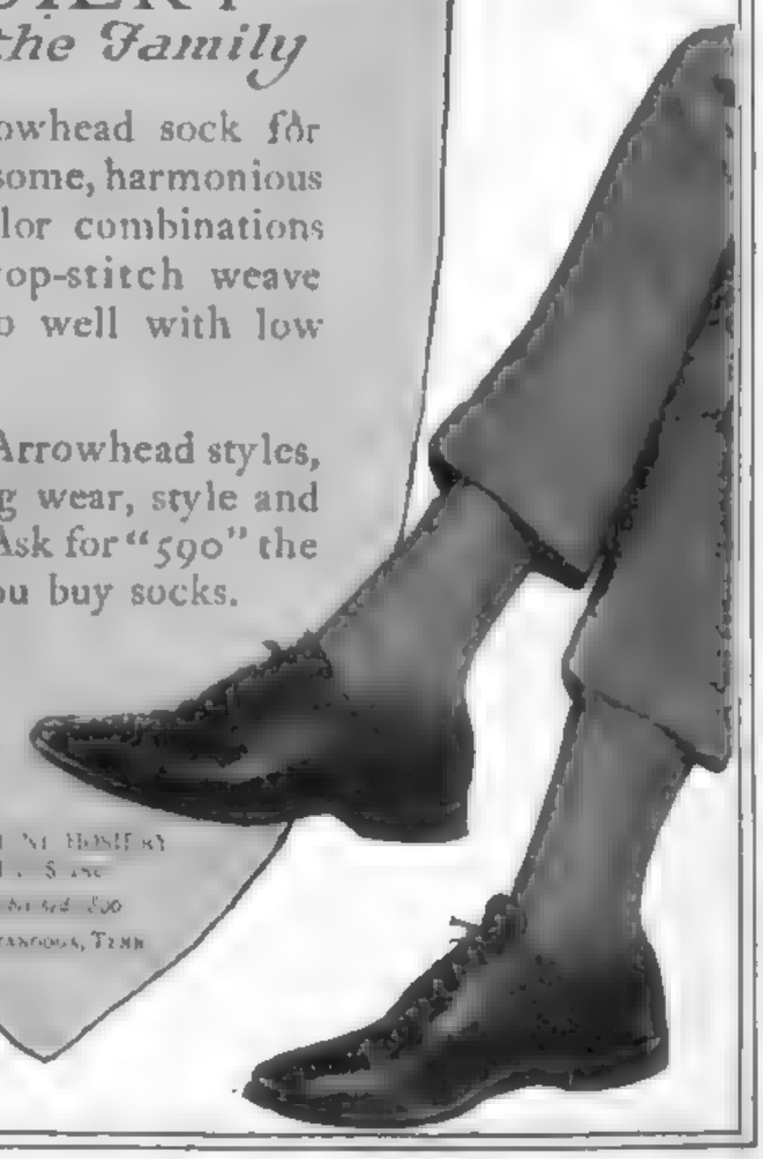

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against the coming winter of chill old age; and the same growth curve which laid it on in the forties and fifties can usually be relied upon to take it off again in the sixties and seventies. So that if we reduce, by moderate dieting and two active hours a day in the open, to a comfortable and tolerable weight, we may possess our souls in patience and trust the whirligig of time to do the rest.

It is not fat that is our enemy, but fatty habits of life.

A demonstration of this fact can now be seen proceeding on nation-wide scale all around us. One of the most striking changes of recent decades has been the way in which all of us, great and small, proletarian and plutocrat, have acquired the open-air habit. All honor is due to the priceless health lure of the automobile drawing us out into the green or russet country, and to the cheap trolley carrying us swiftly out of the smoke and grime, far beyond brick-and-mortar horizons. And on the nontraveling side there is the marvelous growth of athletics among our boys and girls from ward school to college, and the growth of play parks, of public picnic grounds, of swimming pools, of camp grounds and golf courses, all of which have helped us to carry the play spirit over into every decade of life. And as a result we are no longer becoming either fat or forty in the ancient sense. For we have added fifteen years to our normal expectation of life, fully fifty per cent of which can be credited to our improved habits; and, though we are better fed than ever before, we no longer see half so many cases of cumbrous overweight as we used to a generation ago. Though we round out comfortably somewhat after forty, in the main we preserve the spirit of youth and maintain our youthful outlines and agility.

In case the unwelcome surplus does not shrink satisfactorily under moderate diet and vigorous exercise, what is to be done? This will occur most frequently in the more severe cases of overweight, in which there is great difficulty in getting the reducing fire started, where the flame is, so to speak, clogged by solid masses of fat, and it seems as if one were trying to light a lump of coal with a match or melt an iceberg with a pocket flash light. In these cases more vigorous and radical measures are called for, always, of course, under skilled medical direction, and better still in a hospital.

Extreme Cases

One of the most effective methods is an exclusive milk diet, limited to about three pints—six to eight glasses—a day, with very little exercise and a good deal of massage. This will sometimes take off twenty or thirty pounds in three or four weeks, just to break the log jam, so to speak, or start the fat avalanche sliding; and then restricted diet and moderate exercise will carry on the good work. In vigorous patients with sound hearts, strenuous reducing exercises, with profuse sweatings, aided by steam baths and massage, will often take the adipose off in slices, figuratively speaking, and start the ball rolling in the right direction.

But this is for extreme cases, where positive ill effects from overweight are noted, and should be done only under skilled medical supervision. Moreover, it should be remembered that this method, though permissible as a starter, may become very unsafe if persisted in unduly—especially if the patient tries to do anything else at the same time.

In other types of overweight, rapid reductions may be sometimes won by various forms of electrical treatment, notably the so-called Bergonie method, which gives a sort of imitation pack drill by causing vigorous and repeated contractions of large masses of muscles by electric stimulation, giving the combustion of strenuous exercise without the fatigue. But of course all these methods are dangerous in amateur hands, and should be carried out only under constant medical supervision.

Last comes the apparently small but very important group in which the excessive overweight is due to the failure or defective secretion of one or more of the endocrine glands, most commonly the thyroid.

The group recognized is a small one as yet, because we are still only at the beginning of our knowledge of the marvelous powers of the endocrine or ductless glands, those stops on the keyboard of the great organ of life upon which we can play so powerfully. But it is an important one because it includes so many of the extreme cases, as may be glimpsed from the fact that over forty per cent of these in women in whom they are five times as common as in men—begin about the menopause, when the thyroid is either failing from exhaustion of its supply of iodine or because it is no longer stimulated by the ovary

In this group remarkable results can often be gained by giving thyroid extract; not only great reduction of weight but relief of the other symptoms, mental sluggishness and depression, chilliness, puffy face, thin greasy hair. But it must be remembered that thyroid extract will cause marked reduction in weight only in those cases which are clearly due to thyroid shortage, and which show one or more of these other symptoms mentioned.

Most unfortunately the belief has got abroad that thyroid extract is a powerful reducer in all forms of overweight, based on the natural but childish logic that if it can produce such striking results in the most obstinate and excessive cases, it must be a wonder in the milder ones. The manufacturers of obesity cures have so eagerly hastened to exploit this belief that it is stated on good authority that most obesity cures can be grouped under one of two headings those which contain thyroid and are dangerous, and those which do not contain thyroid and are useless.

A Brightening Outlook

The danger of thyroid as a general reducer is that, though a shortage of thyroid in the system is injurious, an excess is much more so; and even in properly selected cases of shortage treated by thyroid extract, the physician has to be on guard constantly against overdosing. Fully three-fourths of the cases of overweight have no thyroid shortage whatever, and when they begin to pour this powerful extract into their systems they are far more likely to upset the entire balance of their body chemistry and produce palpitation of the heart, shortness of breath, intense nervousness, insomnia and loss of appetite than they are to reduce their weight markedly. In fact, they will reduce chiefly by the expensive and most undesirable method of making themselves sick; which is a heavy price to pay for the temporary loss of a few pounds of harmless adipose.

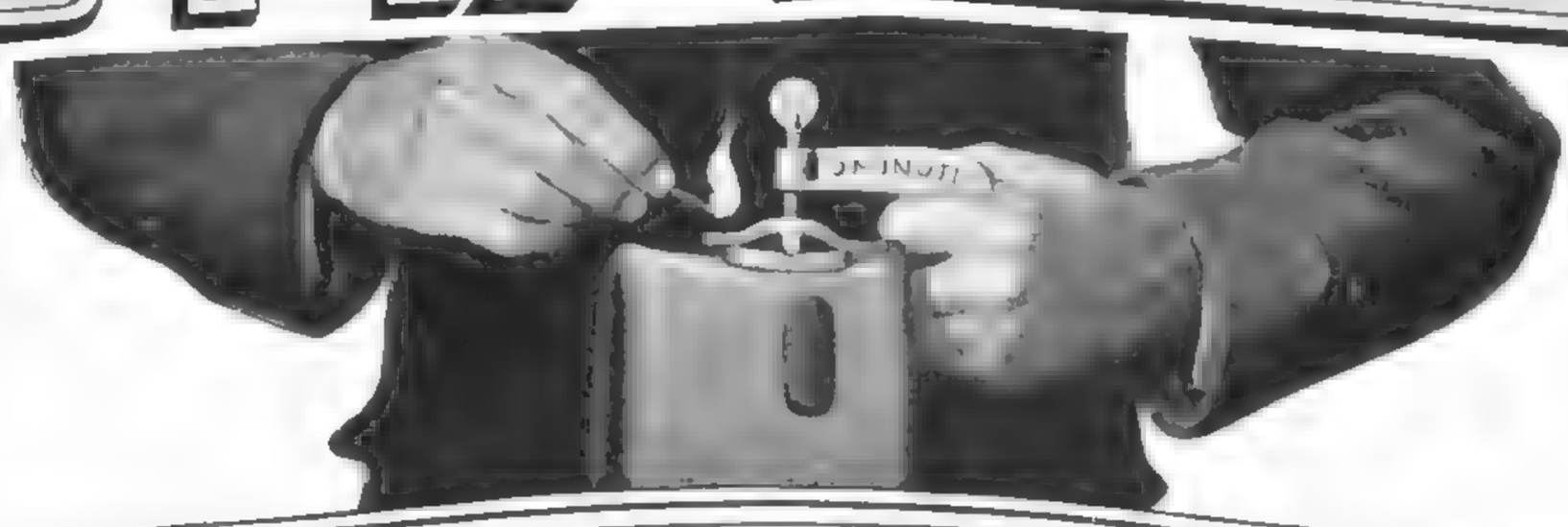
Some other forms of obesity which resist diet and exercise are due to defective secretion of the ovary; others, occurring chiefly in childhood, to shortage of pituitary or adrenal secretion. Many of these can be helped by skillful dosage with ovarian or pituitary extract. Marked overfatness in a child should always be brought to the attention of the family doctor, who will probably suggest consultation of an endocrine specialist, as the whole development of the child may be involved.

Just recently we have had reason to hope that certain other intractable tendencies to lay on flesh may depend upon disturbances of the internal secretion of the pancreas This is the now famous insulin, which has given such wonderful relief in diabetes. As soon as sufficient amounts of insulin have been produced to meet the urgent needs of diabetics and leave a surplus for experimentation in other less serious conditions, thorough tests will undoubtedly be made of its relation to the deposit of adipose. We already know that insulin will clear the blood of the diabetic of surplus fat as effectively as it will of excess sugar, and there is hopeful possibility of its value as a boon to the overfat.

In fine, the outlook for the overplump and heavy laden is brighter today than ever before. To put it briefly we now believe that quite eighty per cent of all cases are due in large part to disturbance of the proper balance between coal and forced draft, and can be relieved or at least made tolerable by judicious dieting and exercise. Half of the balance which resist a reasonable regimen are due to disturbance of some of the endocrine glands and can often be greatly helped by expert glandular treatment.

The remaining ten per cent depend largely upon defects of the heart, lungs, liver or kidneys, and require treatment of these organs. Only about two per cent are due chiefly to hereditary tendency. So that Hamlet's prayer, "O, that this too too solid flesh would melt, thaw and resolve itself into a dew," is well on the way to being answered by the discoveries of modern science.

SHALER



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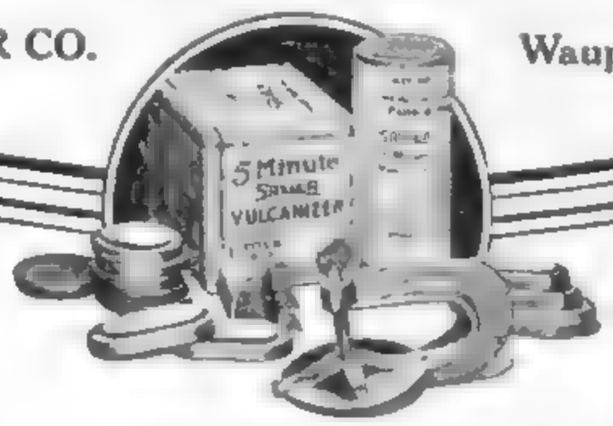

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GEARED TO THE ROAD

A DIFFERENT COUNTRY

(Continued from Page 11)

"I don't see why ——" she began, and paused.

"What?" he asked. "Tell me!"

"If there should be a car with nobody in it why couldn't we get in and drive to Paris?" she said slowly. "If nobody sees us!"

He shrank a little.

"I'm afraid that might not be practical," he began, but she laughed again, a strange little laugh.

"Practical?" she said briefly. "What is practical for us?"

"You may be right," he answered after a moment. "I'll try anything you say."

They stood by the door, listening to the gossip of the woman who rested near the tank, moving instinctively out of the way of the boy who tidied the little courtyard. After a few minutes of silence she began to talk hardily, and though it made him very nervous he tried to answer her, staring curiously at the boy all the while, who paid not the slightest attention to the strangers at his side, but swore softly at the *patron* who would not advance his wages by one night.

"And to think," Everitt burst out irritably, "that I have a thousand francs in my pocket! And they're no good at all!"

"But they're not real francs, you see," she said patiently.

"They're as real as I am!" he cried angrily.

"Are they?" she asked, and looked at him oddly.

He seemed to lose himself in her eyes, and the objects about them appeared to swing and sway. He forced his eyes away.

"Don't do that," he begged huskily, and took her hand; it was firm and warm.

A big French car swung up and halted; it was a luxurious sedan, quite empty. The chauffeur got down, opened the door, took out a box of matches from a little case, and left the door swinging.

"Now! Now!" she whispered, and pushing back the door she stepped lightly into the car. Everitt followed her.

"This is incredible!" he whispered. "If he finds us ——"

"He won't find us, *mon pauvre ami*," she said calmly. "You can't seem to realize that!"

"But don't talk so loud!"

"Talk!" she repeated scornfully. "We could sing!"

And when the man took his seat again, after replacing the matches and closing the door, she actually sang the words of the music-hall song he whistled.

They flew along quickly. Everitt took out his watch, and it was four o'clock.

"We'll be home while it's light," he thought in a moment of forgetfulness; "and then—and then ——"

His breath was cut as if by a knife. What was "then" to him? What did people do, like this? What was he supposed to do? How long would it last? He groaned and dug his nails into his palms. His forehead was damp again and he wiped it off impatiently. To sit there comfortably, bowling along toward Paris in a well-appointed motor, behind a correct chauffeur, with a well-dressed good-looking woman beside him—and then to know that it was all a farce!

"What's the sense of it? Where's the good of it?" he tortured himself. "If I'm dead, for God's sake let me die and get it over! This is simply idiotic!"

Whether he had groaned aloud or whether she knew his thoughts, he could not tell, but she answered him quietly, her warm hand always in his—for it seemed their one hold on reality, their one assurance among all these hopeless uncertainties, thus to grasp each other.

"I don't suppose we can choose, you know. If this is the way it is, this is the way it is—isn't it? At least, one isn't alone. I went to school somewhere about here, I think. It was the loveliest old convent. There was a wonderful vegetable garden, and a fountain with a big copper pot on a chain. Such a darling old dog always asleep in the sun there; his name was Amidor. They used to make the most heavenly compote of cherries, and we had it on fresh bread with unsalted butter. I used to eat it, and always look at the marigolds because I thought it tasted better that way! Sœur Ambroisine was the head of the kitchen. Did you ever see one of those dark French kitchens with the copper things shining, and the oak all black and polished? We had soup for breakfast, and a rich South American—from Brazil, she was—used to give me all her onions, and I gave her my carrots. I never liked carrots. But Sœur Marie-Josephine found us out and wouldn't let us; she said *le bon Dieu* didn't like to have people choose like that; He preferred us to take the soup as He sent it! 'In that case,' I said, 'one should eat the vegetables raw.' I had no butter for three days."

The stream of her voice, low and pleasant, with sudden drops into a grave contralto, flowed about his restless burning thoughts and cooled and comforted them.

Soon she was talking about music, which he loved, and a concert, when she had heard, a night or two ago, his favorite César Franck sonata.

"And a really good violinist—I mean in the French sense—correct and well trained, you know. I sometimes wonder what they'd do, these people, if they heard a real orchestra, with a great conductor and beautiful instruments."

"They'd faint, probably," he answered satirically; "or think it was a little uncivilized, perhaps."

"That, I think. Did you ever hear real Tziganes play? Not what we have in our restaurants at home—they're mostly Italians—but real ones? I heard one play that sonata once."

She hummed the air, and he corrected her jealously. For the rest of the drive they forgot—and were happy.

At the door of a garage in the heart of Paris the man stopped, opened the door of the car, and called for someone to bring him a fresh bulb for the inside light. They got out and drifted along the Grand Boulevard, hand in hand, jostled by everyone, felt by none. The lights and sounds and movements exhilarated Everitt and took him out of himself; he strode on, talking and laughing, even, in a kind of desperate distraction. But she grew steadily quieter, gripped his hand nervously at the dangerous crossings, shrank against him, and even dragged her pace.

"I—I can't walk quite so fast," she said a little breathlessly. "My—my feet feel heavy and—and farther away, somehow. I—I ——"

"What's the matter?" he asked anxiously, stopping and staring at her. "You mustn't—I mean, is anything really —— Oh, please be careful!"

"That's just it," she answered with a faint little pathetic smile. "I thought I ought to tell you. Of course one notices everything. I may be just tired, but I feel different. It's difficult to explain, but you know, in dreams, when you lift your feet and put them down, and try so hard, but you don't get anywhere? Do you know at all what I mean?"

"I always know what you mean," he answered brusquely. "Come—come in here. Sit down, for heaven's sake! You're only tired."

He had no self-consciousness now, no terror of the crowds that filled the hall, where dancing was in full swing. He led her to an empty table and watched her sink with relief into a chair. A worried look about her eyes, a slight droop of the mouth, had quite changed the calm, slightly amused expression that he now realized was characteristic of her.

The funny French couples trotted solidly past them.

"And they think that is a tango!" she said, and laughed. "With the *vrai jazz américain!* They haven't the least idea of syncopation; they think 'jazz' means a saxophone and a drum! How stupidly those darkies are playing."

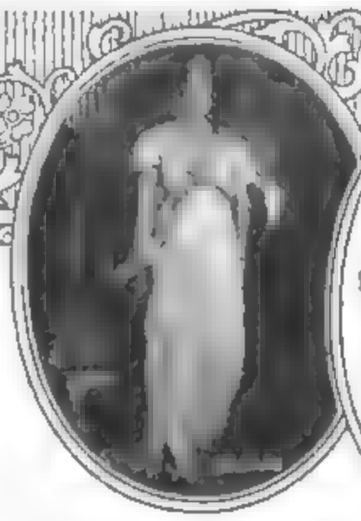
"They're probably half drunk," he answered carelessly, watching her closely. "Here, don't get up! Where are you going?"

"I'd like to see if I can't hypnotize them into something real," she said, and he saw with delight that a sort of girlish daring had worked in her, a spirit of experiment that took, for the time being, that tired worried look out of her eyes.

"Come on," she said, "let's try!"

Leading him by the hand, like a child in some just-invented game, she threaded her way among the absorbed dancers and stepped close to the saxophone player, who, with half-closed eyes, breathed out now and then a few bell-like notes, tapping carelessly with his feet.

"Come," she said persuasively, touching his arm, "that's not the way—you know it!



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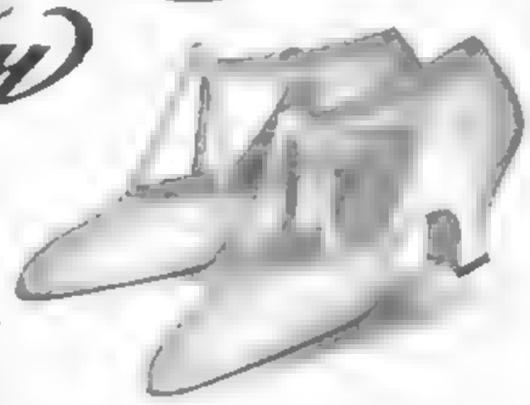

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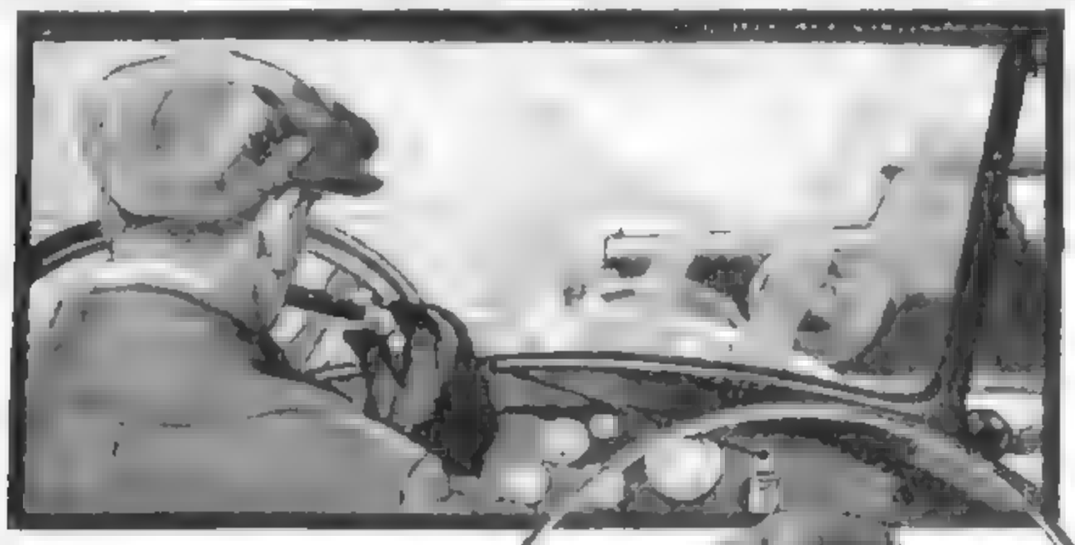

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The negro opened his eyes slowly, moved his arm, and stared at her. A strange bluish pallor spread over his dark face, his eyeballs rolled back in his head.

"Take it away! Take it away!" he cried, and fell back in his chair, pushing over the men behind him.

"What's come? What's come, Henry?" they babbled, and only the pianist pounded on, his back to them.

"Le' me out! le' me out!" he screamed; and four of them with shaking backward glances tumbled out after him, the dancers crowding angrily to the platform, a confused clatter of exasperated French raining like shrapnel over the crowd.

"What's the matter with them?" she asked, amazed, staring at the mêlée. "Is he crazy?"

"Ah, come on," growled a tall American, pulling the girl with him out of the crowd. "When these Frenchies get excited they're the limit!"

"But, listen; what happened?" the girl asked, dragging at his arm. "What struck him that way?"

"Oh, he's just a crazy nigger," the man answered disgustedly. "Didn't you hear him? He said he liked the French girls all right, but he wasn't going to stand for no French ghosts! I'll bet they're running now! Come on to Montemartre, Bess; it's no good here."

Everitt felt his heart pound, the veins beat in his ears.

"Come out," he said roughly. "Come out now! It means nothing—it didn't mean ——"

She slipped her hand under his arm.

"Hurry," she murmured; "hurry, please!"

They pushed by the proprietor, who was making an impassioned appeal for order and promising another band immediately.

Once in the fresh air they walked in silence. Neither could speak. After a few minutes her pace began to lag, and dreading the look he might catch on her face he stopped in front of a lighted door.

"Here," he said, "come in here. Don't be afraid; there won't be any jazz bands here."

In the lobby of the quiet correct hotel there were few loiterers; it was just too early for dinner and much too late for tea. They climbed a few tiled steps and came into the velvet lounge, where only a couple and a few men, scattered among the big chairs, still lingered. He led her to a large divan and established her, protesting, on it, utterly careless of the occupants of the room.

"Please be still," he begged, "and try not to think of it! If I could only bring you something."

"I don't think I want anything," she said thoughtfully. "I meant to speak about that. You see, I drink a lot of water—ordinarily—but I don't feel thirsty at all. But we certainly can feel tired, can't we? Are you hungry?"

He shook his head.

"And I hadn't had any lunch, either. I thought of that too. Do you feel better, this way?"

"Much better," she said gratefully. "It's only walking I seem to be so clumsy at. Isn't it pleasant and quiet here?"

"Yes. It's a good hotel. I've often stayed here. And they play really good music, after dinner. I've sat here and smoked and listened to it, often."

"Were you much in Paris?" she asked.

"I came first when I finished at Harvard," he said. "My uncle sent me, as a reward for having got through without being fired, I suppose. I came with three other fellows, and we had one glorious time!"

"What did you do?"

"Well," he answered, "with a few reservations, I'll tell you. First, we went to the Opéra ——"

He talked on easily, delighted at her interest and at the absence of that strained frightened look he had learned to dread. Unconsciously he lowered his voice, and they murmured to each other in a profound intimacy. She no longer held to his hand, but he noticed that when anyone moved in their direction or whenever a new face appeared in the door she reached out for him, and he caught her hand and pressed it.

She asked few questions; he rambled on among his young man's memories, back to his boyhood, came again to later years. Odd little moments he had supposed lost forever—a flaming sunset on the Jungfrau, an unforgettable hour of Paderewski, the instant's fear of death in an accident at sea, his mother's face when she gave him cherries one hot noon and he piled them in a tiny checked pinafore, the first nightingales he heard in Italy—they bubbled up from the very well of his heart, it seemed, and she listened and smiled and understood.

"And when were you happiest?" she asked.

The dining room was full now, the orchestra was playing Pagliacci; they were alone in the lounge.

"Why, now, I think," he answered instantly; "now—at forty-one! It's odd, isn't it? One thinks that you th "

"Now?" she asked gently. "Now?"

He stared at her and blinked. Again he was lost in her eyes; again the room swayed slightly and the heavy velvet curtains began to push inward, bellying like sails; the couch rocked, where she lay, like a boat at sea.

"Oh! Oh!" he muttered. "What is this? What is this? What are you doing?"

"I am doing nothing," she said gravely; "it is you who are pushing me, drawing me. Look away!"

With a tremendous effort he tore his eyes away, and the music swelled again; he realized that everything had been silent before.

"Was that always playing?" he asked dully, and she shook her head.

"I don't know. I heard the water. How long do you suppose it will last? Why don't we see—the others? We aren't the only ones, surely?"

"I've been thinking that so long—I didn't dare tell you! I can't imagine why. In this big place there must be someone every minute, nearly."

"But you will stay with me?" she urged eagerly, sitting, now, on the divan, where he crouched beside her, so that he rose and sat by her. "You will be here, whatever happens?"

"I'll be here, whatever happens," he said, and took her hand. "I swear I'll keep where you are as long as it's humanly possible, my dear. It'll take a fight to get me away."

"Oh, don't! How do we know? This—this can't last. If it could be like this ——"

"Would you wish it to be?"

"Oh, yes! Oh, yes!"

The orchestra softened and thrummed, waiting.

"Träume," she whispered. "How lovely!"

Suddenly, in the middle of the melting trembling notes she spoke.

"Are you religious?" she asked. "What do you believe?"

"I don't know," he answered. "I'm not at all religious, though—are you?"

"No."

"I've been up to the average," he went on slowly. "Lord knows it's not much! But I never cheated, nor went back on anybody, and I don't lie—unless I have to! Oh, I mean, not that sort of lie!"

"I know. It's like that with me too. So we're alike."

"Lord, no, we're not! Don't get that idea—not for a minute, my dear! Men—men ——"

"Oh, I suppose so," she said wearily. "I suppose so. Do you think that will make a difference?"

"I don't know," he said briefly.

They sat in a long silence.

"Do you know," she said suddenly, "even if I wanted to get up, I couldn't? Not alone, anyway. My feet are too heavy."

He stared at her, horrified, but her face was calm. "It's no good fighting it," she said. "Only, stay here, will you?"

He shut his lips till the teeth cut them.

"I'll stay," he said.

A middle-aged maid, leading a wire-haired terrier, came through the lounge and walked down to them. The dog checked suddenly, stared at Everitt, drew back on his haunches, and uttered a wild groaning howl. The hair stood stiff on his small stocky body; his jaws opened.

"*Tais-toi, tais-toi!*" the maid cried, but he howled again and stiffened.

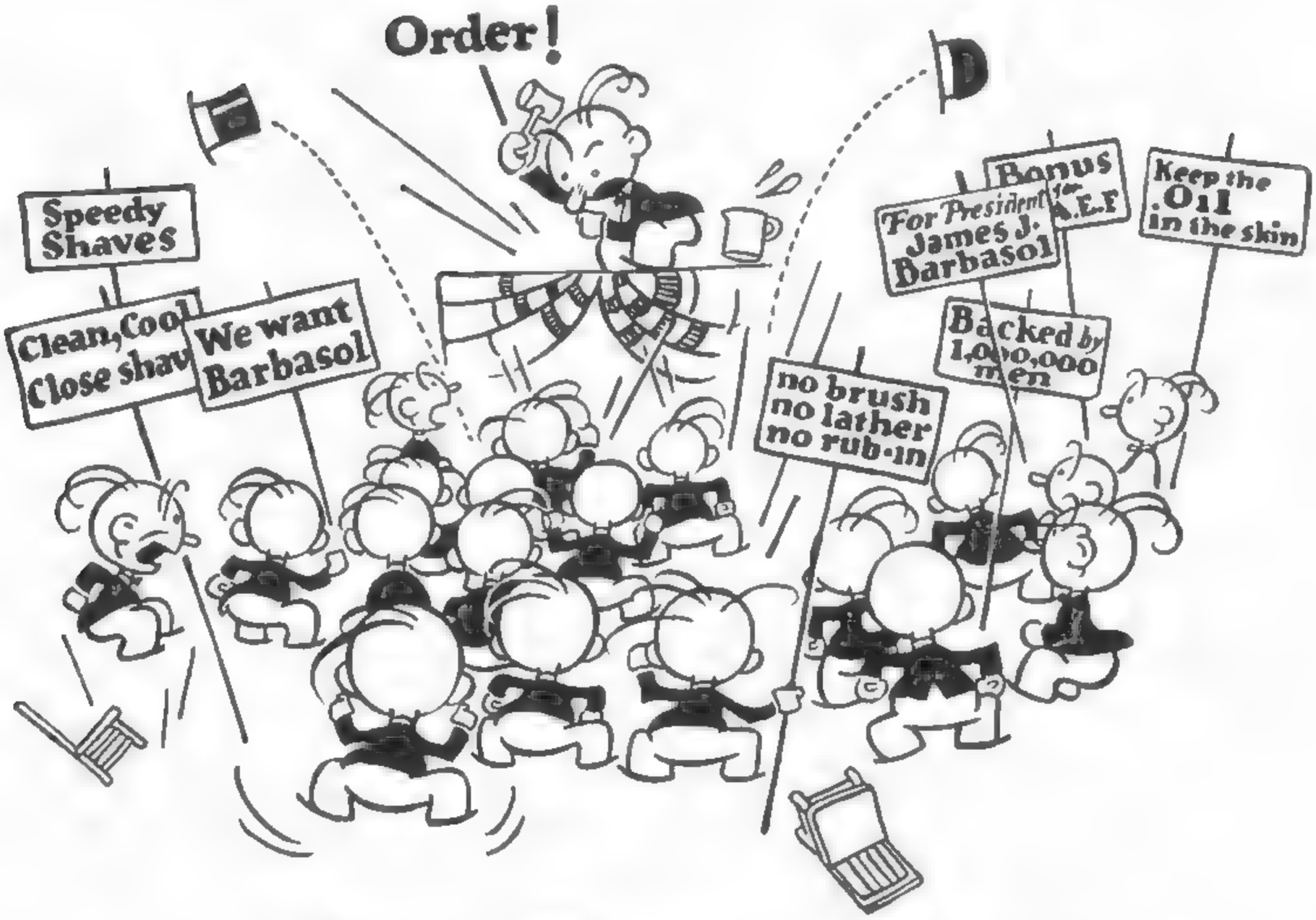
She dragged at him, but he dug his nails into the velvet and raised again that melancholy searching cry. Everitt threatened him wildly.

"One would say," said the maid angrily, in rapid French, "that the poor beast scented the death! And, why not? His mistress is sickly enough. Come on, thou!"

Two footmen rushed out and seized the dog, scolding

"Wilt thou drive every accursed American from the hotel with thy imbecile

(Continued on Page 208)



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THE ARM OF LAW AND ORDER

(Continued from Page 206)

brute? Up! Up!" they stormed, and the stronger of them seized the rigid animal and hurried out with it, the woman running angrily after, holding the leash. The maitre d'hôtel dashed into the lounge, cursing; someone called from behind the desk:

"Command that the orchestra play immediately the jazz *américain*—fools! Pigs!"

Everitt leaned over her; she was ashy white.

"Water! Water!" he whispered. "It helped you before! I'll be back in a second!"

She met his eyes, but this time with no danger in her own. Her look was so deep, so speaking, that with a sobbing word caught in his throat he leaned over her and kissed her desperately, closely.

"Oh, stay! Stay!" he whispered against her mouth. "Try to stay!"

He felt her lips grow cold under his, and muttering and cursing he tore himself away and rushed to a carafe that stood on a little table halfway across the room. He seized the bottle, but to his horror, though his hand closed around it, it remained on the table. It was like taking hold of a carafe in a mirror.

"And yet I brought her water in my cap!" He wondered stupidly. "I slopped it all over her!"

Turning, he hurried back. The divan was empty. With a grunt of rage he passed his hand over it; it was still warm, where she had been sitting.

"She was frightened—she ran out!" he muttered, and dashed after her, out of the door, but he knew he should not see her. She had gone. He was utterly and entirely alone.

Cursing, praying, calling her, he tore through the streets, alone in the crowded boulevards, jostling unconscious pedestrians, pushing carelessly against the screaming motors. And as he dashed along he became aware that his progress was growing more difficult, his feet moved more slowly. He seemed to lift them up as out of wet sand, and each motion required a distinct effort of the will.

"Aha!" he muttered. "That's what she meant, then! That's it, is it? We'll see, we'll see! They shan't get me that way—I'll fool them!"

And even in that minute something in him marveled.

"It's 'them' is it not 'he'? Do we always go back to that? Were the old peoples right, after all?"

Furiously, determinedly, fighting for each long clumsy stride, he pushed his way to what he wanted.

"That bridge with the gold statues—what do they call it?" he muttered. "Ah, there it is!"

He shouldered rudely into a priest, unconsciously stepping in his way.

"A lot you know about it!" he cried bitterly. "You can't even see me."

For the thin lips moved constantly, the mild pale eyes gazed through him blankly.

"Bah!" he cried, and seizing the stone balustrade he dragged himself painfully to the top; he could hardly pull his feet after him.

"Now we'll see what happens!" he muttered. "Oh, why did you leave me? Why did you go first?"

The lights rippled over the water; the Seine flowed full and quiet below him; he raised his hands and jumped, and something in his brain blew out as a candle flame blows out in the wind. He knew nothing.

Later—it might have been years or seconds—he felt great burning pain; an anguish of revolt against unbearable nausea; a smothered oblivion.

This trinity of misery repeated itself indefinitely; there was no escape from it, no relief after it.

"It's not dying, then, that's hard; it's what comes after!" he thought. "Why can't it be simpler—quicker? We aren't worth all this."

He opened his eyes surprisingly, and met two bright brown eyes that smiled into his.

"That's better, Mr. Everitt!" said somebody. "Can you take this, please? That's fine!"

Something cool slipped into his mouth; he swallowed.

"You see me, then? You know who I am?"

"Why, of course, Mr. Everitt. Have you much pain? I'm the nurse. You are in the hospital. How does your head feel?"

"Then I didn't die?"

"No, indeed; you were in an accident, you know."

"Was Elsie ——"

"Oh, no, Mr. Everitt; she was better off than you, really. She broke her leg—it's in a cast now, but she'll soon be out of that."

"When did I ——"

"It was three weeks ago, Mr. Everitt. Mrs. George Everitt has sent every day to find out about you. Mr. Everitt will probably look in this afternoon. Perhaps you'll take a little nap now?"

The details interested him very little. When in the early days of his rapid recovery he elicited from the nurse the confessed amazement and incredulity of the doctors at the resuscitation, after eight hours, of a man officially pronounced dead, he became almost disappointingly silent. The application of electricity, at the instance of an interested American specialist; the operation, extraordinarily slight, which removed the splinter of bone pressing on the brain; the painful flutterings and vacillations with which the mysterious force that we call life exhibited itself in a body that seemed unwilling to be possessed by it—all this received his merely tolerant attention.

"You see, I was dead," he said quietly.

And when the nurse shrugged and answered, "Evidently you weren't, Mr. Everitt, for here you are!" he only smiled obstinately and looked at her oddly.

From the day he sat up he pored over the newspapers of that date since when his life could never go on in the same careless empty way; but there was no smallest mention of the event he searched for. As soon as he could get out he began a systematic round of the hospitals, scoured the country for miles around the crossroads where he had met her, made his way into a dozen farmhouses and villas, but with no success.

"And I don't even know her name!" he groaned. "Nor where she came from!"

Paris grew hot, his sister-in-law left, surprised at his obstinacy, but anxious, as they all were, to humor him, and relieved that he spent so much of his time in the open air, at least, though regretting that what they described to one another as a morbid interest kept him haunting the scene of his accident.

Alternately possessed by hope and despair, he clung to the idea that the same strange fate had mastered both of them; that she, of all the toll of that day's dead, had not died, and that they had wandered through that mysterious borderland together.

"That was why we didn't see anybody else!" he told himself persistently. "That was why we knew each other! She wasn't like the rest—she was like me!"

But why, then, didn't she know? If she was alive why didn't she let him know? It was in all the papers, his strange case, both French and American. It was even, he learned, in the medical journals. If she remembered, as he did, every slight detail of those extraordinary hours, if she could walk, as he had walked, every step, of their unforgettable journey, why didn't she let him know?

And deep in the bottom of his heart something tolled like a bell, though he tried to shut his ears to it: "She doesn't know! She isn't here to know! She would tell me if she could—but she can't!"

He would go to sleep at night hugging the thought. "But perhaps she has forgotten. Perhaps it wasn't like what it was with me! Perhaps she doesn't know!"

And in the morning he would wake to the tolling of that cruel little bell, "She isn't here to know!"

His sister settled in England, he moved to the hotel where he had taken her, and sat, a lonely figure, every night, on the great divan where she had lain. Once, when the orchestra played Pagliacci, a quick hot smarting closed his eyes suddenly, and he clenched his hands, hearing her voice:

"Were you much in Paris?"

He knew, then, that he was thinking of her as we think of the dead, and groaned aloud.

"I wish I had gone too!" he muttered.

He spent the next days in hunting out the convent near Chartres, where she had gone to school, and found it at last, no longer under the sisters, but kept by an angular Englishwoman for the benefit of American girls. Nothing had altered, thanks to the immutable French fashions, and the dark old kitchen where Sœur Ambroisine had ruled still glowed with orange coppers, the marigolds flamed in the court. Even an old tawny sheep dog dozed near

the well; perhaps the lineal descendant of Amidor.

It pleased him enormously, this pilgrimage, and he promised himself a return. If only she had told him more of her past, so that he could have relived it!

He dressed for dinner and slipped into his pocket the ticket for a César Franck concert that night; an American violinist was playing the Sonata, and he knew in advance the painful sweetness in store for him, and that he would live over again that hour and a half in the close dimness of the motor, with her hand in his.

"I know that men have been this way before," he told himself, "but they hadn't my excuse, they hadn't my excuse!"

He took his seat at his accustomed table in the corner and, having ordered his dinner, looked carefully around the room. This had become automatic with him, ever since he came to the hotel. He had told himself then that if she were alive, and in Paris, and remembered, she would come there.

And in the opposite corner, suddenly, there she was. Lovelier than he had remembered, perhaps because her low-cut evening dress framed white shoulders he had never seen; and paler, which threw out the reddish lights in her hair; she seemed more slender in her black velvet than she had appeared in the tan silk coat. His heart stopped a beat, then pounded heavily, and he half-turned in his chair and opened a newspaper.

She sat between an elderly woman and a good-looking, square-chinned American who watched her with obvious interest; she herself looked at nobody, but studied the menu.

Everitt called the maître d'hôtel and took out a bank note.

"Who is the young lady in the corner, Ernest, in black?" he inquired, blessing the Paris that found all such queries natural and worthy. The man smiled, departed, and soon returned.

"It is Miss Sylvia Reetch, monsieur, from Cin—cinnoti, in America. Mademoiselle her aunt and Mr. Georges Mac Alistairre accompany her. They arrived from America this morning only. Mademoiselle and the aunt occupy Suite B, *au quatrième*. Monsieur does not rest in the hotel. Thank you very much, monsieur."

"Sylvia Ritch, from Cincinnati," he repeated softly. "And I've been there three times and never saw her!"

He ate mechanically and wondered at the flatness of the wine, only to find at the end of the meal that he had been drinking mineral water. When her party rose he rose with them, and followed discreetly to the lounge, where they drank their coffee. He took a table behind where she sat, to hear her voice; it fell a little more to the contralto, he decided. She spoke little.

"But I hate to leave you, Sylvie," said her aunt doubtfully. "It seems so horrid to let you go off to that stupid concert alone. Let me go to the theater by myself, and let George take you!"

"Please, aunty," she said, very low, "I have told you that I prefer to go alone. George doesn't care for César Franck."

"But I'd love to go with you," said the man wistfully; "or I could take Miss Ritch and come back for you."

"I want to go alone," she said wearily. "Can't you understand? I shall be all right. It's because I want to go alone!"

Everitt could have touched her with his hand.

"Then I suppose we had better be starting," said Mr. MacAllister. "You don't leave till nine, Sylvia?"

"At nine," she said "I'll sit here awhile."

They rose and left her, and she folded her hands in her lap and closed her eyes.

The orchestra, after a soft thrumming, began to play Wagner's Träume; he stared at her, too weak to move or speak.

From under her closed eyelids slow tears began to roll; she wiped them away, but they rose and rose, and brimmed till with a despairing little gesture she left her seat and hurried toward the lift.

"If they have a suite," he thought, "they have a sitting room," and taking a card from his pocket he wrote on it: "Why did you wait so long? You can't have forgotten. I've been waiting here for you. May I see you?"

It seemed hardly a moment before the page came back.

"Will monsieur mount?" he said. "Madame attends him."

She stood in the gay little room, black and pale and slender against the flowers and curtains.

"You? You?" she whispered. And then, holding his hands, her eyes wide: "But you—the paper said—I thought ——"

"Where were you?" he said, trembling. "Why did you make me think —— Oh, where were you?"

"I was in America," she murmured, her eyes lost in his. "They took me there. I—I was supposed to have died, you know. I couldn't stay any longer. Oh, why didn't you let me know? It was cruel!"

"I didn't know your name," he said, staring at the lovely rose that flooded her cheeks, the tiny powdered freckles on her chin, the deep light in her gray eyes. "My dear, I didn't know your name! I could only stay here. I knew, if you were alive, you would come."

"Oh, I am alive!" she cried softly. "I am alive, my dear! And I came—I came!"

PHOTO BY O. J. GRIMES

Yellow Cañon Gateway, Bryce Cañon, Southern Utah

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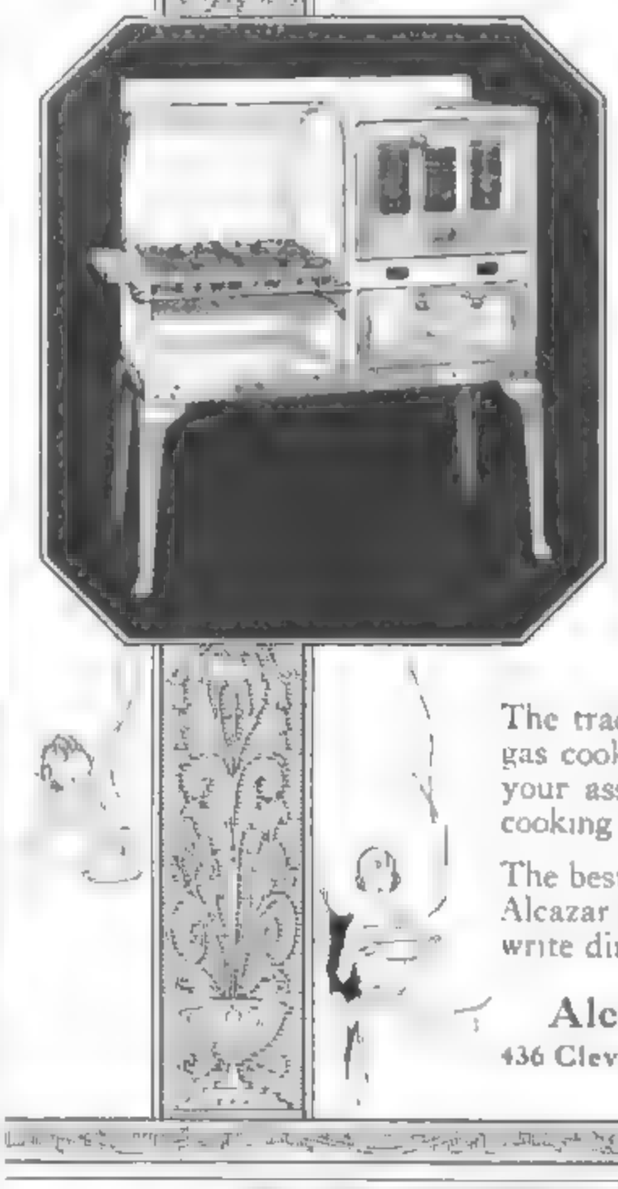

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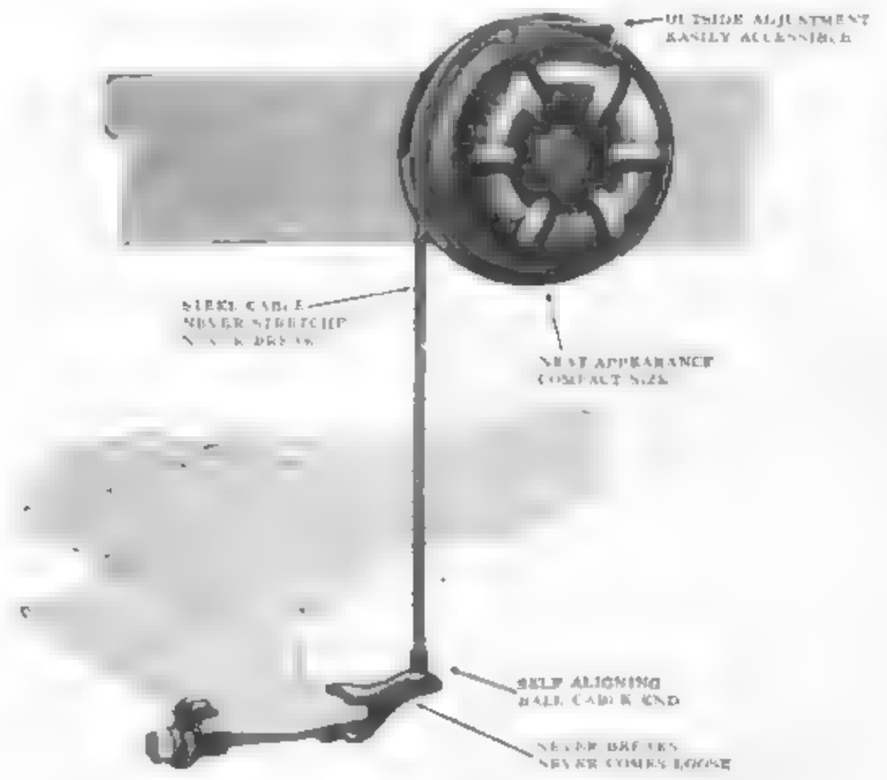

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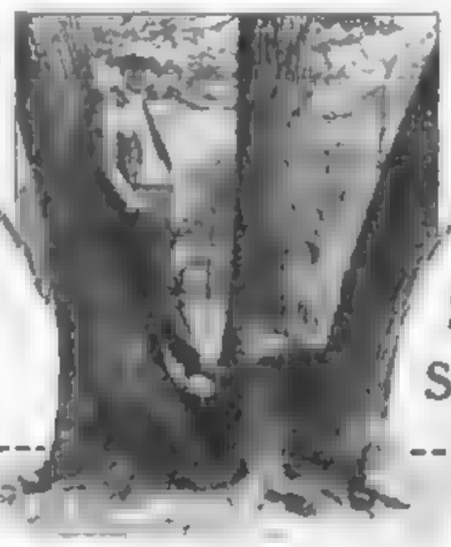
Robert H. Lavender of Ohio



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LIFE AMONG THE LABORERS

(Continued from Page 9

I believe that the laborer's pride in his work is sound and that the pity of the sentimentalist springs from a false conception. To me the accepted message of The Man With the Hoe is nonsense; I have no other word to describe it. I have studied the picture in the light of my own experience, and I feel that I have the true understanding of the old laborer. He has paused in his toil a moment to enjoy the anticipation of meat and rest. He is weary and hungry, but were he not so, what delight would he have from his supper and a pipe before the fire? There is no evidence in the picture that the man with the hoe is afflicted with rheumatism or any other physical ill. Why, in heaven's name, are we asked to sob over such a character? Seen realistically the picture can be enjoyed, for who except a dyspeptic could not be in sympathy with the longings of a laborer for the pleasures that await him at home when the day's work is done? But the sentimentalists go beyond this and torment themselves with a pity for the laborer which he would indignantly repel if it was personally bestowed.

There are pitiful laborers, of course, just as there are pitiful clerks, capitalists and kings. And there are men, besides, so lacking in energy and physical power that they have a pathetic appearance of worn-out drudges. But such men usually find easy jobs as street sweepers, clean-up men around mills or railroad yards, or they carry a watchman's clock. The virile laborer cannot bear the monotony of such occupations. He likes to feel the glow and exhilaration that come with perspiration; he rejoices in the swift exertion of tireless springing muscles; he even finds a peculiar pleasure in the hunger and weariness that come when the whistle sounds for food and rest.

The laborers of this stamp do the arduous and dangerous work of industry; they form the great mass of American toilers between the drudges and the craftsmen. Building and railroad construction laborers, loggers, lumber handlers, farmhands, cowboys, longshoremen, miners, oil-field workers, telephone linemen and laborers, and others of the same kind, make up their numbers. In all such occupations many jobs pay wages far above the going wage, and do not require any great skill or experience. "All a man needs is a weak head and a strong back," one is told by his fellows.

Top-Notch Lumber Pilers

In nearly all such employment, particularly in the mines and the lumber industry, the piecework system is used, and the husky and industrious laborer is allowed to profit by his powers. In the sawmill where I worked for the past year the men who piled the green lumber in drying stacks in the yard handled an average of sixty thousand feet per eight hours for each pair of pilers. Mark now that one man lifted a certain number of boards at one end, threw them over a jack, and then tilted the other end up to the man on the pile, who dragged them over his leather apron, and then dropped them precisely in place. Some piles were as high as twenty-two feet when completed. Of course the pilers did not stack the lumber at the rate of eight thousand feet per hour when they were topping piles, but they worked at a much faster rate when the pile was low. This means, for example, that two men would unload and pile more than fifteen pieces, one inch by six, sixteen feet long, for every minute they were on the job. Toomey and Olsen were the champion pilers of this region. These two husky Yanks, of Irish and Swedish ancestry, piled seventy-five thousand feet of two-by-twelves in eight hours for a record. This was green pine, mind you, and it was lifted, heaved up, carried and dropped into place under a blazing sun. Counting in the time spent in changing loads and moving to new piles, they handled a two-by-twelve, sixteen feet long, for every twelve seconds that they were on the job. Man-killing work! Well, every evening at five o'clock Olsen's nineteen-year-old son came for him in a six-cylinder sedan. Olsen had been piling lumber for twenty-eight years, and he looked good for ten more, at least. His earnings averaged around fifteen dollars a day. These two pilers were unusual, but not unique. No team of pilers in the yard made less than twelve dollars a day.

The contracting lumber piler is the sturdiest and the hardest worker in the field of manual labor, just as the structural-iron worker is the most daring and heroic. Such employment is not for everyone, of course. But between the fifteen-dollar-a-day lumber piler and the four-dollar-a-day drudge there is a vast variety of common-labor jobs. And each one pays according to what is required of the man who fills it. Most of them can be filled by the average unskilled man whose age is anywhere between eighteen and fifty-five, if he has energy and the ever necessary pride of labor. If such a man finds the job that is especially suited to him there is no honest reason why he should not like his labor, live well and save money, even though he has a family.

Seven-fifty a Day

A laborer may not be so complex an individual as an artist, but he is an individual, nevertheless, and a born woodsman can be as wretched working on a pipe line in a desert oil field as an opera star seeking artistic expression in the movies. I have had, as I count them, sixty-three jobs. I have worked at everything from crating cantaloupes in the Imperial Valley and mining coal in Colorado to pitching bundles of wheat in the Dakotas and branding baldfaced calves in Montana. I never really disliked any of it, but I never felt the true joy of muscular labor until I had donned a leather apron and was sliding green lumber across it from a sawmill sorting table. I had found—what is the word?—my *métier*. I think that was what I found. Anyhow a yearning for the feel of fresh pine boards bedevils me even now. I can see the row of lumber trucks in front of the long narrow platform. The conveyor chains on the sorting table are carrying a run of two-inch boards. Slim Dyer, my partner for a year, grabs the first one and heaves its end onto a load. I stand by the table, and as the other end of the board slides within my reach, I swing onto it, I lunge with it and slam the board into its place on the truck. In ten minutes we pull two thousand feet of lumber, and then the run is over. Then it is good to breathe deeply of the pine-scented air, to take a chew of snoose and spit against the wind, and swear that "they can't cover us up, hey, Slim?" And Dyer bawls back through a sweaty grin, "Yuh gol-dern' right they can't!" The band saws sing in the mill, the shrill cries of the planers rise over the vast rows of lumber piles in the yard. I see rough-clad, friendly faced men, comrades of labor. Once more I look on a great forest and walk in the shadows of mountains.

But to return to pertinent facts. I averaged seven dollars and a half per day on that job, and it suited me exactly. A friend of mind, an old cow-puncher who was riding for a ranch near the mill town, would refer to my job as one that he would not perform for twenty dollars a day. He would say, with engaging frankness, that my liking for such labor was a form of lunacy. It was his own peculiar delight to arise at four in the morning and then ride over rough range land for two or three days, eating nothing but the cold biscuits and bacon carried in a flour sack tied to his saddle, and sleeping on the ground. For this he received fifty dollars a month and board. Yet he was contemptuous of any other occupation. It is so with any laborer who has found the kind of work that is peculiarly suitable to him. Everywhere in the ranks of common labor there are men who have training, education and skill for easier and more remunerative occupations, but who prefer to do the harder labor which is more to their liking.

I have shown, I hope, that the notion that the laborer is a pitiful beast of burden is plain nonsense. He is, in fact, an upstanding, self-respecting man on the job, and he has pride and pleasure in his work. But can he live in comfort and security and engage in the pursuit of happiness as the fathers of the republic intended? Most employers charge a hospital fee, which insures the laborer first-class attention in case of sickness or accident. Workmen's compensation acts, group insurance, the safety-first movement, and pensions are now assurances of security in every industry. Everyone knows about them.

Everyone also knows that many laborers do not live in comfort; and this fact inspires all sorts of prophets and politicians

(Continued on Page 213)

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(Continued from Page 210)

to devise schemes and laws without number to bring about a toilers' Utopia. The Living Wage is a subject discussed every day in public forums and legislative halls. Ponderous debates about it will no doubt go on forever, because it is imaginary, and any debater can make it what he pleases. There is no true standard of living on which a living wage can be based. Each individual lives as best he can; and the standard of living varies with the individual. I know a married couple whose grocery bill is twenty-five dollars a month, and I know another couple who pay their grocer sixty dollars every month. And I know a family of five whose grocery bill was thirty dollars for one month. The breadwinners of these three families were on the same job and received the same wages, but it was the father of three children who had his home paid for, a car, and three thousand dollars in the savings bank. All three complained frequently about the high cost of living. So there you are.

I think that the truest estimate of what a worker *can* live well on should be taken from the highest *known* cost and not from the *supposed* lowest possible cost. This known cost can be figured from the sums charged by good workmen's boarding houses. In the West the weekly rate is now seldom less than nine dollars a week or more than eleven, an average of ten. In an inland mill town, two hundred miles from a main-line railroad, I paid eight dollars for board, and two dollars for a room with a private family, as the want ads phrase it. The room was comfortably furnished; it had four windows, there was running hot water, and a bath. My landlady had learned to cook on an Iowa farm. For breakfast I had an orange, a huge bowl of cereal, all the eggs and bacon I desired, and griddle cakes that could not be had for a million dollars in an ordinary restaurant. Meat and potatoes were the main foods for dinner and supper, of course, but there were also various vegetables and salads, and pastries and whipped-cream desserts of such richness that only a laborer could have eaten them without injury. The landlady admitted to making three dollars a week profit on each boarder. So I was not only having more food than I needed, but I was paying more for it than its actual cost.

The Plumber Defended

Even so, if I had been receiving the lowest wages paid in that region, four dollars and a quarter a day, I would have had fifteen dollars and fifty cents left over from my living expenses at the end of each week. As it was, I was earning seven dollars and a half a day, which left me thirty-five dollars a week, after my board and room rent were paid. I was earning this at work that required no particular skill, but only muscle and energy. I bought a seven-hundred-dollar car, and I laid off for eighteen days during the year to take vacation trips. And I had four hundred and eighty dollars in the bank when I quit. That means that approximately five hundred dollars was spent in other ways. No more than fifty dollars was spent for clothes, as I had, to begin with, three suits, five pairs of shoes, and other articles of clothing in like quantities. The rest went for the upkeep of my car, for laundry, tobacco, shows, and the inevitable et cetera. Very little of it went for alcohol; the laborer of today is sober, if his employer is not. If I had been injured or fallen sick a well-equipped hospital would have received me at no cost to me except the dollar a month I had been paying as a hospital fee. My life was insured, and I was insured against accident, without costing me a penny. With all this, and having a job that I liked, and knowing that the company and its foremen were fair and honorable, I was up and going at the least excuse. Now why is the labor turnover so great, even when such excellent conditions prevail? Why do laborers quit good jobs, when circumstances make it a foolish act?

The ecstatic radical will answer with a tornado of words which simply mean, as Marx and Engels stated it, that a laborer has nothing to lose but his chains. He moves because he is a beaten, oppressed creature searching for justice and freedom. The uplifter will declare that the roving laborer has a starved soul; he needs the ambrosia and nectar of the ideal. The politician blames the enemy party, or the Reds, or the big interests, according to his faith. Everyone who has a doctrine or scheme for the salvation of humanity is sure that his panacea will cure the laborer's discontent along with the other ills of the world. But the labor turnover is a mystery to employment managers and straw bosses, who know more about it than anyone else. "When they want to go nothing'll hold them," sums up what they have to say—excluding profanity about the problem.

My own humble but perhaps not ill-founded opinion is that the discontent of the worker comes from the same causes that make anyone else discontented. As he is human he cannot escape the most active evil that afflicts mankind, the devil of boredom. He gets a good job, he finds security, he saves money. As a rule he realizes his limitations and he sees little beyond his present position to hope for. And he has little to worry about. There are chances of promotion, but as he becomes familiar with the operations of the company for which he is working he learns of the troubles and responsibilities that go with the higher jobs, and he loses ambition for them. He might use his spare time to learn some skilled trade, but he does not want such work for the same reason that he will not do the easy labor that pays going wages. The sloth and slowness attributed to the average bricklayer and plumber are not due to moral turpitude, as some employers indignantly declare. They are due to the fact that few men not lacking in muscular and nervous energy can bear the monotony of such work. So when the born laborer becomes bored with his job in the mill he is off to the woods or to the harvest fields. At thirty or thirty-five he will choose some one occupation and work at it exclusively. As he grows older he stays longer on each job, and by the time he reaches the rheumatic age he has usually worked for one company long enough to be awarded a pension job. This is the single man of course.

The Ones Who Prosper

The married man works longer in one place, not because the system has a stronger grip on him, but because he has other interests than the shop. He will take any old job that provides a living. It is surprising how often the family man is satisfied with a job that pays little. But many married men are also often on the move, and this is frequently the fault of their wives. The enormous feminist propaganda has its influence here. The laborer's wife demands the privileges her more fortunate sisters have won; she is no longer the meek helpmate of her man. A lumber handler's spouse decides that she wants to live in the city, where she can have more enjoyment from life and where the children can go to the best schools. So the lumber handler moves and goes to work driving a truck. The truck driver, in turn, goes to the mill town because his wife thinks that the children will have better health there and that she will like the quietness and simplicity of small-town life.

As for the laborer who does stick to one place, he invariably prospers. I can name one man who has comfortably provided for eleven children while working for one company, and he has paid for a home and a three-thousand-dollar life-insurance policy besides. The first years of his married life he remained a laborer, but as more babies came he was compelled to learn a trade. He now earns eighty-four dollars a week as a saw filer.

But whether or not boredom is a main cause of the laborer's discontent and restlessness, it is a certainty that life often wearies him, and as the rich seek refuge in social gayety from this weariness, so does the man with hard hands. He dances and goes to the theater, he motors and swims, he fishes and he hunts. If he is single he spends an occasional winter in California.

The mill town where I have been working has a population of eight thousand. It is in a desert country, so the life of the town depends on the two mills, which give employment to more than two thousand men. The mill owners do not operate stores or let houses. Most of the residence streets are paved, and they are bordered by houses that were built by laborers for their own homes. Few of them cost more than four thousand, or less than two thousand dollars to build. There are some shacks in the town, of course, and also a few costly structures, but it is really a prosperous workingmen's town through and through. In such a place the stupid envy and snobbery that go with social distinctions are

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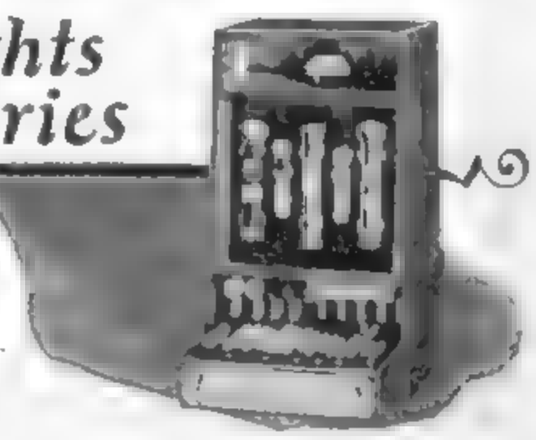

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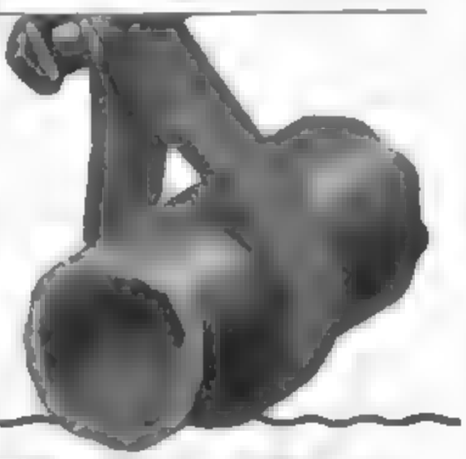

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not much in evidence. Friends are easily made; when a stranger comes to the town to work he goes to one of the boarding houses or gets a room in some home, and in a short time he can have as good a place in the community life as anyone. There are three movie theaters and a dozen pool-rooms in the town; three large dance floors, and several social halls are in constant use. Good roads lead to five mountain lakes and to splendid trout streams. The mills have a first-rate band. And there is baseball and the radio of course. Most of the pleasures that can be had anywhere in America by the man of average means are there to be enjoyed, and they are enjoyed extravagantly.

In considering the political life of the laborer one must always bear in mind that he has the instinct of discontent which all human creatures possess, whatever their circumstances. Contentment, like truth and perfection, is a term for an ideal condition which the nature of man will not permit him to reach. The man who lives by his muscle may find life quite tolerable, even agreeable, and he may have a full measure of pride and self-respect in his calling, but such alloys as boredom, envy and a tormenting restlessness are sure to be in the metal of his soul also. And it is this natural discontent of soul which makes him hearken to the political demagogue and the yawping radical.

Now the facts of his political condition are simple enough, and the laborer himself understands them. But who is logical in his politics? The political wrongs of the worker are the wrongs suffered by most Americans; his chief actual political grievance is the burden of taxes. The man whom I mentioned above as the father of eleven children told me that the taxes on his house and three lots amounted to ninety-six dollars for 1923. And he thought he was let down easy. The income tax has little effect on most laborers, but property taxes have become so high, in some of the Western states at least, that they sometimes amount to a sum that equals the rental value of a home.

The actual evidences of the tax situation seem to prove, however, that taxes are the rich man's burden. For every dollar paid by a poor man a rich man pays hundreds for the construction and maintenance of public works, and the poor man has equal privileges in them.

This the laborer will admit in private discussion, but when the political demagogue takes the platform and with juicy rhetoric declares that the rich man has a good time and the poor man has none, that Crœsus enjoys luxuries while the slave sweats, he somehow makes the laborer believe that such gaudy phrases are a solution of economic problems and that the phrase monger is a leader with a great message, that he is an inspired Messiah, a deliverer. But in time the laborer is always forced to make the old tongue-worn query, "What has that bird ever done for the workin' man anyway?"

Political Indifference

Laborers are, as a rule, little interested in the grim realities of politics, not even in those of the town where they live and which directly concern them. As a matter of curiosity I have often asked my friends if they had ever written a letter to their congressman or senator. I have never yet received an affirmative answer. The plain American will respond to the appeal of a picturesque or theatrical personality in politics, but its complex actualities weary him.

It is much the same in industrial politics. The laborer can easily learn to hate the ogre of capitalism that frowns and threatens so frightfully in the radical fairy tales, but it is impossible for him to identify such a fabulous monster with the harassed-looking manager who hurries through the plant. He knows of the promotions that may be worked for and won. He knows that if he comes to the plant at a certain time and goes through eight hours of muscular exercise he will have a living for himself and family, and enjoy a free and happy life that has only personal worries and responsibilities. So that is why the American laborer is safe from the snares of the visionaries, so long as his inalienable rights are not denied him. He has the intelligence and courage to defend these rights without either the aid of roughneck leadership or of guidance from the intelligentzia. And he also has the intelligence and fairness to consider the reality of his employer's problems and necessities and the honest facts of his own circumstances.

Everyone knows that it is the increase of alien laborers in this country that gives strength to any radical movement. The radical leaders, who are baffled by the half-hearted support or complete indifference of the native laborer, and who are bitterly resisted by the realistic leaders of the skilled workers, find the aliens to be docile followers. The alien has been reared with a tradition of oppression, which he brings to this country, and here he finds that he can revolt with comparative impunity. There are strong organizations with powerful leaders who welcome him as a comrade in the ranks. It is true of course that the least desirable employment has been left for the newcomers; there are industrial regions in America that need Americanization as much as the aliens who revolt there. This need anyone will recognize without admitting the worth of the principles of organizations which feed on such conditions and gain strength from such revolts. Their aim is to revolutionize the whole nation; they abhor such an industrial town as I have described even more than any tyranny in industry.

Neither does the common laborer have much love for the trades unions. It was a union policy for many years to urge employers to increase the wages for skilled labor at the expense of the unorganized toilers. The railroad brotherhoods went to the extreme in this policy, and as a result the railroad section laborers have always been the lowest paid group of laborers in the country. During a strike the strikers flock to the unorganized jobs. I asked a striking railroad shopman who was trying to learn to handle lumber if he did not think that was a form of scabbing. He was astounded. "Scabbing on a workhorse job like this? You're bughouse. Anyway you sawdust savages ain't got no union." Union men are a clannish lot and they usually make scant effort to conceal their feeling of superiority over the common run of workers. The plain laborer resents this, and his resentment, added to his instinctive contempt for work that demands only patience, the capacity for monotony and an acquired skill, makes him hostile to all that the word "unionism" implies.

Working Conditions Improving

Each decade brings such marked improvement in the condition of the laborer that with all his harassments and temptations there is only the smallest chance of his ever having a genuine faith in any extravagant political or economic delusion. Just as the average employer has come to regard his factories as industrial communities rather than personal instruments of power, so has the average laborer come to feel that the interests of his employer are his own. I know that during the past ten years in the Northwestern lumber industry there has been a striking increase in the productivity of each laborer to match the higher wages, the greater security and the better living conditions that he is enjoying. This has come about with little industrial conflict or political action. Wherever such conditions prevail the threat of radicalism is the feebiest and the union organizer has to go to work.

Well, these are the main facts about the American common laborer, as I see them after fifteen years on sixty-three jobs in a dozen states. It is the life that gives the most freedom and the least responsibility. I can do work with my muscles that brings me forty-five dollars a week, and while I work, my thoughts can rove about the world, for they are not hired by my employer; they are free. I can feel a pride and physical pleasure in the performance of such work. I enjoy the comradeship of unpretentious men. I prefer girls who are happy in a kitchen and who are glad to ride in a flivver or trot out on a public dance floor. I like to sleep sound and eat hearty. I like to live where I can read either Balzac or Bugs Baer without discussing them. I like to live as far as possible from the influence of the self-appointed leaders, uplifters and saviors of poor old humanity. I can come nearer finding the life I like as a laborer than at any other occupation. And I plan to return to a common job. But shall I? I do not know. If I were a walking delegate or a throbbing radical I should know everything. But as it is I do not even know what I am going to do.

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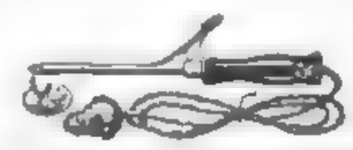

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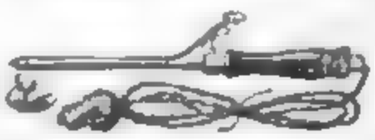

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THE LOST GOSPEL

Continued from Page 5

Already the Arabs were at their devotions—making kibla, as it is called—washing their hands in the sand, prostrating themselves, and praying with a quick glance over each shoulder and a muttered ejaculation to drive away the evil spirits supposed to be lurking behind them. To Calthrop, sitting alone upon his hajin and looking down upon them from the top of the gherd, it no longer seemed fantastic that these children of the desert should people it with jinn and houris, see the finger prints of Allah upon the drifting sands and hear the voices of his angels in the lisp of the night wind along the wadis.

The setting sun burning upon Calthrop's back told him that he, like the rest of them, was facing the sacred Kaaba a thousand miles away, toward which amidst this desolate waste of sand they turned as unerringly as the compass needle swings to the magnetic pole. He had always thought of the desert as a dead thing like the surface of the moon; odorless, silent, for the most part motionless; a place of intolerable solitude. To his surprise he had found it quite otherwise, even amid the fantastic desolation of the apparently lifeless dunes. It had not amazed him to find the flat stony plain about Bukara spotted with gray gorse, a grazing ground for sheep and camels, to see long lines of hamlas come stalking over the horizon's rim laden with ivory and feathers from Wadai and Lake Chad, to find the news of the Near East discussed with passionate earnestness by fadhling caravans; in a word, to find the Western Desert teeming with activity. But what astounded him was that here, far from the routes of the Jalo, Anjela, Siwa, Jaghabub and Darfur caravans, amid the weird, curly hummocks that stretch like an ice flow between Bukara and the Fayum, frequented only by the scattered descendants of the fierce bandits who lurked there in the days of the Romans, where all vegetable growth is extinct and not even a desiccated bush breaks the blinding smoothness of the surface, where no jackal or cony can survive, and where water does not exist—that here he should feel no loneliness, but on the contrary a curious sense of familiarity with it all, as if he had been born, lived and perhaps died there. He was filled with an exalted sense of the power and mystery of God, the unity of all things physical and spiritual, of being guided and directed, of his own essential participation in the affairs of an unseen world. The wind bore across the ridges a faint odor of myrrh, a curious scent of the desert, of the untarnished earth itself; it lifted the white sand from the crests of the gherds and sent it trickling, sifting and whispering in tiny avalanches down into the hatias, seeming to drive the snowy dunes before it like the billows of a mighty sea that swept on and on, irresistible, relentless, inevitable, like the tide submerging whatever came in its way. Indeed, Professor Troy had said that the gherds did move and for that reason were known as traveling dunes; that once the whole Libyan Desert was a well-watered and fertile country supporting a considerable degree of civilization, but that gradually the desert sea that washed the southern edges of its oases had encroached upon and smothered the inhabitants, filling their cisterns, absorbing their lakes, blotting out their villages and towns, rising higher and higher until it submerged even their temples and their hills, driving the population toward the seaboard on the one hand and the Nile upon the other.

From the hatia rose the pungent scent of dung-fed fires and the grumbling roar of the camels. The black goats'-hair tents had been pitched and the water girbas and bales of supplies arranged in a zareba, or hollow square. Supper would be ready in a few minutes. Calthrop was ready for it in spite of his swollen tongue, his burning throat, his inflamed eyes and his cracked lips and gums. He had expected and discounted all that. What he had not fully previsioned was the vast waste of sand through which now for nearly a week the camels had patiently struggled up and down, slipping and sliding, sinking at times almost to their knees. There were no tracks of any sort. Whatever wandering Bedouin might pass that way left no trace behind him—*spurlos versenkt*. The sun, the wind, and Jerdi, the North Star, are the only guides in this part of the Western Desert. Yet the guide, Mohammed Ali Ibrahim ben Rahim, had never faltered. But another day and they must find water. The camels could last but three or four more at most.

He swept with his glasses the sea of foaming breakers that came rushing toward him, one behind the other, higher and higher. A wisp of sand curled lightly along the top of the gherd like a whiplash. The hajin raised its head, which it had lowered almost to its knees, and wriggled its cushioned lips. It, like its rider, felt a call to something. Then the light dimmed to purple and at the same instant his eye caught a gara, or tabular hill, strangely rectangular in this tipsy curving world. It might, of course, be a trick of shadow, but he knew that a straight shadow can be cast only by a straight line. He looked again. Behind the gara, clearly defined against the side of one of the gherds, was a pyramidal gray patch. He glanced back over his shoulder. The sun was sinking in a whorl of flamingo feathers. The cohorts of the gherds gleamed with purple and gold. Calthrop tightened his rein and plunged down the other side of the dune, urging his hajin to top speed.

There is no twilight in the desert. The sun dies in a single iridescent moment. Yet when, ten minutes later, Calthrop pulled in his sweating hajin there was still light enough for him to determine that what towered above him against the pale saffron of the afterglow was beyond peradventure the peak of a pyramid. In three tiers it rose to a point fifty feet above the floor of the hatia, terminating in a single massive block. On three sides the ingulfing sand rose nearly to the top, then fell away sharply on the fourth, revealing cracks and apertures almost large enough to permit the passage of a human being.

Breathless, he peered through the dusk along the hatia. Surely it had a curious and significant regularity of form—this sandy ravine in the lee of the gherd—like a giant avenue. He hobbled the hajin and walked along the hatia for a hundred yards until, climbing imperceptibly, he found himself standing upon the top of the gara. His hobnails grated harshly; he kicked and struck stone; he was standing upon the pylon of a submerged temple. Kurafra!

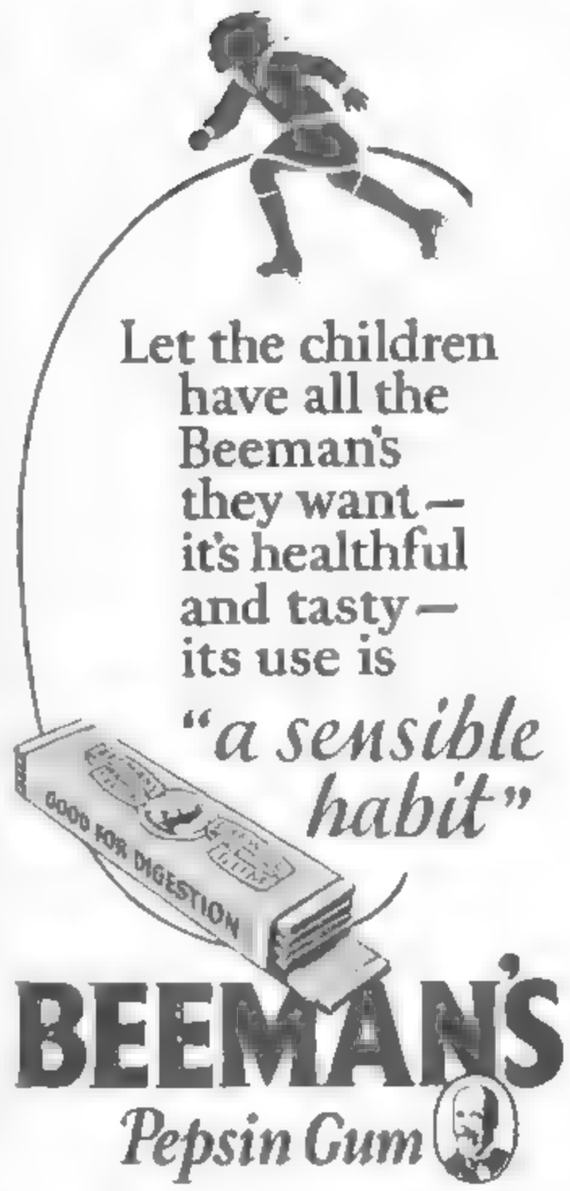
He stood there stirred to his heart's core at the visions conjured by his imagination. Here beneath his feet Amenhotep or Rameses the Great, or possibly even Nimrod, the Assyrian conqueror, had marked the western boundary of his kingdom. Here under the lash had strained thousands of slaves, glistening black giants from Ethiopia, from Numidia and from the distant oases of the west. Here some proud monarch, now a mummy, had raised his shrine to the great Ammon and, reclining with his queen like an Egyptian Canute upon the rim of the desert sea, had looked out across the sandy waves and bidden them to advance no farther. How they had mocked him!

The line of light on the western horizon had vanished. Like lamps turned on by an unseen hand, the firmament unexpectedly blazed with stars. Above, the night was girdled with a sash of silver dust.

Calthrop realized that he could not possibly find his way back to the camp in the dark, but the Arabs would know that he must be near by and he could rejoin them at daylight. With blanket, haversack, canteen and shamadan, or wind candle, he could be perfectly comfortable. Flashlight in hand, he began looking for a likely spot to sleep. Throwing the circle of light along the surface of the pyramid, he examined the crevices until he found one large enough to creep into, and then worked his body through the aperture and crawled along, turning the ray of light ahead toward the interior. Reddish brown, the rough sandstone leaped toward him, then the gleam lost itself in darkness to reflect a darker surface some thirty feet distant.

Getting to his feet again, Calthrop fished his baggage through the crack behind him, and clasping it in his arms crept along the sandy floor into the chamber, or hollow, under the dome. Clearly he was not the first to be there, for in one corner lay the charred remains of a fire and not far off the skeleton of a sheep. There was also about half an alof, or bundle of fodder, and this he took outside and tossed to the hajin. Then he lit the shamadan, spread out his blanket and prepared to make himself at home.

By the time he had eaten the contents of his haversack, drunk the hot coffee from his



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vacuum bottle and lit a cigarette he was in a mood of exultation. It was reasonably certain that he was sitting in one of the pyramids that fringed the once-fertile strip watered in ancient times by the great Wadi al Fardi, which had flowed through Taizerbo to Jaghabub and thence past the oasis of Siwa to the Nile. Henceforth Kurafra would no longer be a myth but an actuality. But for h w long? As vain to attempt to dam the ocean as these steadily advancing dunes of sand. Another year or so and pyramid and temple might disappear forever.

Lifting the shamadan above his head, Calthrop examined the walls. They were devoid of ornamentation. This upper chamber obviously had played no part in the religious functions of the priesthood of Amon-Ra. There was no means of telling whether the last visitor had been there ten, ten hundred or ten thousand years ago. Higher up where the walls drew closer together it was harder to see, and Calthrop, who was an agile climber, managed to get a few good handholds and swing himself up nearly to the capstone. For a moment, badly winded, he hung there in the darkness like a bat, looking down between his feet at the glow from the shamadan. Then holding himself by one hand while he braced himself with his feet, he peered with the flashlight into every aperture.

Everywhere it caught on rough ocher-red surfaces except one, where some smaller stones had been heaped together. Pushing them aside he disclosed a blackened box, or receptacle, about eighteen inches square. His position was awkward; he had but a single free hand and that held the light, and as he shifted the object to his shoulder his foot slipped. For a moment or two he swung there and then fell heavily to the floor below, striking his head a violent blow against the edge of his find.

When he came to himself he found that he was severely bruised from head to foot and suffering from a sprained wrist. The flashlight was smashed to atoms. He lay there several minutes more, trying to collect himself, while the wind shrieked and roared through the cracks of the pyramid.

The gibleh had brought the sand storm and it was evidently centering among the ruins of Kurafra. And then Calthrop remembered the casket, and in spite of his pain crawled to his knees and shifted the light from the shamadan this way and that along the floor until he found it lying unharmed nearby. The hide of which it was made was black with age and hard as iron, and the peculiar shapelessness of the affair gave it somewhat the appearance of an enormous dried shark's egg. With the shamadan elevated upon his haversack, he sat down and lifted the casket upon his knees. As he did so he found that he was trembling.

"Nonsense!" he said aloud. "It's probably empty anyhow!"

His heart beat like a tom-tom as he grasped the cover, and when he attempted to lift it the leather hinges broke, discharging a small cloud of fine dust. Raising the shamadan above his head, Calthrop looked inside.

III

"I LIFTED the shamadan above my head and looked inside," said Calthrop. "Try to picture to yourself what a tremendous moment that was for me! I was pretty well done after six days on camel back. I'd traveled nearly two hundred and fifty miles. I'd fallen twenty feet and given my head a beastly knock. I'd just discovered the ruins of a city that no white man knew existed. I was more or less lost in the heart of the Libyan Desert. I didn't know whether I was ever going to get back or not, and I had a queer feeling that I wasn't alone in the place. I can't explain it.

"All those elements combined to give the performance a curious feeling of unreality. Was I there, or was I dreaming it? Or was I someone else? Was I sitting cross-legged inside a pyramid five thousand years old, holding this thing on my knees, or where was I? And outside the gibleh was shrieking like all the demons of hell let loose, and the sand came rattling and sifting through the cracks and swirling across the floor. The shamadan flickered and burned blue. I seemed to hear shouts and screams all around, above and below. And that box wasn't mine! Yes, I confess it, I hesitated a few seconds before lifting the cover. And then I did! At first I couldn't make out anything, and then I saw there was a mess of papers and —— Well, I'll show you what I found, exactly as I found it."

Calthrop got up from the dinner table at which they were seated and went to his cabin. He had returned from his trip only that afternoon, but the members of the party had already learned the details from General Hunter of how the caravan had nearly perished of thirst seven days from Bukara, had been found by a flyer sent out by the Frontier Districts Administration, and how Calthrop himself had been finally rescued by a troop of the Camel Corps Patrol under Major Bagley himself.

He was hollow-eyed, burned black, with cracked lips, almost a wreck, but obviously laboring under an exhilaration that approached hysteria. Something had happened to the man; something that had profoundly affected him; something concerning which they had not cared to ask him.

He returned, carrying the casket in his arms, and they watched him breathlessly as he held it above the candles. The only sound was the lap of the current against the river bank, the scream of the frogs, the chanting of the sailors, to the faint pulsations of the daraboukeh. Through the plate-glass windows of the saloon a white moon looked in upon a table decorated with flowers and silverware. The Princess Zeeka, smoking a tiny cigarette in a long jade holder, sat with her chin in her hands, her elbows among the wineglasses, her eyes fastened expectantly upon Calthrop's face.

"Move those glasses, will you?" he said to his sister. "Push the candles nearer together please, excellency. Yes, I want you all to have the story just as it unfolded itself to me, step by step. What that box contained might have changed the whole history of civilization!"

He waited while Miss Calthrop arranged the glasses, then placed the box in the center of the table and opened it.

"This is what I found!"

And Calthrop held up to their astonished gaze a Roman short sword and scabbard, with its accompanying belt, thickly studded with semiprecious stones. Even after two thousand years the facets of the jewels reflected the candlelight undimmed. Professor Troy examined it carefully.

"Extraordinary! It is of the time of Tiberius. Congratulations, Calthrop. You'll be famous. Even the coins of Hadrian found in the Fayum created a sensation, and they were nothing to this."

But the princess looked slightly disappointed.

"I see that you were joking," she said. "All you meant was that a sword might have changed the destinies of Europe."

"Wait a moment," he answered excitedly. "No, I did not refer to the sword, but to something else—that the box once contained."

"What was that?" asked Ismail Bey. "And what has become of it?"

"These will tell you," he replied, lifting a bundle of letters. "Do you read German easily?" he asked the princess.

"I do not like to read German," answered Zeeka.

"Give them to me. I will make a try at it," said Professor Troy. "I spent three years at Heidelberg in my extreme youth."

"How soiled they are!" exclaimed the princess. "I am glad I do not have to read them."

"Do you remember our conversation about Christianity the evening before I left," went on Calthrop, "and how the professor told us about the legend of the Lost Gospel, and suggested that ——"

"By George, Calthrop!" exploded Troy. "This is a letter from William Hohenzollern, former Emperor of Germany!"

"That does not interest me in the least," remarked the princess.

Troy wiped his glasses and spread the crumpled sheet upon the snowy damask before him.

"Liston," he commanded.

"'AT THE MANEUVERS,
"'August 20, 1913.

"'*My dear Harnach-Hulsen:* I trust that by this time you are safely at Jerusalem. You remember our interesting talk about a year ago, when Cardinal Kopp, Prince-Bishop of Breslau, and our friends Von Tirpitz and Von Bernhardi were present, and we discussed the biological aspect of war. At that time your remarks struck me as of great force. When you have the time I should be glad to have you set them down in writing. I shall see that they are disseminated through the proper educational, military and ecclesiastic channels, in order that the virility of my people may not be

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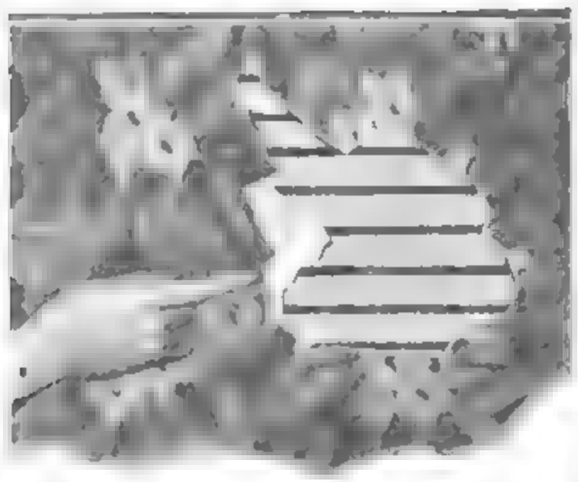

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"'In answer to the query in your last letter, I distinguish between two different kinds of revelation—a progressive historical revelation and a purely religious one, paving the way to the future coming of the Messiah. As to the first, there is not the smallest doubt in my mind that God constantly reveals himself through the human race created by Him, through some great savant or priest or king, whether among the heathens, Jews or Christians.

"'The second kind of revelation, the more religious kind, is that which is introduced from Abraham onward, slowly, but with foresight, all-wise and all-knowing, the actual revelation of the Almighty.

"'Is not His Word our authority? Delitzsch, as a good theologian, should not forget that our great teacher Luther taught us to sing and believe, *Das Wort sie sollen lassen stehn.*

"'It must be our guide, until the Messiah, announced and foreshadowed by the prophets and psalmists, shall at last declare himself. In what form or when the Messiah may appear no one knows. It may be in the far future or he may be on earth among us even now, unrevealed save to those who perceive and understand, beggar or emperor. But the day arrives!

"'Unfortunately the condition of her majesty has become worse. My heart is filled with the most grievous sorrow. God with us!

With heartiest thanks and many greetings, I remain always,

"'Your sincere friend,

"'WILLIAM I. R.'"

"A characteristic epistle, but not highly illuminating," declared Ismail Bey. "What else have you got there, Calthrop?"

"Did not this same emperor recently remarry?" the Princess Zeeka inquired of Troy.

The professor ignored her, for he regarded her as a bore. Besides, he was engaged at that moment in wondering whom William had in mind in penning the words "beggar or emperor."

"Yes, dear lady, he did remarry," answered Ismail Bey. "But having deprived him of the occupation of war, you should not begrudge him the consolation of love."

"The next in order is Harnach-Hulsen's answering letter to the Kaiser," said Calthrop. "Will you help us out again, professor?"

Troy nodded.

"I knew Harnach-Hulsen years ago at Heidelberg. I recall him chiefly as a duelist for the Saxe-Gothas. He had quite a record."

"Well, here is his letter. It is a long one. Take your time."

Professor Troy drew his chair toward the table so that the candlelight fell upon the bundle of sheets in his hand. They were covered with a fine running script.

"He dates his epistle from the Pyramid Emperor William II," he remarked dryly, glancing at his host.

"'Jan. 29, 1914.

"'*Imperial and Royal Majesty and All-Highest Lord:* With most humble gratitude I acknowledge Your Majesty's wire received at Cairo. I can already say without egotism that Your Majesty's interest in this expedition has borne surprising fruit. I have in fact made discoveries of the highest archæological importance, in their way rivaling those of Schliemann.

"'To take matters in order: After leaving Bukara we proceeded northeastwards toward the Fayum for five days without finding water, although assured by our Berbers that there were desert wells within a distance of two hundred and fifty kilometers. They may have had some sinister plan. I do not trust these people. The only way to get along with them is by dominating them absolutely. The traveling was exceedingly difficult owing to the immense dunes of white sand thrown up by the wind, which drift quite a long distance each year. To cross these dunes is slow and exhausting work, and it is better where possible to follow the hatias between them and to cross at the low places. It is hard to shape any very definite course.

"'However, on the seventh day, about sunset, when our camels were giving signs of exhaustion, I thought I saw from the top of one of the dunes, at a distance of about a mile, something projecting from the sand that looked like an outcropping of limestone. To my great excitement this proved to be the top of a small pyramid almost entirely submerged; and shortly, at about the right distance, we came upon the two pylons of a temple. It is probable that had we not discovered these they would have been obliterated entirely by the moving sands within a few years.

"'Here we established our camp and, having measured and photographed the surface remains, began excavating on the side of the pyramid toward the temple, where the stones appeared to have been previously tampered with.

"'We are proceeding slowly also to excavate the outer surface of the pylons, and have already laid bare not only the usual hymns to Amon-Ra and Sebek, the crocodile god, but also inscriptions made during the reign of Darius and added to by Nektanebes, as well as a Greek inscription in sixty-six lines dating from the second year of the reign of the Emperor Galba, A.D. 69. We have named the pyramid, subject to your gracious permission, the Pyramid of the Emperor William II.

"'We broke very easily through the outer wall of the pyramid and found a rough passage leading to an unfinished empty chamber. Charred embers and a roll of matting upon the floor showed that robbers had once used it for a hiding place. Concealed in a recess, we found a small chest containing a jeweled belt and short sword, a few gold coins and a papyrus many meters in length. This last appears to be a sort of journal, in the form of a letter addressed to the Emperor Tiberius at Capri by one Gaius Marcus Claudius Silenus, a Roman gentleman traveling in the East under the imperial protection. The Latin text is hard to decipher, probably owing to the fact that it was written in many different localities and under varying conditions. I am translating it as fast as I can with due regard for our other work.

"'The manuscript is dated at Thebes, in the seven hundred and sixty-sixth year of the founding of the city of Rome, and after the customary complimentary salutations to Tiberius begins with a brief statement that the writer, having killed many crocodiles and lions—these last with the aid of hunting cheetahs of the celebrated breed trained by the Ptolemys—has learned of the ruins of an ancient city called Kurafra lying on the edge of the Western Desert, which he contemplates visiting.

"'He then proceeds to give a long and unnecessarily detailed account of his travels in Cappadocia, Armenia and Syria, where he was the guest of Herod Antipas, tetrarch of Galilee, on his way to Cæsarea to stay with his cousin, Claudia Procula, wife of Pontius Pilatus, the procurator of Judea. He describes Herod as a drunkard, unfit for kingship, and laboring under the delusion of being the Messias of the Jews, and declares that he caused the murder of Iokanaan because the latter denied the truth of his claim. I regard this as of some historic interest, as it is in flat contradiction of Josephus.

"'I find the work of translating the papyrus most fatiguing, as I have broken my reading glasses. The manuscript contains a description of the miraculous healing of Joanna, the wife of Chuza, Herod's chief steward, by the thaumaturge known as Jesus, or Joshua, of Nazareth, whom Iokanaan had proclaimed to be the Messias of the Jews, and who was working many miracles throughout Galilee and Samaria. Silenus writes that there is no question about the authenticity of the various cures, since Chuza and Joanna are truthful people, as is also Jairus, a prominent citizen of Capernaum, whose little daughter was brought back to life by the prophet. He also tells how a Jew named Lazarus was similarly raised from the dead, and recounts many restorations of lepers, paralytics, palsied, deaf and dumb, and those officially certified as insane. He describes the great excitement attendant upon these miracles, and mentions a letter that he has received from Claudia Procula, his cousin, asking him to look into the matter with a view to the possibility of inducing the prophet to come to Jerusalem to try to cure Pilate of diabetes.

"'Silenus then tells of how he went on in the company of Herod Antipas, Herodias

(Continued on Page 220)

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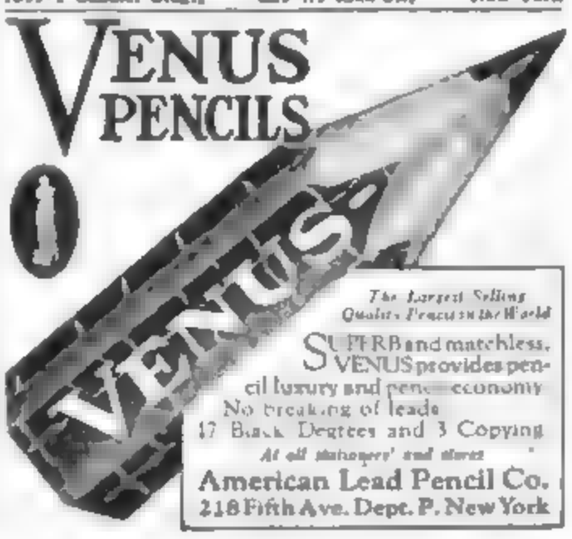

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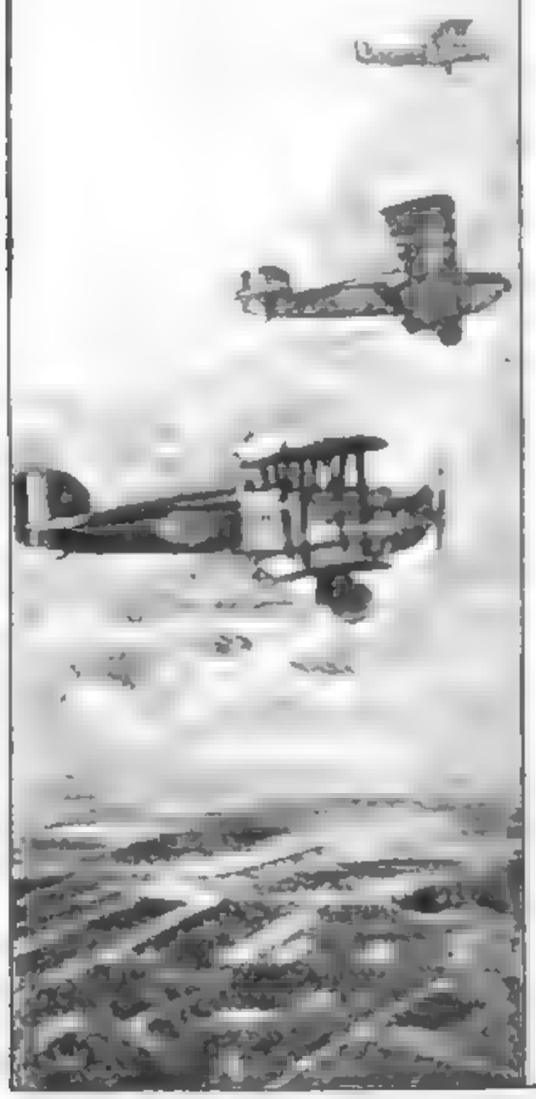

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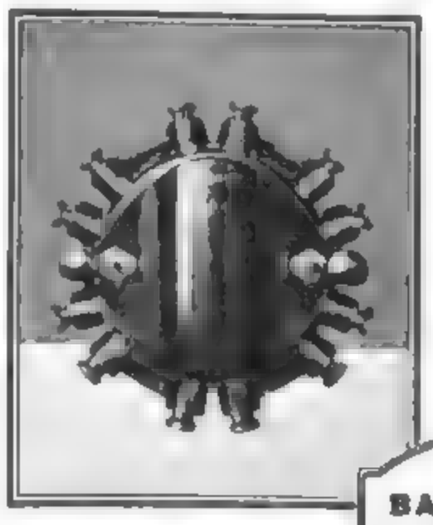

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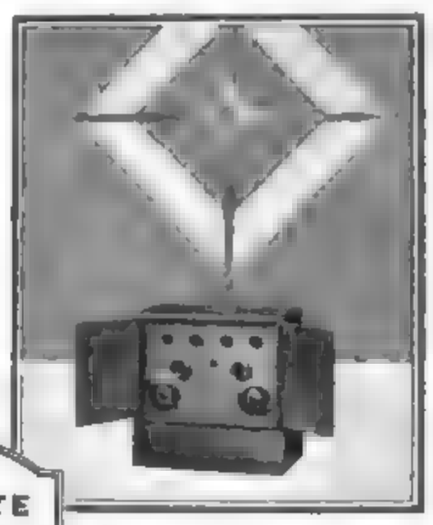

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Continued from Page 218

and Salome, her daughter, to Jerusalem, where Pilate, who had come up from Cæsarea for the Feast of the Passover, was occupying the palace of Herod the Great. He describes how annoyed Antipas is at finding the palace in which he was brought up as a boy commandeered by the Romans and how it has resulted in a certain coldness between himself and the tetrarch, whom he had just been visiting on the friendliest terms. Here he finds to his surprise that his cousin Procula is already, without as yet having seen Christ, more than half a convert to his teachings, fully believing that he is the long-foretold Messias of the Jews. He also related how Pilate is very unpopular with all classes, but particularly the Pharisees, and how they are always plotting his removal by trying to lead him into acts giving the impression that he is disloyal to the emperor.

"'Then comes a description of Christ's entry into Jerusalem, his cleansing of the temple, and of his accusation by the officers of the Sanhedrin of treason to Cæsar, as a result of which he is placed under arrest and brought before Pilate.

"'Next follows an account of how Silenus is sent secretly to Christ with an offer of freedom if he would cure Pilate of disease, which is refused, and of the trial of Christ, with its background of political plot and counterplot. Pilate, fearful that unless he accedes to the demand of the Sanhedrin and turns Christ over to them he will be accused of treason to Rome, recalls the presence of Herod in the city and accordingly seeks to escape responsibility for either the release or the delivery of the prisoner to the Jews by sending Silenus to Herod with the suggestion that, as Christ is a Galilean, he comes within the latter's jurisdiction. But the tetrarch is too wily to be caught and sends the prisoner back to Pilate at the prætorium, inwardly pleased at the dilemma in which the Roman procurator finds himself.

"'Silenus describes how Pilate, realizing that he cannot evade his duty, becomes greatly disturbed, and representing that he will take the case under advisement sends Silenus to Christ to interrogate him as to his actual doctrines and to determine whether they are treasonable. Procula, unknown to her husband, insists on going with him. They find Christ in a dungeon of the Sanhedrin and have a lengthy conversation with him. They also seek him out later and continue the discussion of various phases of his doctrines, more particularly with respect to the ultimate determination of contested issues.

"'I cannot say that these alleged interpretations of Christ's philosophy, even if genuine, add anything to the German theory of culture so often elucidated by Your Royal and Gracious Majesty to Von Bernhardi, Von Tirpitz and myself. In fact it may so easily cause a natural confusion and misunderstanding as to our biological point of view that it perhaps would better be suppressed in the higher interests of the state. I am in grave doubt as to what course to pursue, as any suspicion of our discovery on the part of the public would doubtless result in the demand for a complete disclosure, the refusal of which might arouse unfavorable inference.

"'Would that Your Gracious Majesty were here to direct my thoughts into harmony with the purposes of Almighty God! I am writing this letter in the unlikely hope that I may be able to transmit it to Bukara by some passing caravan.

"'To my great satisfaction, I learned from your telegram that there had been an improvement in the health of Her Majesty. May God help further.

"'With the deepest respect, unlimited fidelity and gratitude, I am, All-Highest, Your Imperial and Royal Majesty's most humble servant,

"'MAX HARNACH-HULSEN.'"

"Mashallah!" shouted Ismail Bey. "Where is this papyrus?"

He started to look into the casket, but Calthrop restrained him by a touch upon the shoulder.

"A moment, excellency, if you please! Let us take one thing at a time. There is still one other paper—an unfinished letter from Trent to his mother. That letter I will read to you myself:

"'PYRAMID WILLIAM II.

"'Jan. 29, 1914.

"'*Dearest mother:* At last I can tell you the marvelous news! We've found Kurafra! Do you realize what that means? You can't blame me for being excited. Who wouldn't be? But Kurafra is nothing to what we found there! Our caravan had a terrible time crossing the dunes, and we were nearly all in when we found the pyramid that marks the site. Of course we both went nearly crazy. I'm sure Harnach-Hulsen would have got drunk if there had been anything to get drunk on but laghbi. As it was, he made a long speech and toasted the Kaiser in lukewarm coffee. Then he had a sort of dedication ceremony and baptized the pyramid. "I name thee Wilhelm der Zweite." It was funny as anything, although he took it dead seriously.

"'I didn't grudge it to him, for I found the Lost Gospel! H-H didn't! He may claim to, but he didn't! I got climbing around inside the peak of old Wilhelm Secundus, and there it was, in a box, where it had lain for nineteen hundred years! You see, Marcus Claudius Silenus, who wrote it to send to the Emperor Tiberius, evidently hadn't time to finish it at Jerusalem and so he took it along with him when he started off to hunt for Kurafra in 31 A. D. H-H says that what undoubtedly happened was that Silenus was murdered by robbers who hid their booty in the pyramid and forgot to come back for it, or were killed or something.

"'Anyhow, we've got it! And it's the greatest find since the Sinaitic parchment, the Codex Aleph as they call it, and infinitely more important. For it is an actual Fifth Gospel, in which the writer has written down with the greatest care the exact words of Christ about a lot of things that have always been the subject of argument. For example, regarding the individual ownership of property. But, far more important, his ideas about war! This wonderful old papyrus is going to change everything. The language is so simple, yet so beautiful and convincing. Only to think that the fingers that wrote the letters that are lying now before me had just touched those of Jesus! I can't sleep. I can hardly eat. With this direct revelation and injunction from Christ's own lips, there can never be any such thing as war again!

"'Harnach-Hulsen does not seem very well. I am afraid the heat has done him up. He has been acting very queer and grouchy for a couple of days. He ——'"

"Why did he not finish the letter?" asked Zeeka.

"That you must judge for yourself." Calthrop placed the letter with the others and poured himself a glass of brandy and soda.

"Now to go back a little, let me resume my narrative. I've told you how I fell with the casket in my arms and hit my head and probably passed out for a while; and how I finally came to, grubbed around for the box and opened it. Finding the sword, of course, gave me a stupendous kick; but naturally it was nothing to the thrill I got out of the letters. I'd give a lot to be able to paint the thing for you exactly as it was."

He hesitated, put down his glass and fumbled for his words.

"You see, a very queer sort of thing happened. I'm the last person in the world for that kind of an experience. The wind was raising Cain all around and through the pyramid and the flame of my shamadan kept flickering—what's the word they use?—'guttering,' I guess—and made weird shadows all over the place and gave me a feeling that I was not alone in there. I could feel—presences—emanations or something. And as I read the letters—it's hard for me to explain—I can only describe it by saying that I lost my time sense; or rather, as it were, I saw time as a whole going both ways at once. I—well, I seemed to be detached from the whole business. It was as if everything had telescoped—reversed itself or something—and turned inside out. It was quite weird, I can tell you."

He shut his eyes and passed his hand across his forehead.

"Of course the bang on my head had something to do with it, no doubt—exhaustion and all that—but I found myself looking very intently at the flame of the shamadan. I suppose there is such a thing as autohypnosis. Anyhow, at first it seemed to be just a blur of radiance. The air was full of flying sand and the flame danced and wavered and tore at the wick—and right there It—whatever It was happened."

He pulled one of the candles in front of him. Through the window a broad, glittering moon path lay like a silver drugget

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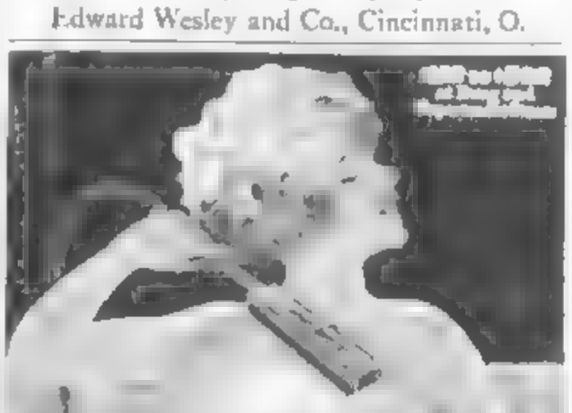

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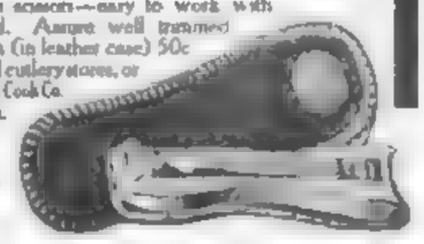

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across the Nile. Calthrop pointed into the flame.

"As I looked," he said slowly, "the blur focused—if you get what I mean—and everything became very clear—and distinct and still—and small. I seemed to be inside the flame, looking out, and at the same time to be outside looking in, and seeing myself in there looking out, as if the whole thing were going on at the wrong end of a spy glass and I had gone through. I know it sounds quite mad."

He laughed nervously.

"Anyhow, it was all more like feeling than seeing; a visual awareness, if there is such a thing, that I was sitting there inside that blooming pyramid in the middle of a sandstorm fishing inside the box by the light of the shamadan. And I felt sure—you'll probably think me an utter idiot—that there was something in there near me that I can't possibly describe. The flame burned up bright again until the inside of the pyramid was bright as day and I could see right through it as if it had been made of glass. And out of the middle of the light a great thing like a gigantic seesaw ran up through the pyramid into the sky—into eternity. It said 'Don't touch it!' Then I knew that It was myself and that the seesaw was Time. I found that I was sliding along it, faster and faster, until I was shooting out into space with the velocity of light. As I flew I saw everything that ever happened. You've seen those moving pictures that illustrate Einstein's theory, showing a human being shot into space at such a rate of speed that he goes flying back through the centuries, overtaking and passing the former years? Well, it was like that, you know. I saw everything that ever happened—only backwards.

"I saw the desert floor sinking lower and lower and the pylons of the temple lifting higher and higher, until temple and pyramid both stood free and clear of the sand and joined by a long avenue of sphinxes. I saw caravans of camels and Bedouins on fast hajins—hawk-faced men with cruel mouths—coming and going. I saw the pyramid being built and the slaves dragging the stones into place up an inclined spiral plane that wound around it. The country was soft and green and covered with palm trees, and the air was sweet and laden with moisture. And then I came rushing down aslant time again and seeing it all forwards instead of backwards, the desert sand drifting in, the pylons and the pyramid sinking back, back, until I was looking into a fire surrounded by a circle of peering Arab faces, and then I saw that the fire was my own shamadan and the circle of faces was the same face repeated over and over again—the face of old Ibrahim, who was sitting cross-legged there behind me."

Calthrop laughed again—apologetically.

"How he had found his way there across the dunes in that sand storm I can't imagine, but there he was, and his presence gave me considerable relief. He said that he had stood outside for a long time and shouted to me, but the wind must have carried away his voice. I had begun to feel very chilly. Ibrahim went snooping back in the darkness and came back presently with a handful of brush and a few cakes of camel dung, with which we built a fire, and then I pulled out my brandy flask and mixed a couple of stiff drinks with the water from my zemzemieh. He showed no reluctance about taking it.

"Did you ever see an Arab partly boiled? It's a very curious sight. I fancy we were both pretty well lit up. At all events, he told me the story of his life, and whenever he showed signs of weakening I'd give him another drink. He was eighty-two years old, he said, and had seen many, many things. I let him run on, and by and by he got down to what I was after.

"It was, he said, in the thirteen-hundred-and-thirty-sixth year of the Hejireh that there came to their town of Bukara a red gentleman, a khawâja el hamri, named Harnach-Hulsen, and a white gentleman, a khawâja el abiad, named Trent. When, however, they learned that these gentlemen sought to find Kurafra the Forbidden City, which Allah had caused to disappear, they were afraid and refused to go with them; but eventually the strangers overcame their fears with gold, and they went. Then he, Mohammed Ali Ibrahim ben Rahim, from the knowledge handed down to him by his great-grandfather, who had it from his great-grandfather, led them here in five days' journey, to their great joy. Now, there was at that time a well in this place which has since filled with sand.

"Accordingly they made their camp at the other end of the hatia beside the well, but the two gentlemen pitched their tent outside the pyramid and Ibrahim remained with them to serve them. Each day they superintended the digging, and transcribed what was written upon the walls of the temple and made photographs. At night they were busy inside their tent. When they found the chest inside the pyramid they were both very much excited and abandoned everything else in order to decipher the parchment. They sat about all day, and because of the heat in the tent they went inside the pyramid and worked there, coming out at evening and mealtimes.

"Then one night they had a violent row. Ibrahim did not know what it was about, but he felt sure it had something to do with the papyrus. It was a still, moonlit night and the Arabs could hear the red gentleman shouting inside the tent at the other end of the hatia. They, of course, did not know what he was saying; but they could make out references to the Prophet Christ and the phrase 'mahr ve khareb,' signifying 'annihilation.' The voices rose higher and higher, until the Arabs became very much terrified, and at length the two gentlemen came out of the tent. The khawâja el abiad had the box in his arms and the khawâja el hamri was trying to take it away from him. The struggle became so violent that the entire contents, including the sword, fell out upon the sand. The white gentleman grabbed the papyrus, thrust it behind his back and began pleading with the red gentleman. But the latter seemed to have gone mad, for he picked up the sword and drove it through the white gentleman's breast. Then he wrenched the papyrus out of the hand of the dead man and threw it into the middle of the fire."

Calthrop's lips quivered as he reached into the box and removed a blackened stick to which adhered a charred irregular strip of parchment about two inches wide.

"'Ad Tiberium Cæsarem Imperatorem Capreae,'" spelled out Ismail Bey. "'Magistro Meo Salutem ——' Mashallah! It is a part of the letter to Tiberius!"

"The Lost Gospel!" whispered Calthrop. "All that is left of what might have changed the destiny of the world!" And he burst into tears.

There was a prolonged silence. The princess laid her hand gently on Calthrop's arm. Her own eyes were wet.

"Do not cry," she said. "Please do not cry!"

"I'm sorry," he answered. "I'm a bit strung up." He ground his handkerchief into his eyes. "Well, after Harnach-Hulsen had burned up the papyrus he went back into the tent, and Ibrahim and the other Arabs ran away. When they came back in the morning Trent was dead and Harnach-Hulsen was still in the tent."

He stopped and took a sip of water.

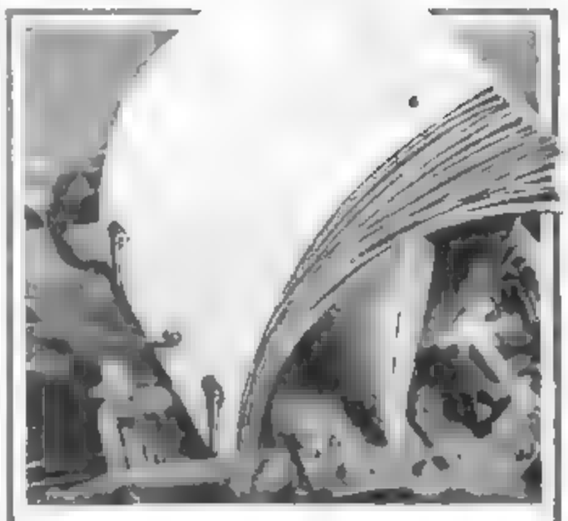
"And what became of the German?" asked Ismail Bey.

"That is highly significant," said Calthrop. "When the Arabs realized what had happened they were so fearful lest they should be accused of the murder that they killed Harnach-Hulsen and buried the two of them in the same grave."

Again he paused.

"So the world will never know ——" began his sister as she stared at the fragment of burnt papyrus. Somehow the past seemed very close to all of them—the past which is part of the present, and of the future. From the neighboring dahabeah floated laughter, the tinkle of silver upon glass, the wheeze of the phonograph playing The Barnyard Blues, while a myriad frogs shrilled in the shadoofs—lineal descendants of the same batrachians that had sung to sleep the infant Moses and acclaimed his finding by the daughter of the Pharaoh. A great star hung like a sconce of liquid fire over the Temple of Karnak—just such a star as had guided the Magi to the manger of Bethlehem, where lay the infant Christ.

"There isn't much more to tell," said Calthrop at length. "Ibrahim said the rest of the Arabs had never returned to Bukara and that he himself had lived in Siwa for five years before going back to his family. His story had pretty well knocked me out. The wind was shrieking outside the pyramid, the fire was almost dead, and it was getting terribly cold in there. I wouldn't have cared if Eblis himself had been waiting for me out there in the hatia. I threw the things into the casket, bundled up the rest of my stuff and told Ibrahim that I was going back to the caravan no matter what. He protested at first; but finally he gave



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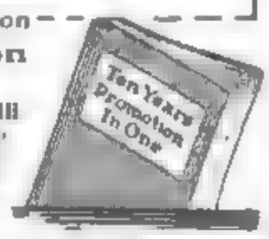

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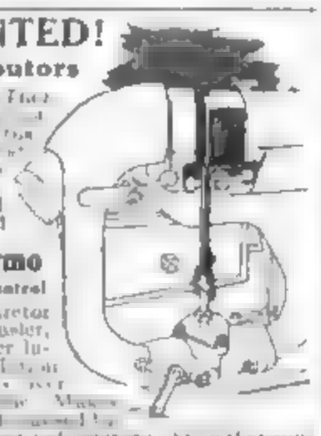

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in, and we went out and found the camels huddled against one another, half buried in sand. The wind nearly tore me off my beast's back, and whirled my blanket and raincoat in flapping circles above my head. The air was a thick sheet of stinging, biting dust and grit that cut like glass. The screaming gusts seemed to tear my eyes from their sockets. All sense of direction was blotted out, like the sky. One could only feel.

"I don't know how we ever made the caravan or how we managed to stick it out when we did. But eventually the wind died down, and by dawn the sky was clear and the air still. By nine o'clock the heat had become suffocating. We were seven days from Buxara, and without water our chances of getting back there were small. While the Arabs were packing the camels I climbed up to the top of the gherd from which I had spied the pyramid the night before. What I'm going to tell you isn't the least queer part of it all either. There wasn't a sign of either temple or pyramid left! During the night the sand had completely covered both. The desert had finished its job!"

He lit a cigarette at one of the candles.

"Bagley's told you the rest, of course how they spotted us with a flyer and the Camel Corps Patrol picked us up about ninety kilos out of Bukara. You can bet I was glad to see them! I had to abandon my caravan but they gave me a fresh hajin and —— Well, here I am!"

He began gathering up the papers. Ismail Bey watched him, frowning. "An efficient person—from his own viewpoint—this Harnach-Hulsen," he mused. "But the world would never have accepted it."

"Very efficient; very learned," agreed Professor Troy. "And if you will believe it, as a young man, very sentimental!"

"Didn't he write a book on Civilization and Decay?" inquired Rhoda Calthrop.

"Yes; and in it he gave warning of the danger to civilization of the rising tide of barbarism. The Kaiser gave him the Black Eagle for it," said Troy.

"How beautiful the sword is!" exclaimed the Princess Zeeka. "How the hilt sparkles! I know many of the stones. We have them in Russia, set in our icons. There is beryl and topaz and turquoise and lapis lazuli. Even a sword can be very beautiful."

Ismail Bey, holding it under the candles, drew the blade part way from the jeweled scabbard. The princess examined it eagerly.

"How bright it is, in spite of its great age!" she said. "Is it not strange for such an old sword to be so bright?"

The Egyptian turned it slowly. The silken shades of the candles tinged the blade a dull red.

"What is that thin black line under the hilt?" asked the princess.

Ismail Bey glanced at her through his eyebrows.

"That, dear lady," he answered reverently, "is the blood of a very gallant gentleman."

For several minutes there was no sound save the chirping of the frogs and the melancholy challenge, "Allahu akbar! La ilahah! Al-lah! Al-lah!"

Then a footstep clattered in the passage, and Hawkins, the wireless operator, immaculate in white duck, entered, cap in hand.

"Beg pardon," he said, "but Jerusalem is broadcasting, and—the French have just entered the Ruhr!"

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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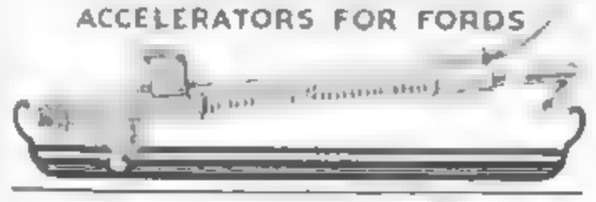

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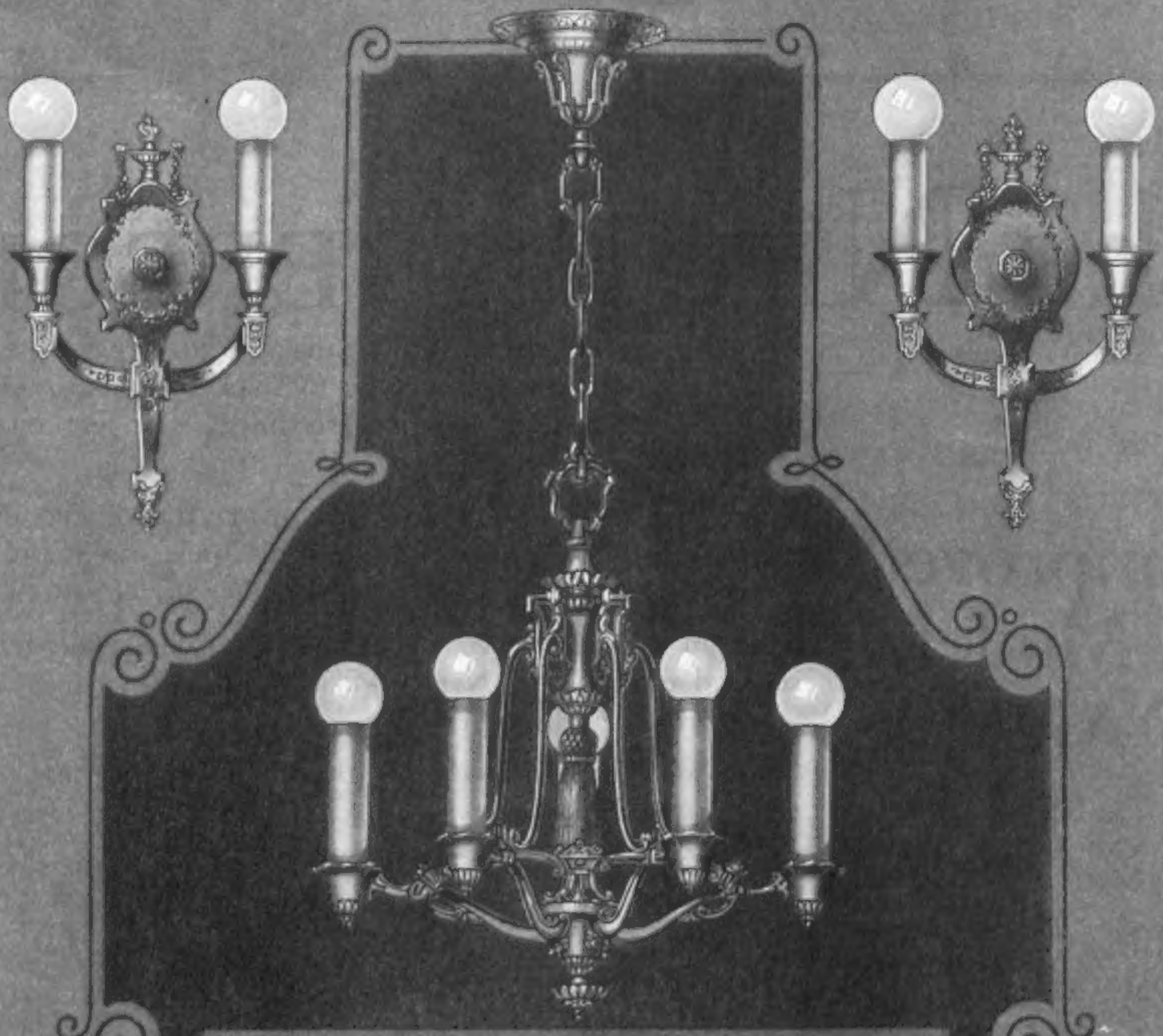
DECORATIVE LIGHTING FITMENTS



Are you Satisfied with the Lighting Fixtures in Your Home?

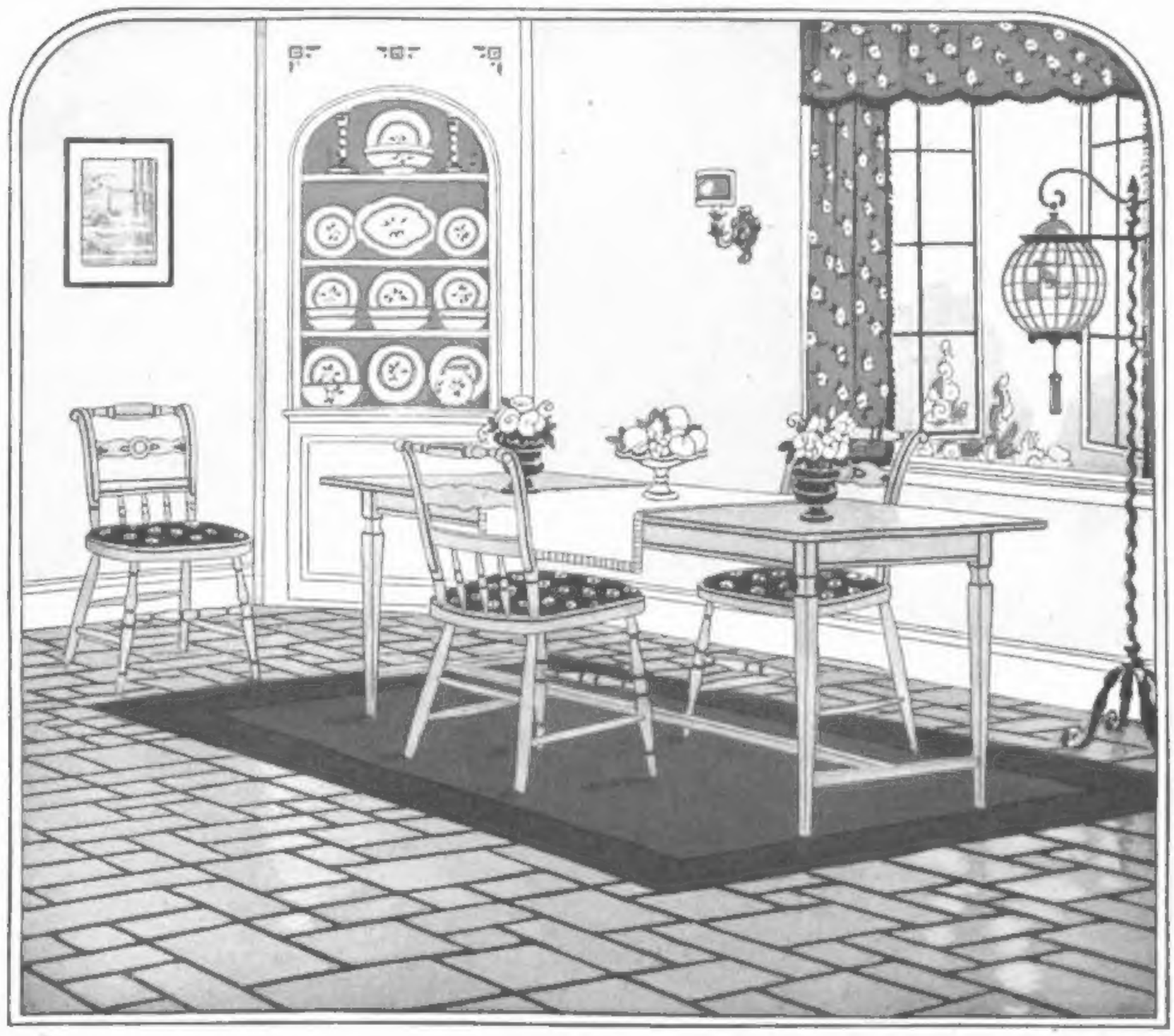
Are you proud of them? Or do you hope that your friends will perhaps overlook the fact that they are old-fashioned? You can modernize your lighting at moderate expense by installing Riddle Fitments, now generally accepted as the standard of residential lighting. Any Authorized Riddle Dealer will give you an estimate and helpful suggestions. Folder illustrating the Esperanto Decoration in color and details of the Riddle Planning Service sent on request. Riddle Fitments are priced from $4 to $52.50.

THE EDWARD N. RIDDLE COMPANY, TOLEDO, OHIO

Identify genuine Riddle Fitments by the tag and the name Riddle stamped in every fitment

Armstrong's Linoleum

for Every Floor in the House



Armstrong's Moulded Inlaid Linoleum, Pattern No. 3041, is the floor that was selected for this cheerful Breakfast Room.

Floor Beauty like this is Modern

A CHARMING room, a vivacious room. And not the least of its beauty proceeds from its floor—a quaint linoleum tile.

It is a far, far cry from such floor beauty to the early oilcloth patterns as known to Frederick Walton, the inventor of linoleum. He is ninety years of age now; and it is more than sixty years since he commenced to search for a better floor material than the old-fashioned oilcloth of that day and, experimenting, noticed a paint can and the film that had formed on the surface of the paint, where the air touched it.

How Walton made the first linoleum

That rubbery film was oxidized linseed oil, and it gave Frederick Walton his great idea. He mixed it with powdered cork, then pressed the mixture onto burlap.

Linoleum was invented, and from the moment of its invention found wide use. The mixture of cork, oxidized linseed oil, and burlap made a perfect floor material.

Linseed oil comes from flaxseed, and it binds the powdered cork together into a tough, durable, elastic material. The strong burlap back is woven from tough jute, and so linoleum is hard to tear. Cork is tough; so linoleum resists wear. Cork is springy; so linoleum is kind to feet. Cork deadens sound; so does linoleum. Cork is moisture-proof; so is linoleum. Cork does not easily stain; neither does linoleum. Cork does not splinter; neither does linoleum.

These qualities linoleum had from the start. But with time came the beauty element.

Men learned how to put color and design in linoleum, both printed and inlaid patterns. Today, you may select beautiful colorings and designs in Armstrong's Linoleum—plain and Jaspé linoleums for living-rooms, tile designs for breakfast rooms and sun porches, flowered designs for bedrooms—that interior decorators, architects, and thoughtful, intelligent women are making the basis of decorative schemes for every room in the house.

Go into good stores and see the development in modern designs and colors made in linoleum since Frederick Walton's day.

One point, however, is important to you. Inform your merchant that you are interested only in genuine linoleum—linoleum made of cork, linseed oil, and burlap. You can identify Armstrong's Linoleum and Armstrong's Linoleum Rugs by the Circle "A" trademark on the burlap back.

"FLOORS, FURNITURE, *and* COLOR"

By Agnes Foster Wright

Mrs. Wright, until recently President of the Interior Decorators' League of New York, has written a book dealing with the use of color in floors and in the furnishing of a home. She tells you how to work out your plans to make any room in your house more attractive and livable. Twenty-five cents will bring this illustrated book to you, by mail, postage prepaid.

Look for the CIRCLE "A" *trademark on the burlap back*

ARMSTRONG CORK COMPANY, *Linoleum Division*, 821 Liberty Street, Lancaster, Pennsylvania

The Easier Way

To Make Floors Clean and Sanitary

The Old Dutch way is the better way to clean floors because it takes away hard work, and insures the sanitary cleanliness that reflects good housekeeping. A little Old Dutch and the mop make the floor clean almost at a stroke. Removes visible dirt and hidden impurities as well. Leaves no greasy film to show footprints.

The fine, flaky particles are flat shaped and therefore cover more surface. Old Dutch goes further, saves time, saves money; doesn't hurt the hands nor mar surfaces.

Millions of housewives know that for economy, speed, efficiency and safety there is nothing else like Old Dutch.

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